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ART. I.—1. *Message of the President of the United States to the House of Representatives, relative to the Claim on Naples.* February 28, 1818. Eleventh Volume of State Papers.

2. *Message of the President of the United States, transmitting the Correspondence relating to the Claims of the Citizens of the United States upon the Government of the Netherlands.* February, 1825.

IN the political system of the modern world, so long as it contained no powerful state out of Europe, war was the great *third auditor*, by which long standing claims between nations were liquidated. As no power of importance could finally remain neutral, in a time of general hostility, there was little opportunity for claims to be long prosecuted and ultimately settled, in the way of negotiation, and by the payment of indemnities. And whenever claims were long protracted, or late revived, it was not so much from the dilatory nature of negotiation, as from reasons of state. One of the first important consequences, which resulted from the rise, on this side of the Atlantic, of a powerful nation, able from its natural position to keep out of the European vortex, exposed as a neutral to depredations from the belligerents, and yet not in the way of having all accounts wiped out, by a war, at the end of each generation,—has been the accumulation of claims

against the majority of the powers of Europe, with which we have in various ways come in contact or collision. With England alone the great liquidator, war, has closed our accounts ; but on almost all the other powers, on France, Spain, Holland, Naples, Denmark, we have claims for a vast amount of property wrested from our merchants, sometimes under illegal decrees, often by direct and open violence. Till the late Florida treaty had liquidated our old accounts with Spain, the claim on that power was the most considerable. But even since the ratification of that treaty, new claims have grown out of new acts of violence ; and another account has been opened between us and that power, which does not learn moderation from misfortune, nor wisdom from experience.

The subject of these claims is one, as we conceive, of very considerable importance to the national prosperity, and of great moment to the national character. We probably speak quite within bounds, when we estimate their fair amount at twenty millions of dollars. This large sum is so much withheld from the national capital ; so much lost to all those important pursuits, commercial, manufacturing, agricultural, in which, if it could be recovered, it would be invested. It is true, if now paid, it would be paid almost exclusively to merchants and underwriters ; but it need not be said, that it would instantly be invested by them in some of the great branches of industry ; and would be so much added to the productive capital of a country, which wants now nothing so much as capital. It cannot, therefore, be regarded as a matter of little importance to the welfare of the nation, that an amount of capital, sufficient to erect twenty or thirty cotton factories of the very first order, is wholly lost to us by the injustice of foreign powers.

To our national honor the case is still more important. Most of the claims are of a nature, that have been allowed and paid to stronger claimants. Ours are withheld, not because they are not just, but because the debtor powers think we shall not order reprisals, nor go to war to recover them. When the Bourbons were restored, among the claims brought forward by Englishmen and allowed by France, there were claims for losses by Assignats, in the heat of the revolution, and when France was governed by the executioners of Louis the Sixteenth. America cannot get payment for the losses incurred by the sequestration of her vessels, whose cargoes

were sold, and the price deposited in the public treasury, under a government, with which every other government on earth, not excepting England, entered into negotiations, as the lawful government of the country ; and we are refused under the pretence, that Napoleon was a usurper. Spain, by her General Morales, lays the Spanish main for twelve hundred miles under a blockade, enforced by a sloop of war, and proceeds to capture neutral vessels pursuing a lawful commerce in those seas. Great Britain instantly announces, that she shall order reprisals, if indemnity be not promptly had ; and indemnity is stipulated. America, suffering in the same way by the same acts, must not threaten reprisals ; for fear Spain will take us at our word, and turn loose all the adventurers of Europe, in the shape of privateers, on our commerce. Marshal Davoust makes private plunder of the bank of Hamburgh, during the military occupation of that city, then a part of the French empire. The free city of Hamburgh is a wise city ; her senate have formally joined the Holy Alliance ; and the plundered treasures of the bank, which probably never travelled beyond the Prince of Eckmuhl's private purse, must be refunded by Louis the Eighteenth. The king of Naples (Murat) invites our ships to his capital, confiscates them, retains the vessels in his public service ; and when our merchants ask indemnity, the present King of Naples, at the very moment when these vessels are still in his own possession, and bearing the flag of the two Sicilies, tells them that Murat was a usurper, that the confiscation was an act of his personal injustice, and went to furnish the means of his profusion, and that the legitimate King of Naples knows nothing of the deed. Now it does appear to us, that if national honor means anything, it is concerned to resist such a contrast as this, between the manner in which our claims and the less urgent ones of other states are treated. We have accordingly thought it our duty to call the attention of the public, in this way, to the subject, and we propose briefly to run over the list of our demands on the principal continental powers, against whom our just right to indemnity still remains to be effectually enforced.

We shall begin with Naples. In 1809, Murat was in possession of the throne of Naples. He held it by the same right, by which every reigning family in Europe, either in its

present or some former head, holds its throne, the right of the strongest. But he held it also with the acquiescence of the people, and the consent of foreign states. He exchanged the usual diplomatic courtesies with every power but England; and England herself, by an order in council of the 26th of April, 1809, modifying the blockade system of 1807, had excepted the Neapolitan territories with other parts of Italy, from the operation of that system, that neutrals might no longer be prevented from trading with them. We would also add, that when, after the wane of Napoleon's fortunes, Murat showed a willingness to desert his master, both Austria and England entered into negotiations with him, as the lawful sovereign of Naples, and promised to recognise him by treaty as such.* On the 1st of July, 1809, the minister for foreign affairs of Naples addressed to Mr Degen, our consul there, official invitation to all American vessels, having proper papers and certificates of origin, to repair to the Neapolitan ports. This was accordingly done. The vessels were, nevertheless, sequestered under the Berlin and Milan decrees; their cargoes sold for the benefit of the government; and some of the vessels themselves, happening to be finely modelled and well constructed ships, were not only taken into the public service, but remained in that service, and were in it, at the time that the restored legitimate king was washing his hands of all participation of the plunder of the usurper Murat. This last astonishing fact is asserted by Mr Pinkney, in his correspondence with the Marquis di Circello, as one of which he had received information; and the Marquis, not having denied it, amidst all the evasions, with which he endeavors to escape from the claim, must be considered as admitting it to be true.

The property thus seized and confiscated, during the years 1809—1812, has been variously estimated at several millions of dollars. On the restoration of tranquillity in Europe, the American government, perceiving that indemnity was the order of the day, and that the victorious and allied sovereigns were rigorously enforcing their claims for compensation, even for losses, which they had suffered under the

* See the letter of the Duke of Campochiaro and Prince Cariatì to Lord Castlereagh, dated February 11, 1815.

right of conquest, determined to send an honorable mission to Naples, to ask restoration of the property of our merchants, and indemnity for American ships still in the employ of the Neapolitan government. Mr Pinkney of Baltimore was selected as the special minister for this errand ; being at the same time appointed our envoy to the court of St Petersburg. Mr Pinkney arrived at Naples, in the Washington ship of the line, in the month of July, 1816. On the 27th of July, he informed the Marquis di Circello, by note, of his arrival, and character ; and the Marquis appointed the 31st for Mr Pinkney's first interview with himself. At this interview with the Marquis, who, though several years the Neapolitan minister at London, could, to Mr Pinkney's surprise, neither speak nor understand a word of English, the conversation was in French ; in which language, says Mr Pinkney with some *naïveté*, 'amidst a good deal of *well managed* discourse on his part, which rather related to *me*, than my mission, he made several observations, which had a bearing upon my principal errand.' He spoke of the low state of their treasury, of the rapacity of Mons. Murat, (as he called him) &c. From the 31st of July till the 11th of August, nothing farther was done. On the last named day, Mr Pinkney again visited the Marquis di Circello, when, says Mr Pinkney, 'I adverted to the *principal object of my mission*, and intimated that I should very soon send him a note upon it. To my surprise, he professed *not to understand to what I alluded*, as the principal object of my mission ; but when I mentioned the spoliations by Murat, he seemed suddenly to remember, that I had at least talked to him of them before.' At this interview Mr Pinkney announced the design of presenting a written note on the subject, and was informed by the Marquis, that this course would be acceptable to the Neapolitan government. At the expiration of seventeen days, August 28th, this note was presented, containing an elaborate argument in favor of the claim.

After waiting one month, without receiving any reply, Mr Pinkney, on the 27th of September, wrote a private note to the Marquis di Circello pressing for an answer to his memorial, on the ground that he was obliged to proceed to Russia, and the season was advancing. In consequence of this private note, Mr Pinkney had an interview with the Marquis

two days after, in which the Marquis told him that an answer had necessarily been delayed, in order to collect the papers relative to the confiscations, and ascertain the amount of the claims ; and that this was obviously not an affair of a few weeks. Mr Pinkney then told him, that he should be obliged to leave Naples without the answer, as he was to start in a week for Russia. To this intimation, says Mr Pinkney in his letter to the Secretary of State, the Marquis 'replied with his characteristic good breeding, that they should be extremely sorry to lose me, and that they had hoped to have me with them for some time, but that if my duty elsewhere called me away, he would undertake to send the answer to my note, the moment it could be given, wherever I would indicate.' This course Mr Pinkney objected to, proposing instead, that the answer should be sent 'to whom and to where the government of the United States should think fit.' To this the Marquis rejoined, 'that he should have no objection to any course, which I preferred, but that he thought it would be best, (as being more respectful to me,) that he should undertake to send the answer as I should prescribe, especially as this course essentially included the other. It would have been impossible for me,' adds Mr Pinkney, 'to dispute an opinion referred to so civil a motive, even if the matter had been worth disputing.' In the course of the interview, Mr Pinkney requested the Marquis to throw the substance of what had just passed between them into the form of a note, which the Marquis engaged to do. The evening of the same day, Mr Pinkney received from the Marquis a note, *antedated* by two days, and in the form of a reply to Mr Pinkney's private letter before mentioned, *saying nothing of their late interview*,—circumstances which appear to have perplexed Mr Pinkney ; who, in the conduct of this negotiation, if we may without disrespect venture on the intimation, appears to us in the light of a lion caught in the toils of a subtle diplomacy. At the close of his note, the Marquis renews the hint, 'that he will make it his duty to forward his official reply, wherever Mr Pinkney may indicate.'

To this note, Mr Pinkney replied the next day, September 30, and in answer to this hint, he observes, 'that upon this point, as well as upon all such ulterior steps as his mission and the subject of it may be calculated to produce, he will

think it his duty to refer himself to his government.' On the 3d of October Mr Pinkney had his audience of leave, and immediately departed for Petersburg. We now ask the attention of our readers, who, without being Hotspurs, or disposed to run a muck at every windmill of an indignity, do yet feel a reasonable tenderness for the public honor, to the first sentence of the first official letter of Mr Pinkney after his arrival at St Petersburg; 'notwithstanding the explicitness of my answer of the 30th of September, to the proposal contained in the note of the Marquis di Circello of the 27th of the same month, *I had scarcely quitted Naples*, when he sent after me his reply to my note of the 24th of August. The obstacles, which, while I was present, threatened to retard that reply for many a week, and even for months, disappeared, with a marvellous rapidity, after I had departed; *for the reply passed me on the road to St Petersburg, and arrived there long before me.*'

This reply was, it seems, instantly despatched from Naples to the Duke of Serra Capriola, Neapolitan minister at St Petersburg, whose duty it was to be, to force it upon Mr Pinkney. 'He manifested,' says Mr Pinkney 'immediately upon my arrival here, a very anxious desire, that I should receive it. He even *entreated* me to do so, with such earnestness, as it was not easy to resist. I refused, however, to have anything to do with his packet, &c.' But the Duke at St Petersburg was as wily as the Marquis at Naples; and he prevailed upon Mr Pinkney to receive the packet, for the purpose of transmitting it to Washington. This Mr Pinkney agreed to do, because 'he had no difficulty in consenting to forward to the Secretary of State of the United States, anything, which by order of your court, you may think fit to address to him.' This official reply to Mr Pinkney's Memorial bears date October 15th, only eleven days after Mr Pinkney left Naples, supposing him to have departed the very day after his audience of leave. A copy of it was instantly forwarded to the Count Castalcicala, Neapolitan minister at Paris, to be communicated to Mr Gallatin. Mr Gallatin knew perfectly well the kind of characters with whom he was dealing, and in his letter to the American government, enclosing the copy of the document, observes, with great justice, 'that it may be presumed that the Neapolitan government delayed that

note, in order to prevent the possibility of a reply ; and that their intention in communicating it to me was to hasten its transmission to you.' On the 30th of January, 1818, the House of Representatives passed a resolution calling on the President for information on the subject, in consequence of which the correspondence of Mr Pinkney was communicated, from which the foregoing history of the negotiation has been drawn.*

There is one circumstance, not of a nature to be officially communicated by Mr Pinkney to our government, nor even to be certainly proved, but which has every appearance of truth. The arrival of the *Washington*, seventyfour, with an American minister to demand indemnity for the losses suffered by American citizens, under the late government, excited great alarm at Naples. The Neapolitan government well knew, that indemnity of this kind was not only required by the law of nations, but had been enforced in the case of the allies themselves toward France. The Neapolitan government farther felt, that it was at any time in the power of the United States to order a force into the Mediterranean, abundantly competent to compel the payment of the indemnity. Under these circumstances it was well known to those, who had the means of personal observation, that a panic seized the Court of Naples on the appearance of Mr Pinkney. This fact is alluded to, as far as it could be properly done, in the correspondence of Mr Pinkney with our government. Couriers, it was said, were instantly despatched by the Neapolitan government to Vienna and to St Petersburg, to know whether the Emperors of Austria and Russia would back the Neapolitan government, in refusing to pay the American demand. Of this fact there is, from the nature of the case, no evidence before the public, but we happen to know, that immediately after Mr Pinkney's appearance at Naples, paragraphs appeared in the government papers at Vienna and St Petersburg, announcing that his errand would meet with no success. It need not be said, that no intimation of that kind could appear in those papers, but by order of the governments. Meantime, however, delay attended the despatch of couriers to Naples and St Petersburg ; hence the extraordinary delay in granting Mr Pinkney

* State Papers, Vol. xi. 487.

an audience. And as it was, moreover, at first uncertain how far the imperial courts would support that of the two Sicilies, and it was therefore desirable to ascertain how moderate the views of the United States were, paragraphs were inserted in various continental papers, intimating that it was reported, that the American government, being in want of a naval station and depôt in the Mediterranean, would accept of the island of Lampedosa as a full indemnity.* But it was in due season discovered, both that the imperial courts would maintain Naples in the refusal, and that Mr Pinkney was not instructed to push the claim to any definitive issue. The only remaining object, therefore, of the Neapolitan court was, to save appearances in the argument; and to keep out of a discussion, in which it foresaw it would be worsted. Mr Pinkney was accordingly amused, till the season became so late as to make it necessary for him to depart; Count Mocenigo, the Russian minister at Naples, was set upon him, to depict the horrors of a winter journey to the north; the Marquis di Circello told Mr Pinkney that, even if he should prolong his stay a week or two beyond the time he had announced for his departure, there was no probability that the answer to his memorial would be ready, and that it would take weeks, perhaps months, to make the researches necessary to prepare it. Mr Pinkney was therefore bowed out of Naples; and long before he could reach Petersburg, an answer, dated only eleven days after he left Naples, had passed him and reached the Russian capital. We will only

* We insert a specimen of these paragraphs, from a Naples paper of September 7, which could not have appeared but by order of the government.

Mr Pinkney has had several conferences with the foreign ministers. The negotiations have assumed a character of moderation, which would soon bring them to an issue, if the English were not aggrieved by the arrangements. The Americans demand the island of Lampedosa. It is five leagues in circumference and two long; it is abundant in fruits and well wooded; it has a sure anchorage for a small fleet. But even suppose our court should cede it, it is to be considered that this isle is only twentyfive leagues from Malta, and that the English will not probably choose to have the Americans, as neighbours, in the Mediterranean.

As a naval station and depôt are seriously needed by us in the Mediterranean, the want of them having more than once exposed our flag to indignities, and as we shall probably get nothing else from Naples, and might unquestionably get Lampedosa, by asking for it, the subject is worth consideration. The island is represented as fertile and the port good. The island is uninhabited, probably in consequence of danger from the near Barbary coast. Under our government this danger would cease.

mention one thing more under this head ; though Mr Pinkney refused to open this packet as addressed to himself, yet the substance of its contents was published in the newspapers at St Petersburg and Vienna, in such a manner, as to lead Mr Pinkney to affirm, in his correspondence with our government, that the Sicilian government, or its minister at Vienna or St Petersburg, had dictated the publication.

It may seem scarcely worth while to examine the arguments, contained in the answer of the Neapolitan government, considering the circumstances under which it was got up ; and as we shall have occasion, when considering the Dutch claims, which have been argued in extenso, to give a sufficient view of a *precisely similar controversy*. We will merely observe, that the reply of the Neapolitan minister rests the refusal of his court to grant the American claims on these grounds ; 1st, that Murat was a usurper, and that the legitimate sovereign was at war with him, and consequently in no degree bound to acquit his obligations ; 2dly, that these confiscations were not even the acts of the government of Murat, but were forced upon him, by the direct and violent interference of Napoleon ; 3dly, that the proceeds of the sales of the confiscated property went, not to the public treasury, but to the private chest of Murat, to furnish the means of his profusion and extravagance. What is necessary to be said, in reply to these arguments, will find a more convenient place in another part of our remarks. It may be proper, in conclusion of this portion of our subject to say, that it is understood that the government of the United States has lately revived the negotiation, and that Mr J. J. Appleton has been despatched to Naples, as a special agent for that purpose.

We now proceed to consider the Dutch claim. In the years 1809 and 1810, several American vessels arriving in the ports of the kingdom of Holland, some of them even driven in by stress of weather, were sequestered, their cargoes placed in the public stores, and afterwards, by virtue of the treaty of March, 1810, between Louis king of Holland and Napoleon, transferred to the Emperor of the French. On the 9th of May, 1815, Mr Eustis, being despatched as American minister to Holland, was instructed by our government to claim indemnity for these confiscations. This was accordingly done by Mr Eustis, in a letter of the date of Aug. 22d,

1815. In this short letter Mr Eustis entered into no argument, but simply founded his claim on the principle, that 'nations are responsible for the acts of their rulers, and that changes of government cannot diminish the force of obligations and contracts.' The Baron de Nagell, after a delay of two months, replied in a letter equally short, which, in the version laid before Congress last winter, is so badly translated, as to be in several sentences altogether unintelligible, without a mental recurrence by conjecture to the French original. In this reply the Baron de Nagell, refusing of course to acknowledge the claim, grounds his refusal on two considerations; 1st, that the seizures were not made by the Dutch government at all, but by Napoleon, and that if there be any claim it is against his successor, the King of France; 2dly, the seizures, if made by Louis, were made by a usurper, and that no claim for indemnity can hold against his legitimate successor. On the 29th of the month, Mr Eustis replied to this letter, urging that, whatever the influence or motives under which the government of Holland acted, it was nevertheless certain, that 'the seizure and the confiscation were the act and deed of the government of Holland.' To this renewed application, it does not appear that the Dutch minister made any reply.

In the spring of 1816, our government, considering again the liberal measure, with which indemnity was claimed and received by the powers of Europe from the French government, instructed Mr Eustis to revive the claim on that of the Low Countries. In compliance with these orders, Mr Eustis addressed a note on the 4th of July, 1816, to the Baron de Nagell, in which he renewed the claim for indemnity, on the ground that the confiscations were made by the government *de facto*, which must be regarded by foreign nations, as the lawful government of the country. In this letter, two cases were selected as prominent by Mr Eustis, namely, the *Bacchus*, which being ordered off by the Dutch government in 1809, was wrecked in getting out, her cargo saved, sequestered, and finally ceded to the French; and the *Baltimore*, which, after having received a Dutch government protection and license to enter, was sequestered, and the part of the cargo consisting of colonial produce, (being the chief part,) was ceded to France in 1810.

In about six weeks an answer was returned by the Baron de Nagell, in which he denies the position taken by Mr Eustis, that the Dutch government of 1809 was even the government *de facto*. He rests this singular denial on certain facts and considerations, which show that Louis was entirely under the control of his brother. But to maintain, that no government can be called *de facto* the government of a country, which is influenced and controlled by another, is rather to moralise than to reason like a statesman; and would prove that there was not a government *de facto* on the continent of Europe at that time, except the French. If the Dutch government with its king, ministry, and council of state, its army and navy, its customhouses, its courts, was neither a government *de facto*, nor *de jure*, we may ask what it was? The very phrase, in which it is asserted that the government of Louis was not *de facto*, proves that it was—‘the government of Louis.’ There was then such a government. To this singular letter of the Baron de Nagell, which, but for the seriousness of the subject, would rather pass for a *jeu d’esprit*, than a diplomatic note, Mr Eustis, on the 25th of September, returned an able answer, principally occupied with the point, that the government of Louis was *de facto* the government of Holland. This Mr Eustis argues to be abundantly proved, ‘by the circumstance of his exercise of all the functions of sovereignty for several years, in the face of all Europe, his reception and acknowledgment by the States’ General, and the other constituted authorities of the nation, civil, military, and ecclesiastic; and by his official intercourse with them from the time of his arrival in the country to that of his abdication.’ Indeed, there is evidence before the world, not only in the shape of facts of public notoriety, but of the documents, which Louis himself, a few years since, collected and published, that he was not only the sovereign, but was resolved to be the independent sovereign of the country. So far is it from being true, that he was entirely controlled by Napoleon, that he was obliged to abdicate, because he refused to be thus controlled. The extraordinary letter of Napoleon to Louis, dated Dec. 21, 1809, and published at length in this Journal for Oct. 1820, p. 255, will show, that the administration of Louis had been one long act of resistance to his brother. ‘Your majesty,’ says Napoleon to Louis, ‘in

mounting the throne of Holland forgot you were a Frenchman, and you have tried all the resources of your reason, and the delicacy of your conscience, to persuade yourself, that you belonged to Holland. The Dutch citizens, who inclined most to France, were neglected and persecuted; those who served the interests of England were advanced; Frenchmen of all ranks have been expelled or degraded, and I have had the grief of seeing in Holland, under a prince of my blood, the French name exposed to disgrace.' This is the government, which now, for convenient reasons, is denied to be any government at all. In fact, we believe it may be said, without exaggeration, that there was not a prince on the continent of Europe, who held a bolder front to Napoleon than his brother Louis. He derived a strength from his relationship, which none but his brothers could possess. He knew that policy would disincline Napoleon from a rupture with his family; and partly from this cause, and partly, it would seem, from a real sentiment of independence, he stood erect in the interest of his own little kingdom, in those disastrous times,

'When Austria bent, and Prussia broke,
And the firm Russian's purpose brave
Was bartered by a timorous slave.'

With this note of Mr Eustis, the negotiation with the Dutch government again dropped. On the 10th of August, 1818, Mr Everett, who had succeeded as *Chargé d'Affaires*, after the retirement of Mr Eustis, was instructed by the Secretary of State to revive the discussion. In his letter to this effect Mr Adams observes, that 'no principle of international law can be more clearly established, than this, that the rights and the obligations of a nation in regard to other states are independent of its internal revolutions of government. It extends even to the case of conquest. However frequent the instances of departure from this principle may be, in point of fact, it cannot with any color of reason be contested on the ground of right. On what other ground is it indeed, that both the governments of the Netherlands and of the United States now admit, that they are still reciprocally bound by the engagements, and entitled to claim from each other the benefits, of the treaty between the United States and the United Provinces of 1782?'

In pursuance of these instructions, the negotiation with the Dutch government was revived by Mr Everett, in a letter addressed to Baron de Nagell, bearing date February 22d, 1819. In this letter, the principles on which the claim was founded were discussed more thoroughly, than they had yet been. After relating the cases of the *Baltimore* and the *Bacchus*, and adding that of the *St Michael*, as being also a case of peculiar severity, Mr Everett appeals to the authorities of Grotius and Puffendorf, in support of the position, that a nation is bound by the acts of its sovereign, when a third party is concerned, even though that sovereign as a usurper may be dethroned by the lawful monarch.

Here we beg leave to state a consideration, growing out of the nature of monarchical institutions, strongly in favor of the validity of our claims, in opposition to the standing argument, that the confiscations were made by usurpers, viz. that the kingly office, not being an elective one, nor conferred by any specific act of popular consent, there is no test of the tenure but incumbency on the part of the king, and acquiescence on the part of the people. His present majesty of the Netherlands would doubtless be wronged, if the legitimacy of his title were questioned. And yet what is that title? An act of the Congress of Vienna, an assembly of princes, to which the inhabitants of the Netherlands were no parties, and by which Holland and Belgium, sorely against the will of the latter, were constituted a new sovereignty. The erection of Holland into a kingdom in 1805, when Louis mounted the throne, or the union of Holland with France in 1810, was not an act of more arbitrary power, than the erection of the kingdom of the Netherlands. We do not wish to say, that the government of his present majesty is not more deeply seated in the affections of the people, than that of Louis; although it is not a week since we heard from one of the highest officers of the Dutch service, himself a member of a princely house, that the name of Louis is never mentioned to this day but with respect, by his former subjects. We say then, that in the absence of elective institutions, there is no way in which the sovereignty can be ascertained, but by the acquiescence of the people; and we appeal to facts, as notorious as the light of day, that King Louis came to the throne with greater consent, on the part of his subjects, than his

present majesty of the Netherlands; and it surely will not be pretended for a moment—the suggestion would be injurious—that his present majesty's contracts would not be binding on his successors, however they might come to the throne, on the ground that the Congress of Vienna was a body unknown to the Dutch constitution, and that the nation of the Netherlands never assented to its acts. This is an argument, which delicacy forbids to be stated to the Dutch government, but we apprehend it to be of itself decisive of the question.

In pursuing the discussion, Mr Everett urges, at some length, that the obligation of treaties and contracts is allowed to survive the change of dynasties; that the obligation to redress a wrong is at least as binding as that of paying a debt; and that all the great powers of Europe have given their sanction to the American claim, by becoming parties to the treaty at Paris of May 30, 1814, by the nineteenth article of which, the present government of France undertakes to liquidate private debts of various kinds, due by the former government. 'It is presumed,' says Mr Everett, 'that the subjects of his majesty the king of the Netherlands, among the rest, enjoy at present the benefit of this arrangement, and have received payment from the present French government of debts to a large amount, that were due to them by the last. It would seem not unreasonable, therefore, that they should extend to other nations the same measure of justice, of which they have obtained the advantage themselves.' The case of the bank of Hamburgh, to which we have alluded in the introduction to these remarks, is then adduced; as well as that of a seizure of cotton in the Grand Duchy of Berg by the agents of Napoleon; the owners of which were refunded by Louis the Eighteenth to the full value of the cotton, with twelve per cent interest from the date of the decree of seizure. The letter closes with a brief but cogent answer to the argument, that the seizure being made by the French emperor, redress if anywhere must be sought of the French government.

After a delay of about four months, an answer to this note was returned by the Baron de Nagell. After attempting to correct the statement of facts, relative to the cases of the vessels mentioned by Mr Everett, this answer denies the pertinency of the authorities of Grotius and Puffendorf, cited by Mr Everett, in favor of the position that obligations sur-

vive changes of governments ; but adds the alarming remark, 'that every one knows that inductions and analogies, drawn from the principles of the law of nations, lead naturally to endless discussions, since it is always easy to oppose authority to authority, and citation to citation.' We have called this remark alarming ; but it is more, it is an indiscreet and probably unintentional avowal of the writer of this diplomatic note, to which the minister of the Dutch government subscribed his name, that questions between State and State are no longer decided by the 'principles of the law of nations.' Quote as many of the writers on this law as you will, the best approved, and in defence of the most notorious doctrines ; our under secretaries and clerks stand ready to oppose authority to authority, and citation to citation. How then, we ask, is a question of claim to be settled, if not by reference to these principles ? Not of course by reference to a friendly sovereign, for he can decide only by these same exploded and derided principles of the law of nations ; and the case could not come before his arbitration, except as accompanied by that cloud of counter citations, which, according to this most extraordinary avowal, only neutralise each other. The result then is, that no claims are to be paid, but at the point of the bayonet ; the claims of the strong against the weak. And in conformity with this doctrine, it is asserted, in terms very little disguised, in the course of the Baron de Nagell's note, that the indemnity paid by France was extorted from her weakness ; and this, although the king of the Netherlands came in for his full share, as we shall see.

We shall not pursue this topic farther, except to show, by one example, that it is not quite so easy, as the Baron de Nagell has been taught to think, to oppose authority to authority, on questions of the law of nations. In the very paragraph preceding the singular assertion just cited, we read in the Baron de Nagell's note as follows. 'Puffendorf repeats the opinion of Grotius, nearly in the same words, and admits, of course, the same answers. But besides that he confessed, that there are differences of opinion on the subject, and that the passage like that of Grotius refers to the obligation, which a nation is under, notwithstanding the changes in the form of government, to adhere to its treaties, contracts, and financial engagements, the argument he uses

favors the opinion of the government of the Netherlands, it being, *that the people still possess the property to which the debt is attached.* But at the union of Holland and France, the American cargoes were carried away and confiscated; so that Holland no longer possesses the property to which the debt, if it be one, is attached.' We will not stop to try this pretended doctrine of Puffendorf, by the dictates of common sense; and to inquire (if the debt be attached to the identical property) what would become in any case of a claim founded on the confiscation of perishable articles; but we will quote Mr Everett's reply to this notable citation, as sufficient proof that it is not quite so easy, as the Baron de Nagell had supposed, to strike a balance of authorities on any question of national law. 'Nor is it correct,' says Mr Everett, 'as stated in the answer, that this obligation is attached by Puffendorf, to the possession of the identical articles, of which restitution is claimed. *The passage has been misunderstood by the writer of the answer.* It is as follows, "The nation is not a debtor precisely in its quality of body politic, but as holder of a common property, so that the debt is attached to the possession of *this* property, and passes with it." The property meant is the general stock of the nation. In the course of his remarks on this subject, *Puffendorf considers the case of a usurper, who has confiscated the property of individuals, and transferred it to foreigners; and decides that the transaction is valid, and that the sufferers cannot follow their property through his hands, and reclaim it of the actual holder. He thus determines expressly, that the obligation to restore is NOT attached to the possession of the thing taken.*' We confess that it is with some impatience, that we see our citizens defrauded out of their hard earned property, while our public agents are obliged to spend weary years, in combating arguments like that we have now exposed.

But to return to the Baron de Nagell's note; his next point is the very extraordinary one, that the indemnity, which France was called on to pay, was extorted from her by force; that it was 'the result of the extraordinary circumstances, in which France found herself placed by the fatality of events;' and that 'the determinations' of the allied sovereigns toward her 'are marked by passions, which their personal generosity disapproves.' Will it be believed that, out of the indemni-

ties, thus represented to be wrung by the overwhelming might of the allies, from the weakness of prostrate France, the King of the Netherlands, the master of the minister, who makes this representation, came in for the modest sum of one hundred and sixty millions of francs, or thirty two millions of dollars? This however will require a particular explanation, which we shall offer in the sequel. It is sufficient here to remark, that besides his proportion of the military contribution of seven hundred millions of francs, imposed by the allies on France, besides sixty millions of francs paid him in addition out of the same contribution, the subjects of his majesty of the Netherlands recovered debts and claims to the amount of eighty millions of francs, in virtue of the nineteenth article of the treaty of May (not March as it is called in this note) 30th, 1814. But the Baron de Nagell denies, that the recovery of these debts and claims, any more than the participation of the seven hundred millions by Holland, forms any precedent in favor of the American government.

The Baron de Nagell, in the close of this note, considers the case of the bank of Hamburgh, whose funds—partly the property of foreigners and neutrals—were seized by Davoust, and for which indemnity was demanded, and paid by France. The Baron says, that to make the cases parallel, the restitution should have been demanded by the foreigners and neutrals of the senate of Hamburgh and paid by them; but that it was demanded and received of the French government; and consequently the American merchant should, (as far as this case dictates a course to be observed,) resort also to the French government. Mr Everett, in his rejoinder, has met this view of the subject very conclusively, by the simple statement, that when the seizure was made, there was no senate of Hamburgh; that city was a part of the French empire; no government of Hamburgh existed, and therefore the present government is not responsible for the seizure. But we will grant the Baron, that though there was no senate of Hamburgh *in esse*, there was one *in posse*; that even in this republic, there was a legitimate government, latent but real; we will farther grant him, that reclamation is to be made by the foreigners and neutrals on the senate, and by the senate is to be made on France. This we grant should be done, to make the case *entirely* parallel; (although as such it was

not cited by Mr Everett;) and such we will add is the fact. The Baron says, the foreigners and neutrals, on the American principle, should have gone *not* to the French government, *but* to the senate of Hamburgh. They did go to the senate of Hamburgh. And it was that senate which made the application to France; as the King of the Netherlands doubtless will do, after having paid the claims of our merchants. What says the third article of the convention of the 20th of November, 1815? 'The reclamations *of the senate of Hamburgh*, concerning the bank of that city, shall be the object of a particular convention, between the commissioners of his most christian majesty, and those of the city of Hamburgh.' The reclamations were made then by the senate, on the French government; the money was paid by the French government to the senate; of course the foreigners and neutrals received their indemnity, not of the French government, but of the government of Hamburgh. This then settles the justice of the American claims, on the authority of a case, admitted in his own explanation to be parallel by the Baron de Nagell. But we may observe, that his Excellency shuns the only question, which Mr Everett intended to raise on the case of the bank of Hamburgh. This case was cited to show, that the great powers of Europe, the powers who seated his majesty of the Netherlands on the throne, and in those arrangements to which the King of the Netherlands was a party *more highly benefited than any other in all Europe*, as we shall presently show, did sanction the claim of the bank of Hamburgh on Louis the Eighteenth for money, which Davoust, Napoleon's general, had plundered from the bank. This one example, lying in a very small compass, of easy comprehension, was quoted as sufficient proof, that the allied powers of Europe set up the doctrine, that the legitimate monarch of France was bound to refund the money, stolen by a general of the usurper out of the bank of Hamburgh, at that time a city of the French empire.

The case of the cotton seized in the Grand Duchy of Berg is still stronger, though attempted to be evaded by the Baron in the same way. We have not, however, space to detail it.

On the 15th of July, Mr Everett addressed a note to the Baron de Nagell by way of rejoinder. It is considerably in detail; and drawn up with great precision. We find it im-

possible, however, to introduce an analysis of it. Some points in it we have already anticipated. To the arguments, by which the Baron attempted to escape the force of the precedent established by the allies, of demanding indemnity of France, Mr Everett thus replies.

‘The example of the indemnities granted to foreign nations by France in the late treaties of Paris, is objected to on the ground, that the principle of indemnity was not acknowledged by France; but that the Allied Powers took advantage of their situation to force upon her an arrangement, which was in itself unjust, and which affords no rule for the conduct of other nations. When it is considered that the government of the Netherlands, if not an immediate party to these treaties, was intimately allied to the powers that concluded them, and has participated largely in the pecuniary benefits resulting from this particular provision, the objection appears somewhat extraordinary. It is stated by Schoel, that this government has received from France sixty millions of francs, to be employed in the construction of fortresses, an equivalent for twentytwo millions granted as indemnity, and more than eighty millions in satisfaction of pecuniary debts contracted by the former authorities. The responsibility of the present French Government for the acts of the former one, is, of course, supposed in all these payments; and the government of the Netherlands could not possibly have consented to accept these sums, unless it had approved the principle upon which they were paid. Whatever opinion might be formed by different persons of the character of these transactions, it is evident that they may be safely alleged as authority against the parties concerned, or those that derived a profit from them.

‘But, without insisting on this point, it may easily be shown, that the principle of indemnity was, in fact, admitted by France herself. It is even admitted in the passage cited in the answer from a speech of the Duke de Richelieu, in the French House of Deputies. The Duke complains, indeed, that the principle was enforced with too much severity. “The rigor of it might have been alleviated by the equity and magnanimity of the sovereigns.” What is this but saying, that the principle in itself is unjust? Again, “the recollections retained by the sovereigns of the violence, that had been exercised by France within their territories, prevented them from giving way to those generous sentiments, which they might otherwise have indulged.” Was this violence, then, the act of Louis the Eighteenth? Unless the French nation under Louis the Eighteenth is responsible for the conduct of the French nation under Napoleon, upon what ground could the violent proceedings of the latter have irritated the sovereigns against his peaceful successor?”

About four months after the date of Mr Everett's letter, a reply to it was sent by the Baron de Nagell, under date of November 4th, 1819; the main object of which is to establish the point, that the acts complained of were those of the government of France, not of that of Holland. As this point, though professedly waved by the Baron in discussing the subject, was nevertheless resorted to, in the course of his present, as of his other letters, at every pinch of the American argument, Mr Everett immediately addressed a short note to Baron de Nagell, with a view of 'coming to some explicit understanding upon the facts.' After the lapse of a month an answer was returned by the Baron, in a tone of discontent, complaining, that Mr Everett had written his last letter, a week only after receiving that of the Baron, to which it is a reply; and consequently without time to have sent that of the Baron to America, and received the instructions of the American government, as the Baron supposed was in all cases done. After this complaint, he enters very briefly into a part of the argument on the precise nature of the acts, as to time and form, on which the American claim rests.

By this time, as may be well supposed, the subject had become not a little perplexed. With a view to the disentangling of it, Mr Everett prepared an elaborate review, analysis, and restatement of the argument of the whole subject, with the design of presenting it to the Dutch government. But the Baron de Nagell having intimated a wish to have the negotiation in its present stage submitted to the President of the United States, as already hinted, Mr Everett determined, instead of sending the last named document to the Baron, to transmit it to the President, which was accordingly done. It forms a part of the collection of documents on this subject, laid before Congress at the last session, and may be advantageously consulted for a view of the whole question. Shortly after the receipt of this document by our government, the Dutch Chargé d' Affaires at Washington, the Viscount de Quabeck, in taking leave, expressed to the President of the United States, by order of the King of the Netherlands, the wish, that this discussion should not be further pressed. In communicating this fact to Mr Everett, the Secretary of State adds, although the Viscount 'was distinctly informed that the rights of our citizens to indemnity for injuries so unjustifiable

and flagrant, could not be abandoned by this government, the President believes that it may be expedient to forbear renewing applications in their behalf, for the present.' These instructions to Mr Everett bore date 26th of May, 1820, and since that time we do not understand the claim to have been prosecuted. On the 18th of January last, a resolution passed the House of Representatives, on motion of Mr Webster, requesting information on this subject; in consequence of which the documents were communicated, of which we have now given an account.

The argument in the cases of Naples and Holland is the same in substance, and as we have already stated, 1st, that the seizures were acts of violence perpetrated by Napoleon, and for which, at the time, not even Murat nor Louis was responsible; 2dly, that had they been the acts of the usurpers, Murat and Louis, no claim for compensation could hold against the rightful sovereigns, their successors. To these, we reply in brief, that the confiscations were the official acts of the Neapolitan and Dutch rulers; the degree of influence, or even of violence practised on them, by the French ruler, is a point, of which we know nothing; and which, though it may very equitably affect the claim of the present governments of Naples and Holland against France, cannot touch us. The kings, Murat and Louis, had good reasons for taking the property of our merchants. What those reasons were, it is not for us to inquire; very possibly, we may say undoubtedly, to prevent worse consequences. His imperial majesty wanted money, and would have it. He had adopted the Horatian maxim very decidedly. He wanted it from all quarters, some from Naples, some from Holland. Our good ships were a convenient fund, their confiscation an easy resort. Had this not presented itself, does any man think that Holland and Naples would have paid a farthing the less to nourish the ambitious, or the luxurious wants of Napoleon? Not a farthing.

But the anxiety, with which the second argument is pressed, shows a secret distrust of the validity of the first. Though Murat and Louis plundered the Americans, they were usurpers, and no claim can exist against their legitimate successors. The King of Naples, who was of plain and familiar manners, used to say to Mr Degen, 'Why, the fellow took your ships,

it is true ; but he took my kingdom ; I suffered more than you did, I lost all ; and shall I have, besides my own losses, to bear yours ?' This, though bluntly put, contains the gist of the argument. In neither case, has it a shadow of weight ; though more plausible in that of Naples than Holland. But the claim is neither against Murat nor Ferdinand ; it is against Naples. For certain reasons, best known to themselves, the people of Naples choose to perform their public acts by a hereditary king ; and we by an elective Congress. It is the nation, in both cases, that is responsible. The United States would look but meanly, in the eyes of Europe, were they to refuse to perform obligations founded in justice, either to repair wrong or do right, on the ground that their executive, or their legislative servants, had acted foolishly or wickedly. All Europe would say, you have solemnly professed, before the world, to act in your national capacity by the agency of your chosen rulers ; you chose these knaves or fools, and you must acquit their obligations. In like manner we say to Naples. You have preferred a monarchical government ; you boast of its advantages ; you say it is concentrated and energetic ; you point to your own history, and other history, to show its beneficial effects. You must take it for better and for worse. Conquest and military power are of old familiar and valid titles to any crown. Foreigners cannot discriminate. You elect none of your kings. Murat was king by the same title that Alexander reigns at Warsaw ; Austria in Galicia and Milan ; Prussia at Cologne ; the King of Sardinia at Genoa ; the English in all India. Is not the King of Sweden able to contract for that nation ? And what placed him on the throne ? Besides, though it does not alter the case, Murat was popular in Naples. There never was a hand raised against him. The old Neapolitan nobility graced his court ; and the historian, no friend to revolutionary kings, declares, that the kingdom was benefited during his reign. The brigands were crushed, public buildings erected, the ruins of the ancient cities,—one of the great attractions at Naples,—excavated, and the government administered with vigor unknown to the feeble monarchs of the legitimate line. Finally, the Emperor of Austria did by treaty guaranty the throne of Naples to Murat, and England solemnly consented to the arrangement. But if none of all these circumstances

had existed, Murat was nevertheless *de facto* king, and it is the fundamental principle of monarchical government, that the nation acts by its sovereign, alike for good and evil ;

Quicquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi.

What in fact can be more futile, than to suppose that we claim indemnity out of the private purse of the present king? We claim it of the nation. He was, it is true, dethroned and banished ; but another ruled in his place, and that by the acquiescence of his people. The nation remains the same.

But it is hard, you urge, to come upon poor Ferdinand, or even upon poor Naples, to refund the property thus confiscated. Perhaps not so hard, as it may seem. Some of the vessels confiscated were taken into the public service ; and were in the service of the restored king, at the time he disclaimed all participation in the plunder. The rest, with their cargoes, were sold, and went to furnish the means, with which the Neapolitan populace received their favorite largess of *panem et circenses* ; with which the streets and squares of Pompeii were uncovered ; with which a new and spacious avenue was opened to Naples ; with which an efficient police was maintained ; with which bands of robbers, hitherto triumphant, were swept from the passes of Puglia and Calabria. Surely it is in vain to attempt to discriminate between these expenses, and the personal luxuries of Murat, his expenditures in foreign wars, or his tribute money to his master Napoleon. Surely it is in vain, to affect to put a mark on the particular dollars, paid into his hands from the sale of American property, and say those and no other went to his luxuries and his vices. Even could it be done, it would avail nothing in the argument, for what is plainer, than that in this case, the national resources were relieved of so much of the burden of the government, in consequence of the supply derived from our plunder.

It is not then so *hard*, as it may at first appear. But grant it were hard ; it is not therefore unjust. It is hard for an innocent endorser to pay the note, for which he became responsible, with no such expectation. It is hard for the citizen to be taxed, beyond his means, to support measures of national policy, which he disapproves ; it is always hard to bear burdens, to suffer calamities, to look ruin in the face. It is

hard for the American merchant engaged in honest trade, on the faith of public law, and believing that he is the citizen of a republic, able to protect him in his rights, to have his property torn from his vessels, both sold to defray the expenses of the Neapolitan government; and then be told, for all answer, that the government at that time happened to rest on no stronger title, than that of twothirds of the kings of Europe.

But let us turn to the Dutch claim, and see how it looks in reference to the obligation of legitimate governments, to pay the debts of their usurping predecessors. No country ever fought harder, or longer, or suffered more, for a free government, than the Dutch. In an age, when freedom was a bolder word, than it has since become, with tyranny staring them in the face, in all the surrounding nations, on both sides of the channel, they dared and suffered beyond the measure of humanity, in the cause of elective and popular institutions. The disasters of their situation led, at different periods, to the elevation of the princely house of Orange to the stadtholdership, and to the perpetual and hereditary tenure of that office. With every return of prosperity, the popular frame of the constitution was restored. After William the Third, and till 1764, the hereditary stadtholdership slumbered. The aristocratic party then triumphed for a generation; but at the close of the American war, and under the influence, no doubt, of our example, the popular party revived, concentrated itself, and long before the French Revolution broke out, had restored a free elective government. Nor was it effectually crushed in 1787, by the troops of Prussia, whose crown was allied by marriage to the Prince of Orange. It cannot therefore be pretended, that popular institutions in Holland were the offspring of the French Revolution; although the particular form of the Batavian Republic grew up, after the successes of the French armies in this devoted region. In 1805, Napoleon erected Holland into a kingdom, and placed his brother Louis on the throne. Louis was universally beloved. If the assent of the subject is allowed to add anything to the strength of the title, by which a king holds his crown, never did a sovereign reign by a better title. In 1810, Louis was compelled to abdicate; and Holland was declared a part of the French em-

pire. In 1813, the star of Napoleon began to wane ; he was driven out of Germany by the embattled nations of the north, and those enlightened friends of government and civilisation, the Cossacks of the Don, made their appearance in Holland from the sands of Westphalia. And now, wo to usurpers ! The armed burghers of Amsterdam, the remnants of a confederacy formed thirty years before to put down the Stadtholder, start into being ; the French Prefect is expelled, the national flag is seen floating on the steeples of Amsterdam, and soon on those of all Holland, and the cry of *Orange boven* is heard from the Ems to the Scheldt. But

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu ?

On the 21st of November, 1813, of a pleasant winter's morning, the Prince of Orange beholds from his window in Harley street, London, the Baron Perponcher and Mr James Fagel, approaching his dwelling, to apprise him of the events which had taken place, and invite him to Holland. A British cabinet council is next called ; but one result could take place ; and on the 25th of the same month the Prince of Orange embarks for Holland, on board his majesty's ship *Warrior*, rated at seventyfour guns, but pierced for ninety. The Russian general Winzingerode was already in force at Amsterdam, to facilitate the organisation of a legitimate government, founded on the corner stone of the people's will. Thus far things look as fair as could be expected ; for though Holland, when we last saw her independent of foreign control, had abolished the perpetual and hereditary stadtholdership, yet the Prince of Orange was the heir of his illustrious predecessors, the governors of three Dutch provinces independent of the stadtholdership ; nor could it yet appear what course he would adopt. But the veil was soon dropped. On the 1st of December he made his public entry into Amsterdam, and a proclamation was issued, setting forth that, ' It is not William the Sixth, whom the people of the Netherlands have recalled, without knowing what they might have to hope or expect from him, but William the First, who, as sovereign prince, by the wish of the Netherlanders, *appears as sovereign* among that people, which once before has been delivered by another William the First from the slavery of foreign despot-

ism.' The English historian of these transactions* observes, that 'it was remarkable that his serene highness had been invited to take the reins of government, not under the ancient title of stadtholder, but the new and indefinite one of sovereign. *Whence this alteration originated has not been made public.*' For the beginning of a legitimate government, founded on the ruins of a usurpation, this is rather high seasoned.

But the half is not yet told. Between Holland and France, lies a fertile region, known in elder geography as Austrian Netherlands. A region larger, richer, more populous than Holland, speaking a different language, bigoted in a different religion, of different national pursuits, never subject to the Dutch government. Eighteen hundred thousand Hollanders are but a small kingdom for the new sovereign; a powerful barrier is wanted against France; the young Prince of Orange is expected to marry the Princess Charlotte of England, and for these and other considerations thereunto moving, the lieges of Belgium are declared subjects of William the First; and the whole territory constituted a kingdom, by vote of the Congress of Vienna, in the following terms, to wit, 'The old United Provinces of the Netherlands and the former Provinces of Belgium, according to the limits of both as fixed in the following article, together with the regions and territories therein named, shall constitute, under the sovereignty of his royal highness the Prince of Orange Nassau, (sovereign prince of the United Provinces,) *the Kingdom of the Netherlands*, hereditary in the order of succession, already established by the constitutional act of the said United Provinces. The title and the prerogatives of the royal dignity are recognised in the house of Orange Nassau, by all the powers.' By this act of a foreign body, in which neither Holland nor Belgium was pretended even to be represented, was Belgium subjected to the Dutch yoke; and that, as is well known, to the great discontent of its inhabitants. This is the way, by which usurpers are expelled and lawful sovereigns established. Well may we parody the exclamation of Mr Fox to the electors of Westminster; 'O calumniated Turks! how falsely is

* Annual Register for 1813, p. 162.

it declared that you rule by the right of the sword ; O much injured Napoleon ! how moderate and just was thy policy ; O tame, uninspired Machiavelli ! how coldly hast thou depicted the true foundation of the power of the prince, how feebly hast thou set forth the right divine of the strongest !

One word more. The King of the Low Countries was fairly the pet, the *enfant gâté*, of those eventful times. Out of the indemnity of seven hundred millions paid by France, sixty millions, to begin with, were assigned to him to fortify his frontiers. His share of the remainder was declared to be twentyone millions more ; but this he was directed to cede to Austria in compensation for Belgium. Eighty millions more were paid to his subjects, on the footing of private claims. His hereditary principedom, and his dubious stadtholdership, were converted into the sovereignty of Holland ; and to his power as Dutch king, was subjected all Belgium, with Mariembourg, Philipville, and other districts, so that he has come out of the revolutionary vortex the first power of the second rank in Europe. This is the prince, who has suffered so much. This is the lawful sovereign, who will not hear of an obligation derived from the usurpers Napoleon and Louis.

We shall close this article with a brief account of one portion of the claims of American citizens for French spoliations.

The claims for French spoliations are of two kinds ; those, which arise from the depredations on our commerce between the years 1793 and 1800 ; and those, which date from the period of the continental system of Napoleon. The position of the claims of the two classes is wholly dissimilar. Our limits will not permit us to enter into a very full discussion of either. We shall confine ourselves at present to the claims for spoliations prior to 1800 ; and must reserve for another opportunity, what we may wish to say of the other class of French claims, as of those on Spain and Denmark.

By the eleventh article of the treaty of alliance of 1778, between France and the United States, the parties mutually guarantied to each other their respective possessions. This guaranty, of course, laid the United States under a very onerous obligation, in reference to the French West Indies, most of which fell into the possession of the British, during the French revolutionary war. By a series of unjust and

illegal decrees, emanating from the various revolutionary governments in France, between the years 1793 and 1798, a vast amount of American property in the West Indies, the ports of France, and on the high seas, was captured or destroyed. Indemnity for these spoliations was regularly and constantly demanded by the American ministers at Paris, by the government at home of the French ministers to this country, and lastly by the envoys, who in 1797 were sent by President Adams to France. These demands, though acknowledged by the French government to be some of them just, were so far from being paid, that new and greater outrages were daily committed, till several acts of Congress were passed in the year 1798, directing reprisals on the vessels of the French republic. In 1799, three other envoys were sent to France, who succeeded in negotiating a convention with Bonaparte, bearing date the 30th of November, 1800. The second article of this convention is as follows ; 'The ministers plenipotentiary of the two parties not being able to agree at present respecting the treaty of alliance of February 6, 1778, the treaty of amity and commerce of the same date, and the convention of November 14, 1788, nor upon the indemnities mutually due or claimed, the parties will negotiate further on these subjects at a convenient time ; and until they have agreed upon these points, the said treaties and convention shall have no operation, and the relations of the two countries shall be regulated as follows.'

On the 3d of February, 1801, this treaty was ratified by the Senate, with the exception of the article just recited, which the Senate refused to ratify. The effect of this refusal was a mutual renunciation, by France and the United States, of their claims, the one to have the West Indies guarantied, the other to indemnity for spoliations. The convention went back to Paris, with this article omitted ; and was ratified by Bonaparte, with a note subjoined, declaring that said omission was understood by him, to be a mutual renunciation of the claims of the two parties. His ratification came over to America with this explanatory note, and on the 19th of December, 1801, the Senate declared the convention to be fully ratified.

By the fifth article of the said convention, it was provided that 'the debts contracted by one of the two nations with

individuals of the other, or by individuals of the one with individuals of the other, shall be paid, or the payment may be prosecuted, in the same manner, as if there had been no misunderstanding between the two states; but this clause shall not extend to indemnities claimed on account of captures or confiscations.'

On the 30th of April, 1803, was negotiated at Paris the Louisiana treaty, a measure of itself sufficient to render Mr Jefferson's administration illustrious, in every succeeding age of American history. This treaty was comprised in four conventions, the third of which is devoted to a liquidation of claims of American citizens on the French government, on account of 'supplies, embargoes, and prizes at sea;' and for the payment of which, three millions seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars were appropriated at different times, being considered as part of the purchase money of Louisiana. A conjectural note of the claims entitled to be paid, was attached to the convention. They were to be paid, principal and interest, as fast as they should be allowed. Three American commissioners were named to examine the claims, as they had already been or might be presented to the accounting officers of the French government, for the purpose of taking advantage of this provision. Every decision was to be made, in the course of a year, and no reclamation afterwards admitted.

Of the expediency of the details of this arrangement, of the propriety of a liquidation at Paris, and of the mode in which the fund was distributed, we do not propose at this time to say much. It is obvious that the American government, and the American claimants, could not have acquiesced in these arrangements of choice; and so unreasonable a procedure as that of paying each claim, principal and interest, as soon as it was allowed, could not, we presume, have had its origin in any just policy. Great complaints, public as well as private, were made at the time, by claimants, who sent to Paris and found the money all gone, and the case of the New Jersey particularly became the subject of a correspondence between Mr Madison, then secretary of state, and General Armstrong our minister at Paris. The times, however, were adverse to the prosecution of the claim. Abroad, instead of affording redress for old grievances, the French government

was overwhelming us with new. At home, the restrictive system, and afterwards the war, occupied all thoughts. Since the restoration of peace, attempts, hitherto unsuccessful, have been made by some of the claimants to procure indemnity of our own government. Toward the close of the first session of the eighteenth Congress, the communication of the correspondence of our government with its ministers and the French government, on the subject of these claims, was asked by the House of Representatives, but from its voluminousness was deferred to the last session, and has not yet, we believe, been made. When that communication shall take place, full light will be thrown on these claims. Even, as at present advised, we are clearly of opinion, that they are valid against our government, and for the following reasons in brief;

1. The United States were bound, by the treaty of 1778, to guaranty to the French the West India islands; a guaranty, which it would have cost us a war with England to fulfil.

2. Our citizens claimed indemnity for various losses arising from supplies unpaid for, embargoes, and captures. These claims were the subject of negotiations between our government and the French.

3. By the convention of 1800, our government renounced the right of our citizens to prosecute these claims, and that, for the very valuable consideration of being exonerated from the obligations of the treaty of 1778.

4. In consideration of the purchase of Louisiana by our government, France consented to assume a portion of these claims, which were accordingly paid, as we have seen.

5. A much larger amount of claims equally valid remains unliquidated, and for which our government is bound, for the reasons stated, to provide, the rather as it has lately provided ample indemnity for claims against Spain, in no degree more urgent in their nature, nor entitled to the least preference.

ART. II.—1. *Recollections of the Life of Lord Byron, from the Year 1808 to the End of 1814.* By the late R. C. DALLAS, Esq. 8vo. Philadelphia. A. Small, and Carey and Lea. 1825.

2. *Correspondence of Lord Byron with a Friend; including his Letters to his Mother; in 1809, 1810, and 1811.* 12mo. Philadelphia. Carey and Lea. 1825.

3. *Journal of the Conversations of Lord Byron; noted during a Residence with his Lordship at Pisa, in the Years 1821 and 1822.* By THOMAS MEDWIN, Esq. of the 24th Light Dragoons. 12mo. New York. 1824.

THERE are few individuals who, during the age in which they lived, have excited stronger interest than Lord Byron. His character and writings are a subject well worthy of attention. On the former, some light is thrown by the publications, which have appeared since his death.

Among these, Mr Dallas' *Recollections*, though the work of a weak and vain man, has a certain degree of value. It illustrates the history of Lord Byron's character. Mr Dallas, who was an author by profession, has been known principally as the writer of some indifferent novels, and the translator of Bertrand de Moleville's *Annals of the French Revolution*. He was connected with the family of the Byrons; his sister having been married to an uncle of the poet. His acquaintance with Lord Byron, however, commenced after the latter had published his juvenile poems, entitled *Hours of Idleness*. Upon this occasion, Mr Dallas addressed a letter to him, saying that 'he felt irresistibly impelled to pay him a tribute, on the effusions of a noble mind in strains so truly poetic.' Having commenced in this manner, he continued to administer his admiration liberally, at a time, when such admiration was of more value to Lord Byron, than it afterwards became. The acquaintance strengthened; and Mr Dallas superintended the publication of the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*; and of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*; acting, at once, as critic and corrector of the press. For these and for other services, he was rewarded, but not, as he thought, repaid

by the copyright of several of Lord Byron's publications. Their friendship, however, was not formed to last, and was broken off long before the death of Lord Byron.

Captain Medwin's intimacy with Lord Byron commenced at a late period in the life of the latter, when he had not an extensive choice of associates. The authenticity of his book has been controverted. Mr Murray, Lord Byron's publisher, has proved, that much of the conversation, reported to have passed respecting himself, is incorrect and injurious. Still the question arises, whether this want of correctness is to be charged upon Lord Byron or Captain Medwin; and there seems to be no satisfactory ground for deciding against the latter. Inaccuracies of statement, likewise, have been pointed out by a writer in a late number of the *Westminster Review*, supposed to be Lord Byron's friend, Mr Hobhouse. As to some of them, there may be a doubt, as in the former case, which of the two individuals concerned is responsible. For others, however, Captain Medwin must be regarded as solely accountable. The article, which has been referred to, proves that he has not always been careful in the statement of facts, that he has committed some blunders;* and, perhaps, that he has sometimes ascribed to Lord Byron, rather what he might have said, than what he did say. But, on the whole, this attack upon Captain Medwin's book may serve rather to confirm than to weaken one's belief in its general credibility. With an evident perception on the part of the writer, that its statements are not honorable to Lord Byron, and a strong inclination to detect mistakes, still little is disproved or contradicted, which would much affect our estimate of Lord Byron's character, or even manners. No motive is assigned by the reviewer, to explain why the author should have reported the conversation of Lord Byron falsely; except one, a desire to appear more intimate with him, than he really was. The accounts of Medwin correspond to the

* Captain Medwin represents Byron as saying that the words, '*Thou tremblest*—' '*'Tis with age then,*' which occur in his *Marino Faliero*, 'were taken from the Old Bailey proceedings. Some judge observed to the witness, "*Thou tremblest*"—"*'Tis with cold then,*" was the reply.'

'Who does not know,' asks his reviewer, 'that this famous speech, which the Conversation writer made his Lord Byron say, was made in the Old Bailey, was uttered by Bailly, the mayor of Paris, on his way to the scaffold. That the real Lord Byron should make so ludicrous a blunder is morally impossible.' Lord Byron refers to the reply of Bailly in his note on the passage.

impression, which Byron has given of himself by his writings, and by the notorious facts in his life. His conversation, as reported by the former, is in general such as one might suppose it would be. The style of expression corresponds with that of his prose writings. The remarks upon almost all subjects, even those of mere literature, are superficial; the result of unsettled principles of judgment and taste. The temper discovered is characteristic. He is represented as talking much of himself and his works; as full of spleen toward others, especially those who had been most nearly allied to him, and as hardly concealing his contempt for his few remaining associates, such as Shelley, 'the snake,' as he was pleased to call him, and Leigh Hunt, 'the author of Nimini Pimini, and Follyage,' titles which he applied to his poems. He appears as a thorough libertine, devoid of all the proper feelings of a man, toward his wife, his mother, and it may be added, for the case is glaring, toward the degraded females with whom he had been connected. He seems to have regarded woman, only as an object of sensuality and insult. The same character is obvious in some of his later writings.

Supposing, however, Lord Byron's conversation to be, in general, correctly reported in this book, still it is questionable how far his statements are to be depended upon. Captain Medwin's visits were frequently, as he says, at 11 o'clock in the evening; and considering the accounts which he gives of Lord Byron's habits of life, the latter could not always, at that hour, be expected to recollect or to state facts with great accuracy. The general air of his conversation, as reported, may lead one to suspect, likewise, that his vanity sometimes betrayed him into extravagancies. Disposed, therefore, as one may be, from the present state of the evidence, to regard the book as, in the main, a credible narrative of Lord Byron's conversations; yet on account of the probable inaccuracies both of the speaker and the reporter, it is to be appealed to with caution; but with proper caution some use may be made of it.

The conversations reported by Medwin, took place during two of the last years of Lord Byron's life. But in the degradation into which he fell, when he had become the author of *Cain* and *Don Juan*, we must not forget his extraordinary

powers. At that period, 'all that gives gloss to sin had passed away,'

' And rooted stood in manhood's hour,
The weeds of vice without the flower.'

The moral change between youth and middle age was perhaps only such, as might have been anticipated ; but there were seasons in his life, when the passions and vices, which at last completed their work of ruin, seem to have lost something of their force ; and the evil spirit, of which he was the prey, seems to have been driven off, by the strong action of his genius and his better nature. He had the power, beyond almost any other poet, of uttering deep tones of feeling, which dwelt upon the mind, and called forth strong sympathy, even when connected with a perverted ostentation of lamentable defects of character. His life, too, forms a melancholy story, melancholy enough in reality, without our being deceived by the affectation of wretchedness, which he assumed for the purpose of poetical display. He was unfortunate in the moral influences which operated upon his character. Much of compassion, therefore, some lingerings of sympathy, and admiration for his genius, though his intellectual powers were great only within a limited sphere, mingle with the reprobation, with which his life and writings must on the whole be regarded. At one period of his course, an observer, ignorant of the evil to which he had been exposed, might have applied to him the lines of his favorite poet—

' Blest with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart.'

With more kindness, however, and, perhaps, more justice, one might have ascribed to him a character, which he himself has drawn, as that of his *Manfred*.

This should have been a noble creature ; he
Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled ; as it is,
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness—
And mind and dust—and passions and pure thoughts,
Mixed, and contending without end or order,
All dormant or destructive.

Lord Byron's father, who was notorious for his profligacy, died while his son was a child. The marriage of his father with his mother was preceded by an elopement, and appears to have alienated the families of both parties. It was, as may be supposed, an unhappy one. His mother, in whose care he was left, appears to have been unfit to form or influence his character in a proper manner. He is represented by Medwin, as speaking of her without feeling or reserve; and his letters to her discover little tenderness or respect. This is the more remarkable, as his mother and himself seem to have been almost alone in the world. According to Dallas, they were, during his youth, neglected by his other relations.

At the university he fell, according to every account, including his own, into a course of reckless profligacy. The following is an extract from his reply to Mr Dallas' first letter, written in his twentieth year.

'My pretensions to virtue are unluckily so few, that though I should be happy to merit, I cannot accept, your applause in that respect. One passage in your letter struck me forcibly; you mention the two Lords Lyttleton in the manner they respectively deserve, and will be surprised to hear the person, who is now addressing you, has been frequently compared to the *latter*. I know I am injuring myself in your esteem by this avowal, but the circumstance was so remarkable from your observation, that I cannot help relating the fact. The events of my short life have been of so singular a nature, that, though the pride commonly called honor has, and I trust ever will, prevent me from disgracing my name by a mean or cowardly action, I have been already held up as the votary of licentiousness, and the disciple of infidelity. How far justice may have dictated this accusation I cannot pretend to say, but, like the *gentleman* to whom my religious friends, in the warmth of their charity, have already devoted me, I am made worse than I really am.' pp. 7, 8.

The following is from a subsequent letter to Mr Dallas.

'I once thought myself a philosopher, and talked nonsense with great decorum; I defied pain, and preached up equanimity. For some time this did very well, for no one was in *pain* for me but my friends, and none lost their patience but my hearers. At last, a fall from my horse convinced me that bodily suffering was an evil; and the worst of an argument overset my maxims and my

temper at the same moment, so I quitted Zeno for Aristippus, and conceive that pleasure constitutes the *το καλον*. In morality, I prefer Confucius to the Ten Commandments, and Socrates to St Paul, though the two latter agree in their opinion of marriage. In religion I favor the Catholic emancipation, but do not acknowledge the pope; and I have refused to take the sacrament, because I do not think eating bread or drinking wine from the hand of an earthly vicar will make me an inheritor of heaven. I hold virtue in general, or the virtues severally, to be only in the disposition, each a *feeling*, not a principle. I believe truth the prime attribute of the Deity; and death an eternal sleep, at least of the body. You have here a brief compendium of the sentiments of the *wicked* George Lord Byron; and, till I get a new suit, you will perceive I am badly clothed.' pp. 13, 14.

While at the university, he became intimate with one, whom he thus celebrates in the concluding note to the first canto of *Childe Harold*.

'I should have ventured a verse to the memory of the late Charles Skinner Matthews, Fellow of Downing College, Cambridge, were he not too much above all praise of mine. His powers of mind, shown in the attainment of greater honors, against the ablest candidates, than those of any graduate on record at Cambridge, have sufficiently established his fame on the spot where it was acquired, while his softer qualities live in the recollection of friends, who loved him too well to envy his superiority.' p. 196.

Of Mr Matthews, however, he speaks in the following terms in a letter to Mr Dallas.

'You did not know M**; he was a man of the most astonishing powers, as he sufficiently proved at Cambridge, by carrying off more prizes and fellowships, against the ablest candidates, than any other graduate on record; but a most decided atheist, indeed noxiously so, for he proclaimed his principles in all societies.' p. 143.

Lord Byron early experienced some of those consequences, which a mind of much feeling, and of much compass of thought, must suffer from the opinions he had adopted, and the course of conduct he pursued; satiety, loathing of the world, remorse, and misanthropy. He formed friendships with the worthless, and finding them worthless, in his disappointment and despite, he denied the existence of all disinterested

feeling. His most craving passion was the desire of fixing upon himself the admiration and sympathy, or at least the wonder and gaze of men. He was desirous of possessing some extraordinary distinction, which should separate him from all others, as one entitled to peculiar regard. He wished to exhibit himself as standing alone, 'among men, but not of them ;'

' ——— In a shroud of thoughts,
Which were not their thoughts.'

But this is a passion, the most irritating, and the most liable to disappointment. Its natural tendency is to misanthropy. He, whom it possesses, is led to look upon those around him, as selfish, low minded, cold and unjust ; because they do not view him as an object of particular interest. He is utterly discontented with that small portion, which most of us can fairly claim, of the general regard of others ; of the regard of any, except those few, whom we may have attached to us by virtue, kindness, and equal returns of sympathy. He feels, as if he were defrauded of his rights by his fellowmen, when they suffer him to remain unnoticed. The strong workings of this passion at last made Byron a poet ; and a poet, whose principal subject, presented either with or without disguise, was himself. The passion attained its object ; but not its gratification, for that is impossible. Byron had, at last, few rivals in fame, and was as miserable, and more degraded than before.

While yet at the university, at the age of nineteen, he published his first volume of poems. There is much in them which shows an unformed mind, an unpractised hand, and a want of good taste. But, considering the age at which they were written, they are uncommon productions. To say the least, and that is saying but little, they are as good as three quarters of the verses, to be found in those monumental depositories, called bodies of English poetry. What is most remarkable, with but a few exceptions, they discover little of that peculiar moral character, and of those dark feelings, which afterward were among the most striking characteristics of his poetry. They express, for the most part, common sentiments and affections. Several of them are addressed to youthful friends, and written with much appear-

ance of feeling. The volume, in general, hardly connects itself with the subsequent exhibitions of his mind. We will give a few extracts, not so much for the sake of the poetry, as to illustrate the poetical character, in which Byron, at this time, wished to appear, corresponding, probably, in a considerable degree, to the yet unfixed state of his real character.

Oh ! yes, I will own we were dear to each other,
 The friendships of childhood, though fleeting, are true ;
 The love, which you felt, was the love of a brother,
 Nor less the affection I cherish'd for you.

But Friendship can vary her gentle dominion,
 The attachment of years, in a moment, expires ;
 Like Love, too, she moves on a swift waving pinion,
 But glows not, like Love, with unquenchable fires.

Full oft have we wander'd through Ida together,
 And blest were the scenes of our youth, I allow ;
 In the spring of our life, how serene is the weather !
 But winter's rude tempests are gathering now.

No more with Affection shall Memory blending
 The wonted delights of our childhood retrace ;
 When Pride steels the bosom, the heart is unbending,
 And what would be Justice, appears a disgrace.

However, dear S——, for I still must esteem you,
 The few, whom I love, I can never upbraid,
 The chance, which has lost, may in future redeem you,
 Repentance will cancel the vow you have made.

I will not complain, and though chill'd is affection,
 With me no corroding resentment shall live ;
 My bosom is calmed by the simple reflection,
 That both may be wrong, and that both should forgive.

You knew, that my soul, that my heart, my existence,
 If danger demanded were wholly your own ;
 You knew me unalter'd, by years or by distance,
 Devoted to love and to friendship alone.

You knew,——but away with the vain retrospection,
 The bond of affection no longer endures ;
 Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,
 And sigh for the friend who was formerly yours.

For the present, we part,—I will hope not forever,
For time and regret will restore you at last ;
To forget our dissension we both should endeavor,
I ask no atonement, but days like the past.

What follows are the concluding verses of a poem addressed to the Earl of —.

Not for a moment may you stray
From Truth's secure, unerring way,
May no delights decoy ;
O'er roses may your footsteps move,
Your smiles be ever smiles of love,
Your tears be tears of joy.

Oh ! if you wish, that happiness
Your coming days and years may bless,
And virtues crown your brow ;
Be, still, as you were wont to be,
Spotless as you've been known to me,
Be, still, as you are now.

And though some trifling share of praise,
To cheer my last declining days,
To me were doubly dear ;
Whilst blessing your beloved name,
I'd *wave* at once a *poet's* fame,
To *prove* a *prophet* here.

The next extract is from a poem to E. N. L. Esq.

Though Youth has flown on rosy pinion,
And Manhood claims his stern dominion,
Age will not every hope destroy,
But yield some hours of sober joy.

Yes, I will hope that Time's broad wing,
Will shed around some dews of spring ;
But, if his scythe must sweep the flowers,
Which bloom among the fairy bowers,
Where smiling youth delights to dwell,
And hearts with early rapture swell ;
If frowning Age, with cold control,
Confines the current of the soul,
Congeals the tear of Pity's eye,
Or checks the sympathetic sigh,

Or hears, unmov'd, Misfortune's groan,
And bids me feel for self alone ;
Oh ! may my bosom never learn,
To sooth its wonted heedless flow,
Still, still despise the censor stern,
But ne'er forget another's wo.
Yes, as you knew me in the days,
O'er which Remembrance yet delays,
Still may I rove, untutor'd, wild,
And even in age, at heart a child.

Other similar passages might be quoted. But with all this occasional difference of feeling, there are breakings forth of the same spirit, which afterwards displayed itself ; and it is remarkable that where these appear, the expression becomes more energetic.

Few are my years, and, yet I feel
The world was ne'er design'd for me ;
Ah ! why do darkening shades conceal
The hour when man must cease to be ?
Once I beheld a splendid dream,
A visionary scene of bliss ;
Truth !—wherefore did thy hated beam
Awake me to a world like this ?

I lov'd—but those I lov'd are gone ;
Had friends—my early friends are fled ;
How cheerless feels the heart alone,
When all its former hopes are dead !
Though gay companions, o'er the bowl,
Dispel awhile the sense of ill,
Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still.

How dull ! to hear the voice of those,
Whom rank, or chance, whom wealth, or power,
Have made, though neither friends nor foes,
Associates of the festive hour !
Give me again, a faithful few,
In years and feelings still the same,
And I will fly the midnight crew,
Where boisterous joy is but a name.

One poem relates to a romantic story of an attachment, which he had felt, while a boy, to a lady considerably older than himself; and the disappointment of which he was fond of representing, as having had a very melancholy effect upon his morals and happiness. It is the same story to which he alludes in his 'Dream.' The following is from the poem first mentioned.

Ah ! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any ;
But what it sought in thee alone,
Attempts, alas ! to find in many.

Then, fare thee well, deceitful maid,
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee ;
Nor Hope, nor Memory yield their aid,
But Pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of palling pleasures,
These varied loves, these matrons' fears,
These thoughtless strains to passion's measures—

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd ;
This cheek, now pale from early riot,
With Passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For nature seem'd to smile before thee ;
And once my breast abhorr'd deceit,
For then it beat but to adore thee.

But, now, I seek for other joys,
To think, would drive my soul to madness ;
In thoughtless throngs, and empty noise,
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet, even in these, a thought will steal,
In spite of every vain endeavor ;
And fiends might pity what I feel,
To know, that thou art lost forever.

The lady referred to in this poem, and in the 'Dream,' could not have been the same, whom he designated as

Thyrza; and in the one case or the other, therefore, he seems to have made an unnecessary demand upon public sympathy.

Upon the publication of his poems, they were reviewed in the *Edinburgh Review*, in that style of flippant, unfeeling, insulting criticism, which at one time contributed as much to the celebrity of that work, as the talent actually displayed in it; though since its novelty has passed away, it begins to be regarded in its true character, as equally offensive to right principles and good taste. The effect of such a review upon feelings like those of Byron, may be easily imagined. All his passions were thrown into commotion, and poured their gall through his mind. It, probably, had a far more important influence upon his future character, than the disappointed affection, which has just been referred to. It served to blast those feelings, by which he might have been allied to his fellowmen, and to render him the proud, insulated, unhappy being, which he subsequently became. It was administering poison to one in a fever. According to Medwin, he said respecting it,—

‘When I first saw the review of my “Hours of Idleness,” I was furious; in such a rage as I never have been since. I dined that day with Scrope Davies, and drank three bottles of claret to drown it; but it only boiled the more. That critique was a masterpiece of low wit, a tissue of scurrilous abuse. I remember there was a great deal of vulgar trash in it which was meant for humor, “about people being thankful for what they could get”—“not looking a gift horse in the mouth,” and such stable expressions.’ p. 96.

For the wrong which he had suffered, Byron endeavored, in the first shock of his feelings, to revenge himself not merely upon the editor of the review and his associates, but upon almost all his contemporaries who had been more favored than himself in gaining praise as poets. He was sufficiently enraged ‘to run a muck, and tilt at all he met.’ He produced his ‘English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.’ But his satire is violent, indiscriminating, and undignified. It is full of the coarse common places of abuse, with little range of thought or allusion. His blows are random and ineffectual. There is not much, which has even the appearance of being characteristic of the individuals whom he assails. His

epithets, and accessory ideas, have often no relation to his main purpose. His attack on Jeffrey, in which he might be expected to put forth his strength, is, we presume, commonly regarded as neither witty nor powerful. Let us take another short passage, which is a fair specimen of the poem.

Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
The golden crested haughty Marmion,
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,
The gibbet or the field prepar'd to grace ;
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And think'st thou, Scott ! by vain conceit perchance,
On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Miller may combine
To yield thy muse just half a crown per line ?
No ! when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade.
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame ;
Low may they sink to merited contempt,
And scorn remunerate the mean attempt !
Such be their meed, such still the just reward
Of prostituted Muse and hireling bard !
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
And bid a long ' good night to Marmion.'
These are the themes that claim our plaudits now,
These are the bards to whom the Muse must bow ;
While Milton, Dryden, Pope, alike forgot,
Resign their hallow'd bays to Walter Scott.

It requires no great exercise of generosity to forgive such an attack. Byron had not the qualifications of a satirist. He wanted wit, facility of allusion, and quick perception of character. He wanted truth, or its substitute, probability, and just principles of taste and moral judgment. In the latter part of his life, he attempted this style of writing again, and produced a poem, called the *Age of Bronze*, which hardly emerged into notice. On the whole, perhaps,* it is better than his first effort ; but how far he had improved by age, may be judged of in some degree by its conclusion.

But, tired of foreign follies, I turn home,
And sketch the group—the picture 's yet to come.

My Muse 'gan weep, but ere a tear was spilt,
She caught Sir William Curtis in a kilt!
While thronged the chiefs of every Highland clan
To hail their brother, Vich Ian Alderman!
Guildhall grows Gael, and echoes with Erse roar,
While all the common Council cry, 'Claymore!'
To see proud Albyn's Tartan's as a belt
Gird the gross sirloin of a City Celt,
She burst into a laughter so extreme,
That I awoke—and lo! it was *no dream*!

Here, reader, will we pause;—if there 's no harm in
This first—you 'll have, perhaps, a second 'Carmen.'

Byron, in his first satire, talks of treading 'the path which Pope and Gifford trod before.' The question, whether he be equal to Gifford, is not worth discussing; but his resemblance to Pope is that of a 'satyr,' butting with his horns, to 'Hyperion with his glittering shafts of war.' The verses of Pope are vivid with meaning. Single words open a view of a train of thoughts, or throw a flash of light upon some striking image. There is a consistency in his conceptions of character, and in all the figures and epithets by which they are emblazoned, which makes us feel a conviction at once of the sincerity of the writer, and of the correctness of his perceptions. This conviction is, for the most part, just, for Pope was a conscientious satirist, and proud of his adherence to truth;

'Truth guards the poet, sanctifies his line,
And makes immortal, verse as mean as mine.'

It has contributed to make his verses immortal; for in satire, our natural sentiments require justice. The characters of most of those, against whom he directed his wit or his indignation, remain fixed in the memories of men, as he has drawn them. No poem of the kind can be compared in vigor and effect with that in which he made a common slaughter of the low, profligate, but, some of them, noted and mischievous writers of his times—

Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένητ' ἀργυρεοιο βιοιο.*

Its great fault is the gross indecency of some passages; but

* Dreadful was the clang of the silver bow.

the age, in which Pope wrote, was not civilised, like the present, by the influence of female taste and literature.

Byron's suppression of his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' was no loss to his reputation, and little favor to those whom he had made the objects of his satire; for his attacks were not of a kind to be felt or remembered even by them, except as mere intended insults or expressions of ill will. He himself, however, appears to have looked back upon the work with considerable satisfaction; and alludes to it repeatedly in that poem, in which he gave the last exhibition of his character. He was, professedly, a warm admirer of Pope; and, in the latter years of his life, defended his poetical merit against the attack of Bowles; but there is hardly more of philosophical criticism in his defence, than in the writings of his opponent. His admiration of Pope was natural; not merely from a perception of the real power of that poet, but also from the circumstance, that he stood alone in his age, enjoying that preeminent distinction, to possess which, in some form or another, was Byron's strongest passion. There was a rank granted to Pope, which has hardly, if at all, been conceded to any other writer. He was looked up to as the moral and literary censor of his age. We are, at first view, struck with passages in his poetry, as written in a tone of great assumption, but when we examine the history of his life and writings, we find that he assumed no more than was conceded.

But, whatever might be the intrinsic merit of the 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' still, a satire well versified, the production of a young, profligate nobleman, and abounding in personality, would find many readers and admirers. It soon ran through three editions, to the last of which was annexed a postscript, which is curious as a specimen of Lord Byron's character and wit; that character about which so much sentiment has been lavished, and that wit which has been thought so spirited and entertaining. The postscript was evidently written in a state of elation from the success of his work. He says,

'I have been informed, since the present edition went to the press, that my trusty and well beloved cousins, the Edinburgh Reviewers, are preparing a most vehement critique on my poor, gen-

tle, *unresisting* Muse, whom they have already so bedeviled with their ungodly ribaldry.

“Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ.”

‘I suppose I must say of Jeffrey, as Sir Anthony Aguecheek saith ; “An I had known he was so cunning of fence, I had seen him damned ere I had fought him.” What a pity it is, that I shall be beyond the Bosphorus before the next number has passed the Tweed. But I yet hope to light my pipe with it in Persia.

‘My northern friends have accused me, with justice, of personality towards their great literary Anthropophagus, Jeffrey ; but what else was to be done with him and his dirty pack, who feed by ‘lying and slandering,’ and slake their thirst by ‘evil speaking?’ I have adduced facts already well known, and of Jeffrey’s mind I have stated my free opinion, nor has he thence sustained any injury ;—what scavenger was ever soiled by being pelted with mud ? It may be said that I quit England because I have censured there, ‘persons of honor and wit about town ;’ but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify, that my motives for leaving England are very different from fears, literary or personal ; those who do not, may one day be convinced. Since the publication of this thing, my name has not been concealed ; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels ; but, alas ! “the age of chivalry is over,” or, in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit now-a-days.

‘There is a youth ycleped Hewson Clarke, (subaudi, Esquire,) a sizer of Emmanuel college, and I believe a denizen of Berwick upon Tweed, whom I have introduced in these pages, to much better company than he has been accustomed to meet ; he is, notwithstanding, a very sad dog, and for no reason, that I can discover, except a personal quarrel with a bear, kept by me at Cambridge, to sit for a fellowship, and whom the jealousy of his Trinity cotemporaries prevented from success, has been abusing me, and what is worse, the defenceless innocent abovementioned, in the Satirist, for one year and some months. I am utterly unconscious of having given him any provocation ; indeed, I am guiltless of having heard his name till coupled with the Satirist. He has therefore no reason to complain, and I dare say that, like Sir Fretful Plagiary, he is rather *pleased* than otherwise. I have now mentioned all, who have done me the honor to notice me and mine, that is, my bear and my book, except the editor of the Satirist, who, it seems, is a gentleman, God wot ! I wish he could impart a little of his gentility to his subordinate scribblers.’

All this Byron insisted upon publishing, though Mr Dallas, in an exercise of good sense and friendship, uncommon on his part, urged its suppression in the strongest terms.

The following passage, from Dallas' *Recollections*, relates to Lord Byron's character, feelings, and mode of life, about the period of which we are speaking.

'Very soon after this, the satire appeared in its new form, but too late for its author to enjoy his additional laurels before he left England. I was with him almost every day while he remained in London. Misanthropy, disgust of life, leading to scepticism and impiety, prevailed in his heart and embittered his existence. He had for some time past been grossly attacked in several low publications, which he bore, however, with more temper than he did the blind headlong assault on his genius by the *Edinburgh Review*. Unaccustomed to female society, he at once dreaded and abhorred it; and spoke of women, such I mean, as he neither dreaded nor abhorred, more as playthings than companions. As for domestic happiness he had no idea of it. "A large family," he said, "appeared like opposite ingredients mixed perforce in the same salad, and he never relished the composition." Unfortunately, having never mingled in family circles, he knew nothing of them; and, from being at first left out of them by his relations, he was so completely disgusted that he avoided them, especially the female part. "I consider," said he, "collateral ties as the work of prejudice, and not the bond of the heart, which must choose for itself, unshackled." It was in vain for me to argue that the nursery, and a similarity of pursuits and enjoyments in early life, are the best foundations of friendship and of love; and that to choose freely, the knowledge of home was as requisite as that of wider circles. In those wider circles he had found no friend, and but few companions, whom he used to receive with an assumed gaiety, but real indifference at his heart, and spoke of with little regard, sometimes with sarcasm. He used to talk of one young man, who had been his schoolfellow, with an affection, which he flattered himself was returned. I occasionally met this friend at his apartments, before his last excursion to Newstead. Their portraits, by capital painters, were elegantly framed, and surmounted with their respective coronets, to be exchanged. However, whether taught by ladies in revenge to neglect Lord Byron, or actuated by frivolous inconstancy, he gradually lessened the number of his calls and their duration. Of this, however, Lord Byron made no complaint, till the very day I went to take my leave of him, which was the one previous to his departure. I found him bursting with indignation. "Will you believe it," said he, "I have just met * * *, and asked him to come and sit an hour

with me; he excused himself; and what do you think was his excuse? He was engaged with his mother and some ladies to go shopping! And he knows I set out tomorrow, to be absent for years, perhaps never to return! Friendship!—I do not believe I shall leave behind me, yourself and family excepted, and perhaps my mother, a single being who will care what becomes of me.”

‘At this period of his life his mind was full of bitter discontent. Already satiated with pleasure, and disgusted with those companions who have no other resource, he had resolved on mastering his appetites; he broke up his harams; and he reduced his palate to a diet the most simple and abstemious; but the passions of the heart were too mighty, nor did it ever enter his mind to overcome *them*; resentment, anger, and hatred, held full sway over him, and his greatest gratification, at that time, was in overcharging his pen with gall, which flowed in every direction, against individuals, his country, the world, the universe, creation, and the Creator.’

His misfortunes in regard to his early friends, according to Medwin, were not confined to the estrangement of their affections. The latter represents him as saying; ‘Almost all the friends of my youth are dead; either shot in duels, ruined, or in the galleys.’ On another occasion Byron said to him.

‘I was at this time a mere Bond street lounge; a great man at lobbies, coffee, and gambling houses; my afternoons were passed in visits, luncheons, lounging and boxing—not to mention drinking! If I had known you in early life, you would not have been alive now. I remember Scrope Davies, H——, and myself, clubbing £19, all we had in our pockets, and losing it at a hell in St James’s-street, at chicken-hazard, which may be called *fowl*; and afterwards getting drunk together till H. and S. D. quarrelled. Scrope afterwards wrote to me for my pistols to shoot himself; but I declined lending them, on the plea that they would be forfeited as a deodand. I knew my answer would have more effect than four sides of prosing.

‘Don’t suppose, however, that I took any pleasure in all these excesses, or that parson A. K. or W——, were associates to my taste. The miserable consequences of such a life are detailed at length in my Memoirs. My own master at an age when I most required a guide, and left to the dominion of my passions when they were the strongest, with a fortune anticipated before I came into possession of it, and a constitution impaired by early excesses, I commenced my travels in 1809, with a joyless indifference to a world that was all before me.’

Leaving England, as mentioned in the last extract, in his twentysecond year, Lord Byron was absent for two years. Of his travels, one may find a sort of journal in the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*. During his absence, his mother seems to have been almost his only correspondent. There are twenty letters to her, which fill about fifty duodecimo pages. In giving them to Mr Dallas, the latter reports him to have said, 'some day or other they will be curiosities.' Considering what might have been expected from the writer, perhaps, they are such ; for these and the other letters, published by Dallas, as the '*Correspondence of Lord Byron*,' form a collection, as intrinsically trifling and worthless, as was ever given to the world. Their value, if any, is accidental, arising from the illustration which they afford of the mind and character of their author.

On his return from his travels, he published the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*. Of the general level of the poetry in this production, the following stanzas are a fair specimen.

So deem'd the Childe, as o'er the mountains he
Did take his way in solitary guise ;
Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee,
More restless than the swallow in the skies ;
Though here awhile he learn'd to moralise,
For Meditation fix'd at times on him ;
And conscious Reason whisper'd to despise
His early youth, misspent in maddest whim ;
But as he gaz'd on truth his aching eyes grew dim.

To horse ! to horse ! he quits, forever quits
A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul ;
Again he rouses from his moping fits,
But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.
Onward he flies, nor fix'd as yet the goal
Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage ;
And o'er him many changing scenes must roll
Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,
Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience sage.

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay
Where dwelt of yore the Lusian's luckless queen ;
And church and court did mingle their array,
And mass and revel were alternate seen ;

Lordlings and freres—ill sorted fry I ween !
But here the Babylonian whore hath built
A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious sheen,
That men forget the blood which she hath spilt,
And bow the knee to pomp that loves to varnish guilt.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,
(Oh that such hills upheld a free-born race !)
Whereon to gaze the eye with joyaunce fills,
Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant place.
Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
Oh ! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share.

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,
And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend ;
Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed !
Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,
Spain's realms appear whereon her shepherds tend
Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader knows.
Now must the pastor's arm his lambs defend ;
For Spain is compass'd by unyielding foes,
And all must shield their all, or share Subjection's woes.

Where Lusitania and her sister meet,
Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide ?
Or ere the jealous queens of nations greet,
Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide ?
Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride ?
Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall ?—
Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,
Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,
Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from Gaul :

But these between a silver streamlet glides,
And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides ;
Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,
That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foeman flow ;
For proud each peasant as the noblest duke ;
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.

The above extract is from the first canto, what follows is from the second.

Fair Greece ! sad relic of departed worth !
Immortal, though no more ; though fallen, great !
Who now shall lead thy scatter'd children forth,
And long-accustom'd bondage uncreate ?
Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait—
Oh ! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the tomb ?

Spirit of Freedom ! when on Phyle's brow
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which now
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain ?
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
But every carle can lord it o'er thy land ;
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
From birth till death enslaved ; in word, in deed, unmann'd.

In all save form alone, how chang'd ! and who
That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
Who but would deem their bosoms burn'd anew
With thy unquenched beam, lost liberty !
And many dream withal the hour is nigh
That gives them back their fathers' heritage ;
For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
Or tear their name defil'd from Slavery's mournful page.

Hereditary bondsmen ! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow ?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought.
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye ? no !
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
But not for you will Freedom's altars flame.
Shades of the Helots ! triumph o'er your foe !
Greece ! change thy lords, thy state is still the same ;
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine years of shame.

When riseth Lacedemon's hardihood,
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,
When Athens' children are with arts endued,
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,

Then may'st thou be restored; but not till then.
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state!
An hour may lay it in the dust; and when
Can man its shattered splendor renovate,
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate!

And yet how lovely in thine age of wo,
Land of lost gods and godlike men! art thou!
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favorite now.
Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
Broke with the share of every rustic plough;
So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well recorded Worth.

These are long extracts. They have been given in the hope of their being read in connexion with the subsequent remarks. At no very distant time, verses such as these were regarded by many, as among the most admirable productions of the age. But, if we are not altogether mistaken, the principal difference between them, and prose too dull to find a reader, consists in the circumstance of their being written in stanzas. Some passages in these cantos rise above, and others fall below what we have quoted; for what is quoted is merely tame and prosaic, while the wit attempted, and the moral feeling discovered, are offensive. Passing over the lamentable parade of vulgar vice and common place infidelity, it may be asked whether sentiments such as the following, from the Albanian song, introduced into the second canto, are adapted to produce any feeling but disgust; or what is the purpose of putting such thoughts into rhyme.

I ask not the pleasures which riches supply,
My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy;
Shall win the young bride with her long flowing hair,
And many a maid from her mother shall tear.

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth,
Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall soothe;
Let her bring from the chambers her many toned lyre,
And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

But in these first two cantos, there is sometimes an energy of conception and expression, which their author, afterwards,

displayed more fully. They were accompanied, likewise, with a number of minor poems, some of which are among the most powerful and interesting of his productions. Such are the verses beginning—

O lady when I left the shore,
 The distant shore which gave me birth,
 I hardly thought to grieve once more,
 To quit another spot on earth.

Such, too, are the verses addressed to Thyrza, or which apparently relate to the same real or imaginary object of affection.

And didst thou not, since death for thee
 Prepared a light and pangless dart,
 Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,
 Who held, and holds thee in his heart ?
 Oh ! who like him had watch'd thee here ?
 Or sadly mark'd thy glazing eye,
 In that dread hour ere death appear,
 When silent Sorrow fears to sigh,
 Till all was past ? But when no more
 'Twas thine to reckon of human wo,
 Affection's heart drops, gushing o'er,
 Had flow'd as fast—as now they flow.

* * * *

Ours was the glance none saw beside ;
 The smile none else might understand ;
 The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,
 The pressure of the thrilling hand ;
 The kiss so guiltless and refined
 That Love each warmer wish forbore ;
 Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind,
 Even passion blush'd to plead for more.
 The tone that taught me to rejoice,
 When prone, unlike thee, to repine ;
 The song, celestial from thy voice,
 But sweet to me from none but thine ;

* * * *

But if in worlds more blest than this
 Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
 Impart some portion of thy bliss,
 To wean me from mine anguish here.

Teach me—too early taught by thee !
To bear, forgiving and forgiven ;
On earth thy love was such to me ;
It fain would form my hope in heaven !

Other passages might be quoted equally touching. No one had more power than Byron, to utter that thrilling voice, which speaks a mind desolate, but unbroken. In these poems it is connected with the most passionate and tender expressions of affection for the dead, and with a moral purity and elevation of sentiment, which he has scarcely elsewhere discovered. But even these poems are polluted by his libertinism. With singular perversion of taste, he has thought it worth while to find a place for a stanza from one of his earlier productions, which has been already quoted,

Though gay companions o'er the bowl,
Dispel awhile the sense of ill ;
Though pleasure fire the maddening soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still.

It may be objected, likewise, that the general tone of feeling is too much that of one,

Who will not look beyond the tomb,
And dares not hope for rest before.

There were various circumstances, which contributed to the popularity of this publication. It was written by a young nobleman, a circumstance, which, if it possessed any merit, was alone sufficient to give it celebrity. Its author was, or soon became, a man of the first notoriety in the highest circles of fashion. He had travelled, where few Englishmen had travelled before, having visited Ali Pacha in his den. The poem of *Childe Harold* was thought to shadow forth his own wayward, gloomy, wicked, but very interesting character. It contained much concerning Greece ; and the 'woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep,' the 'isles that crown the *Ægean* deep,' the 'streams that wander in eternal light,' are poetical in their very names ; and of these names there is a profusion in the second canto of *Childe Harold*. The favorable judgment of Gifford had been secured by the most lavish flattery in Byron's former poetry ; and it is strange, and

almost ludicrous, to observe the importance attached to his critical opinions, both by Mr Dallas and Lord Byron. The latter, in one of his letters to Mr Dallas, says, 'as Gifford has ever been my Magnus Apollo, any approbation such as you mention, would, of course, be more welcome than, "all Bokhara's vaunted gold, than all the gems of Samarkand."' In a subsequent letter, however, he seems to have viewed the matter in a juster light. He says; 'his praise is nothing to the purpose. What could he say? He could not spit in the face of one, who had praised him in every possible way.' But, without doubt, the consideration in which Gifford was held, depended much upon the circumstance of his being, at that time, the editor of the *Quarterly Review*. In addition to all this, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, upon the appearance of this publication, notwithstanding he had been so bitterly assailed by its author, took occasion to show his magnanimity, his contempt, or his policy, in an article in which it was highly praised, though containing passages not adapted to gratify one, to whom celebrity, in any shape, was not acceptable.

Among the minor faults of *Childe Harold*, may be mentioned the puerile affectation of its title; and the occasional introduction of obsolete words into a poem essentially modern in its character. In this, as in Byron's other works, the language is not always grammatical, nor are words always used in a correct meaning. Some passages are obscure from indistinctness of thought, and others from awkwardness of expression. In *Childe Harold* there is another fault, characteristic likewise of some of Lord Byron's other writings. It is the want of coherence, of mutual relation of parts, and of general purpose in the poem. His transitions are singularly abrupt and harsh. The train of thought, or feeling, in which we had been indulging, is snapt without warning; and something wholly foreign from it comes in succession. The associations, which introduce one part after another, seem often to be purely accidental. Subjects, which have no natural connexion, are thus brought together in strange confusion. The effect is almost as bewildering and unpleasant, as if a volume of sonnets were printed as a single work. It is a poem, which resembles the walls of some modern erection, composed in part of ancient marbles,—friezes, inscriptions,

and relieves,—placed without order. Lord Byron ‘told me,’ says Medwin, ‘that when he wrote, he neither knew nor cared what was coming next. This,’ adds Medwin, ‘is the true inspiration of the poet.’ The doctrine is comfortable for those who are aspiring to be poets; but, as yet, it is supported only by the practice of Lord Byron, and the authority of Captain Medwin.

Of the life led by Lord Byron in London, after the publication of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, there are statements and details enough in Dallas and Medwin. Court-
ed by trifling and profligate men, and by fashionable and dissolute women, he indulged, without restraint of any sort, in the vices to which he was exposed. The view that is given of fashionable society in London, after every allowance which the case may require, is such as should make us thankful, that we, of the new world, are free from its folly and impurity. He who chooses to look for anything in that poem, may find a commentary upon the accounts of Dallas and Medwin, in some of the cantos of *Don Juan*. ‘I had the reputation,’ said Byron, ‘of being a great rake, and was a great dandy;’ and of this sort of reputation, he is reported to have been as vain, as of the fame of being a great poet. In January, 1815, he was married to Miss Millbank. The next year, he deserted his wife, and his native land. He subsequently inherited a fortune, as the husband of the lady whom he had abandoned;* and seems to have felt no hesitation about regarding the legal title which he had to it, as giving him a moral right to its possession. He continued to persecute Lady Byron after their separation. He dragged her before the world in his various works, for the sake of changing, if possible, the strong current of public sentiment, and directing it against her. He endeavored to represent himself as the one, who ‘had suffered things to be forgiven,’

* Medwin reports him to have said, on two different occasions, that when he paid back his wife's portion, he added a sum of equal amount, viz. £10,000. This is stated to be false by Lord Byron's friend, the Westminster Reviewer; who likewise contradicts another account of Byron's generosity in voluntarily relinquishing the half of Lady Noel's fortune after her death. According to Medwin, he said, ‘I might have claimed all the fortune for my life, if I had chosen to have done so.’ One may reasonably doubt whether all this incorrectness is to be charged on Medwin.

bitter wrongs ; but whose heavy curse should be forgiveness.* At the same time, with the disregard of consistency, which marks his writings and character, he announced that he married without love ; that even while he stood at the altar, the vision of another came over his mind, and changed his countenance ; and that while he 'spoke the fitting vows, he heard not his own words.'† Again, he represented his wife as teaching his child to hate him as a duty ;‡ and in his *Don Juan*, he directed against her all the power of ridicule, which he possessed.

The necessary effect of Lord Byron's course of life was to deprave and harden his heart, and to deepen the natural gloom of his temper. His thoughts seem to have been, not unfrequently, directed to the subject of religion. He regarded its truths with doubt, with dread, and with defiance. Soon after his return from abroad, his professed infidelity led Mr Dallas to endeavor to produce an impression upon his mind favorable to Christianity, or to what the former regarded as Christianity. It is difficult, however, to award the praise which such an attempt might deserve, considering the deplorable manner in which it was executed. It is melancholy to know, that a professed defender of our religion addressed a mind like Lord Byron's, with language and arguments such as follow.

'I compare such philosophers as you, and Hume, and Gibbon, (—I have put you into company that you are not ashamed of—) to mariners wrecked at sea, buffeting the waves for life, and at last carried by a current towards land, where, meeting with rugged and perpendicular rocks, they decide that it is impossible to land, and, though some of their companions point out a firm beach, exclaim—"Deluded things ! there can be no beach, unless you melt down these tremendous rocks—no, our ship is wrecked, and to the bottom we must go—all we have to do is to swim on, till Fate overwhelms us."—You do not deny the depravity of the human race—well, that is one step gained—it is allowing that we are cast away—it is, figuratively, our shipwreck. Behold us, then, all scattered upon the ocean, and *all* anxious to be saved—all, at least, willing

* See *Childe Harold*, Cant. IV. st. 135.

† See 'The Dream.'

‡ 'And though dull hate as duty should be taught,' &c. *Childe Harold*, Cant. III. st. 117.

to be on *terra firma*; the Humes, the Gibbons, the Voltaires, as well as the Newtons, the Lockes, the Johnsons, &c. The latter make for the beach; the former exhaust their strength about the rocks, and sink, declaring them insurmountable. The incarnation of a Deity! vicarious atonement! the innocent suffering for the guilty! the seeming inconsistencies of the Old Testament, and the discrepancies of the New! &c. &c.! are rocks which I am free to own are not easily melted down; but I am certain that they may be viewed from a point on the beach in less deterring forms, lifting their heads into the clouds indeed, yet adding sublimity to the prospect of the shores on which we have landed, and by no means impeding our progress upon it. In less metaphorical language, my lord, it appears to me, that freethinkers are generally more eager to strengthen their objections than solicitous for conviction; and prefer wandering into proud inferences, to pursuing the evidences of facts; so contrary to the example given to us in all judicial investigations, where testimony precedes reasoning, and is the ground of it. The corruption of human nature being self evident, it is very natural to inquire the cause of that corruption, and as natural to hope that there may be a remedy for it. The cause and the remedy have been stated.

‘How are we to ascertain the truth of them? Not by arguing mathematically, but by first examining the proofs adduced; and if they are satisfactory, to use our reasoning powers, as far as they will go, to clear away the difficulties, which may attend them.’ pp. 88—90.

It is easy to imagine, how ‘such a philosopher’ as Lord Byron, would be affected by such rhetoric and such reasoning. It tended, without doubt, more than anything else, which could have been written by a man of Mr Dallas’s powers, to strengthen him in his skepticism. Mr Dallas proceeds to relate.

‘Lord Byron noticed, indeed, what I had written, but in a very discouraging manner. He would have nothing to do with the subject,—we should all go down together, he said, “So,” quoting St Paul, “let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die;”—he felt satisfied in his creed, for it was better to sleep than to wake.’ p. 90.

Such as we have seen being the character of Lord Byron, it could not be expected, that his poetry would have much tendency to raise and improve mankind, much moral beauty, or much that could be agreeable to our higher and purer feelings. It has not. The energy of his passions, and his

intense egotism, made him a poet. They demanded for their expression the vehement and piercing tones, which are sometimes uttered in his verses. He excels in the exhibition of pride, resolution, obstinacy, and solitary self dependence. No one could express with more force the corroding reflections of a perverted and degraded mind; nor add to the bitterness with which he pours out his loathing of life, and what were regarded by him as its purposes. He puts forth the whole strength of his soul in giving a voice to fierce and wicked passions, in the agony of their self inflicted torment. There are few passages, for instance, in his poetry, more powerful than the confession of the Giaour.

Now nothing left to love or hate,
No more with hope or pride elate,
I'd rather be the thing that crawls
Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,
Than pass my dull, unvarying days,
Condemn'd to meditate and gaze.

Yet sometimes, with remorse, in vain
I wish she had not loved again.
She died—I dare not tell thee how;
But look—'tis written on my brow!
There read of Cain the curse and crime,
In characters unworn by time.

He died too in the battle broil.

* * * * *

I search'd, but vainly search'd, to find
The workings of a wounded mind;
Each feature of that sullen corse
Betray'd his rage, but no remorse.
Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace
Despair upon his dying face!
The late repentance of that hour,
When Penitence hath lost her power
To tear one terror from the grave,
And will not soothe, and cannot save.

And she was lost—and yet I breathed,
But not the breath of human life;
A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
And stung my every thought to strife.

Alike all time, abhorr'd all place,
Shuddering I shrunk from Nature's face,
Where every hue that charm'd before
The blackness of my bosom wore.
The rest thou dost already know,
And all my sins, and half my wo.

Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,
No, father no, 'twas not a dream ;
Alas ! the dreamer first must sleep,
I only watch'd, and wish'd to weep ;
But could not, for my burning brow
Throbb'd to the very brain as now :
I wish'd but for a single tear,
As something welcome, new, and dear,
I wish'd it then, I wish it still,
Despair is stronger than my will.
Waste not thine orison, despair
Is mightier than thy pious prayer ;
I would not, if I might, be blest,
I want no paradise, but rest.

A great part of what is most forcible in his poetry consists in the display of his own passions, indulged in imagination without restraint. Throughout almost the whole of it, there is an exhibition, direct or indirect, of his personal feelings and character, either such as they really were, or most commonly modified in such a manner, as seemed to him best adapted to give others that conception of him, which he wished them to entertain ; as of an individual, who, as he describes one of his impersonations of himself, his Lara,

——soared beyond, or sunk beneath,
The men with whom he felt condemned to breathe,
And longed by good or ill to separate
Himself from all, who shared his mortal state.

The characteristics described, mark strongly all his higher poems, such as the last two cantos of *Childe Harold*, *Manfred*, the *Corsair*, and *Lara*. When the 'strong vigor' of his egotism was not 'working at the root,' his poetry is often imperfectly conceived and expressed, tame, extravagant, sometimes heavily elaborate, and sometimes employed about unfit subjects. Examples of one or another of these faults might

be quoted, from the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*, from that portion of the *Giaour*, which precedes the confession, the *Bride of Abydos*, the *Siege of Corinth*, *Parasina*, the *Hebrew Melodies*, and some of those productions of his latter years, which, not being remarkable for any extraordinary exhibition of depravity, even his name could not force into notice. Such passages, indeed, may be found in all his writings. The following are from the *Siege of Corinth*, neither one of the best, nor one of the worst of his poems.

There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashion'd by long forgotten hands ;
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown !
Out upon Time ! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before !
Out upon Time ! who for ever will leave
But enough of the past for the future to grieve
O'er that which hath been, and o'er that which must be ;
What we have seen our sons shall see ;
Remnants of things that have pass'd away,
Fragments of stone, rear'd by creatures of clay !

The tame description in the first four lines, the triteness and exaggeration of the sentiment which follows, the strange exclamation, 'Out upon time,' and the tripping versification, render the whole passage almost burlesque.

And he saw the lean dogs, beneath the wall,
Hold o'er the dead their carnival,
Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb ;
They were too busy to bark at him !
From a Tartar's skull they had stripp'd the flesh,
As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh ;
And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the whiter skull
As it slipp'd through their jaws, when their edge grew dull,
As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,
When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed.

* * * * *

The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,
The hair was tangled round his jaw.

If this style of writing, in which the disgusting and the loathsome are assumed as proper subjects for description, should become popular, and we have lately had much of it

both in poetry and prose, we may expect before long to be entertained, with striking poetical details of the symptoms and sufferings of the Elephantiasis or Plica Polonica.

The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein ;
Curved is each neck, and flowing each mane ;
White is the foam of their champ on the bit ;
The spears are uplifted ; the matches are lit ;
The cannon are pointed, and ready to roar,
And crush the wall they have crumbled before ;
Forms in his phalanx each Janizar ;
Alp at their head ; his right arm is bare,
So is the blade of his scimitar.

This, and some of the passages which follow it, have the air of being written in sport, as examples for a new treatise on the Bathos.

Nothing there, save death, was mute ;
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
For quarter, or for victory,
Mingle there with the volleying thunder,
Which makes the distant cities wonder
How the sounding battle goes,
If with them, or for their foes ;
If they must mourn, or may rejoice
In that annihilating voice,
Which pierces the deep hills through and through
With an echo dread and new ;
You might have heard it, on that day,
O'er Salamis and Megara ;
(We have heard the hearers say,)
Even unto Piræus bay.

There stood an old man—his hairs were white,
But his veteran arm was full of might ;
So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray,
The dead before him, on that day,
In a semicircle lay.

To return, however, to Lord Byron's more powerful poetry, it may be observed, that though his feelings and passions were in their combination and general character, such as to repel the sympathy of the better part of mankind, yet there are passages of great power in which some personal emotion is expressed, without offence to moral sentiment.

Once more upon the waters ! yet once more !
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar !
Swift be their guidance, whereso'er it lead !
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvass fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on ; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

There is something glorious in the energy, which can regard the ocean as a managed steed, welcome its roar, and abandon itself to the storm ; and the feeling which this is adapted to excite, is rendered deeper by the accompanying expression of suffering and solitariness.

The two last cantos of *Childe Harold* display much higher poetical powers, than the two preceding. Their author, likewise, has chosen to exhibit his character under a somewhat different and less unamiable aspect. There is more of moral feeling ; there is, sometimes, even an approach to religious sentiment.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most ;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep ;—
All heaven and earth are still ; from the high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain coast,
All is concentrated in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

The admiration and flattery which he had received, the court which had been paid him, the real kindness, he had experienced, the readiness of every one to allow his claims to their full extent, and to forget his offences, and the high rank which he had attained as a popular writer, had all contributed to soften the asperity of his passions, and to take off the edge of his misanthropy. At the same time, when in the full sunshine of favor, he had darkened his own prospects, he had, by his misconduct, separated himself from society and from his country, and become a just object of general reprobation. He had, through his evil passions, humbled himself even in the eye of the world. He could not but feel his

situation ; and he appears, likewise, to have felt something of compunction, and to have admitted the entrance of better and more serious thoughts, than those with which he had been familiar. It was not for one so circumstanced to assume a tone of defiance, and to talk, very broadly, of contemning his fellow men ; for society had passed on him a sentence of exile ; and he could not glory in what had become an involuntary separation. The world, however, was still wooing him back to its favor ; he was still ‘ Begged to be glad, entreated to aspire ;’ and to secure that favor, which was his life, he was stimulated to a more splendid exertion of his powers, and led to accommodate himself more to the moral sentiments of mankind. The last two cantos of *Childe Harold*, therefore, take precedence of his other works, and afford a fair example of his great powers, and of some of his great defects as a poet.

His real character, and his assumed poetical character, which was moulded upon the former, prevented him from feeling or expressing any very extended sympathy with his fellowmen. He could not be a disinterested sharer in their joys. He had no power of throwing a poetic charm over common scenes and objects, the common interests and hopes of life. He was as little able to compose *L’Allegro*, or *Il Penseroso*, as the *Analogy of Butler*. He professed to regard with contempt the ordinary purposes and passions of men, and those powers, which are displayed in their gratification and accomplishment. He felt no enthusiasm in contemplating the energy of high and self denying virtue. He disbelieved, or affected to disbelieve, its existence. Above all, he was destitute of that faith and those hopes, which connecting man, in intimate union, with the unseen and the infinite, raise him not less as an intellectual and imaginative, than as a moral, being ; and present him under those relations, through which alone he becomes an object of deep and permanent interest.

Some scenes, however, the gloomy character of Byron gave him power to conceive strongly ; and with some feelings, it enabled him to sympathise. The distant roar of cannon breaking upon the gaiety of the young and the beautiful, heard first in silence and suspense, and then calling away the devoted to battle and death ; the terror and agony of such a parting ; and the unavailing lamentation over those snatched

from life, when life is in its bloom and promise, were subjects suited to his temper and powers. The latter, accordingly, are displayed in all their force throughout that passage, which no one who has read it can forget, beginning,

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry.

In his description of the sorrow of those who mourn for the dead, gloomy and striking images are accumulated, with a profusion unusual in his poetry ; for in general he has more of passion and strong conception, than of that power of mind, which apprehends resemblances and illustrations, imparting a moral type to material things.

They mourn, but smile at length ; and, smiling, mourn ;
The tree will wither long before it fall ;
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn ;
The roof tree sinks, but moulders on the hall,
In massy hoariness ; the ruin'd wall
Stands when its wind worn battlements are gone ;
The bars survive the captive they enthrall ;
The day drags through though storms keep out the sun ;
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on ;

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
In every fragment multiplies ; and makes
A thousand images of one that was,
The same, and still the more, the more it breaks ;
And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,
Living in shatter'd guise, and still, and cold,
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,
Yet withers on till all without is old,
Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.

It was in the same spirit, and with equal power, that he had already described the death of Lara, and the agony of Kaled.

A breathing but devoted warrior lay ;
'Twas Lara bleeding fast from life away.
His follower once, and now his only guide,
Kneels Kaled watchful o'er his welling side,
And with his scarf would staunch the tides that rush,
With each convulsion, in a blacker gush ;

And then, as his faint breathing waxes low,
In feebler, not less fatal trickling flow ;
He scarce can speak, but motions him 'tis vain,
And merely adds another throb to pain.
He clasps the hand that pang which would assuage,
And sadly smiles his thanks to that dark page,
Who nothing fears, nor feels, nor heeds, nor sees,
Save that damp brow which rests upon his knees ;
Save that pale aspect, where the eye, though dim,
Held all the light that shone on earth for him.

That deep sense of the quietness, beauty, and still sublimity of nature, which is professed so strongly in the last two cantos of *Childe Harold*, seems rather assumed than real. It does not appear to be, as their author professes, a true 'love,' if such may exist, 'of earth only for its earthly sake ;' but rather a factitious sentiment, intended to strengthen, by contrast, the impression which he wished to give of his indisposition for human converse. He would have it thought, that he was so separated in character from his fellowmen, that though he 'had filed' (that is, defiled) 'his mind,' and brought it nearer to their level, still his soul could not bear to hold communion with them, and fled from their intercourse to the solitudes of nature. 'To me,' he tells us,

'High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture ;'

though, in fact, they were his chosen places of residence. Regarded in any other light, the sentiment of which we are speaking was inconsistent with his character. We accordingly find that much of the language, in which it is expressed, is misty and unmeaning, artificial and extravagant.

Ye stars ! that are the poetry of heaven !
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you ; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

No one, whose mind was really elevated and purified by the solemn grandeur of a midnight sky, would think of expressing his feelings by an allusion to the forgotten folly of astrology, or to the metaphorical uses of the word, star. To the latter, the last line may be conjectured to refer ; but one can hardly feel certain, that he has divined its meaning.

But in his descriptions of the loveliness of nature, there is sometimes great beauty.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb,—
And glowing into day ; we may resume
The march of our existence.

There are few passages in poetry more richly colored than the following.

The Moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains ; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colors seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the Day joins the past Eternity ;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest !

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven ; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaim'd her order ;—gently flows
The deep dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows,

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters ; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse ;
And now they change ; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting day

Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

Even in this passage, however, the construction is awkward and embarrassing, and the simile of a dying dolphin is disagreeable, both from its triteness, and from its want of moral harmony with the scene described.

But Byron's descriptions of nature, though they are gemmed with brilliant expressions, yet, taken each as a whole, are, for the most part, unsatisfactory and faulty. They have often the air of being written as a task. There is in his pictures, a want of clearness, of truth, and of a suitable disposition of the parts to each other. The description neither conveys distinct images of what is visible, nor a just impression of the emotions, which the scene is adapted to produce. There is sometimes an exaggeration of false sentiment, which shows a want of true perception and of natural feeling ; as for instance in the passage about 'Clarens, sweet Clarens,' which was intended to be so very sweet ; but in writing which the author mistook extravagance, and want of meaning for poetry ; the key note of the whole being found in the following words—

Thy air is the young breath of passionate thought ;
Thy trees take root in love.

The same want of real harmony of mind with the works of nature appears in his description of the cataract of Velino.

The roar of waters !—from the headlong height,
Velino cleaves the wave worn precipice ;
The fall of waters ! rapid as the light,
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss ;
The hell of waters ! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture ; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet,
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set.

In aiming at sublimity, Byron here produces only conceptions of disgust and horror. He applies images of bodily torture, and muscular force and convulsion, to a subject to which they are wholly unsuitable. The waters of a cataract

are compared to living beings in an agony of pain. There is little external resemblance between their struggles, and the overwhelming rush of a torrent ; and none between the feelings, which the one spectacle and the other are adapted to produce. The offensiveness of the passage is in some degree aggravated by the confusion of literal and metaphorical language, and by representing the waters as in a cold sweat.

Following those just quoted, there are, however, some lines which may remind one of the rich metaphorical language of Shakspeare. The spray of the torrent,

With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald.

These lines, however, are in no accordance with what precedes or follows. The turmoil of description is continued through several stanzas ; but the real tameness of feeling, which runs through the whole, betrays itself in the concluding line of one of them ;

Look back !
Lo ! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its tract,
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract.

A passage relating to the Appenines, immediately follows the description of the cataract of Velino. It consists, with one exception, in a not very forcible dilation of the thought, that the author would have admired these mountains more, if he had not beheld others of greater sublimity. The following is a part—

I have looked on Ida with a Trojan's eye,
Athos, Olympus, Ætna, Atlas, made
These hills seem things of lesser dignity.

The exception referred to, is a figure in the highest degree picturesque ; 'lone Soracte's height'

———from out the plain,
Heaves like a long swept wave about to break,
And [which] on the curl hangs pausing.

The following is another specimen of Byron's powers of description, from *Manfred*.

It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse.

This passage, which has been admired, would be finer, if it were more intelligible. It is often easy to discover a writer's meaning, even where he does not express it correctly; but this is not the case with the lines before us. What is said is, that the sunbow's rays roll the waving column, and fling its lines of foaming light along; what was intended to be said, we cannot conjecture. It is clear, however, that the waterfall is first described as a column of sheeted silver arched by a rainbow; and, afterwards, compared to the

Pale courser's tail,
The giant steed [steed's], to be bestrode by Death.

But this does not seem to be the language of an accurate observer of nature. It may be doubted, whether the appearances supposed can coexist at the same point of view. At a distance from a waterfall, where its white foam, in apparently retarded motion, and spreading as it descends, is alone visible, the comparison may be admitted; but at such a distance, we see nothing of rainbows, or of sheeted silver, glittering in the sunbeams.

The effect of what is beautiful and grand in nature, depends so much upon the purest moral and religious associations, that he whose mind is destitute of these, can have but little sensibility to her power. It is nature, as animated by the imagination, and endued with moral life; it is nature, as peopled with real and imaginary inhabitants, whose joys and interests are blended with the visible scene before us; it is nature, as the work of God, penetrating us with a feeling of his love, and connecting us with his infinity; it is nature in her eternal magnificence, calling up images of what is past and what

is to come, and raising us above the passions of the present hour ; it is nature thus contemplated, and thus acting upon us, that inspires the poet, and elevates the philosopher. There is no harmony between her and the misanthropist, the disbeliever in virtue, the man who is the slave of his lusts, or haunted by remorse, or harassed by bitter and angry passions ; him who can talk of the ' skies ' as ' raining plagues on men like dew.' It was with a very different character from that of Byron, that another poet thus expressed himself ; ' I am growing fit, I hope, for a better world, of which the light of the sun is but a shadow ; for I doubt not but God's works here are what come nearest to his works there ; and that a true relish of the beauties of nature is the most easy preparation, and gentlest transition to an enjoyment of those of heaven.*' The want of real feeling, in many of the descriptions of Byron, is often not merely a deficiency, but makes itself felt as the cause of artificial sentiment, an unnatural straining after effect, and harsh and incongruous images.

But he has great vividness of conception, and great power of expression ; and where the aspects of nature corresponded to the gloom and storminess of his own mind, there is sometimes a burst of poetry, which will never be excelled. The thunder storm among the Alps—every one recollects it.

The sky is changed !—and such a change ! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !

Nothing can be more magnificent. There is here no imperfect personification. The mastery of the poet's spell is complete ; and the thunder and the mountains are alive.

We may feel more fully the wonderful power of this passage, by comparing it with another description of the same

* This passage is from a letter of Pope to Miss M. Blount ; one of those letters on which Bowles has founded a gross attack upon the morals of that eminent man. The defect of good sense, in Mr Bowles' reasoning on this subject, is almost as remarkable as his strange malignity against the dead.

kind, which has been, perhaps, more celebrated than any other, that of Virgil, in his first *Georgic*.

Ipse Pater, mediâ nimborum in nocte, coruscâ
Fulmina molitur dextrâ ; quo maxima motu
Terra tremit ; fugere feræ ; et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor ; ille flagranti
Aut Atho, aut Rhodopen, aut alta Ceraunia telo
Dejicit ; ingeminant austri et densissimus imber ;
Nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc littora, plangunt.*

It may be curious to observe, that the superiority of the former passage arises, in part, from its greater conformity to nature. The thunder storm of Virgil, by which the whole earth is shaken, and mortal hearts prostrated with fear through the nations, is far too extensive and powerful in its effects. His description does not give us that feeling of reality, for the want of which no poetical language can compensate. In addition to this, Virgil's sole agent is Jupiter ; and we do not perceive why he acts. There is no moral character connected with the display of what may be called his physical power. The conception, for anything which appears, may be that of a capricious tyrant. But in the verses of Byron, the phenomena of nature are indued with forms of life, fully corresponding to the powerful impressions, which they are adapted to produce.

In the passage from Byron, it is true, that 'the light of a dark eye in woman,' is out of place, not being in accordance with the gigantic sublimity and force of the images, among which it is introduced. The description, likewise, is continued through another stanza of inferior merit, and which

* Of such a passage, it is vain to attempt to give a satisfactory translation. The following is somewhat more literal than any other we have seen.

Amid a night of storms, the Almighty Sire
Wields the fierce thunder, his right arm on fire ;
The huge earth trembles ; the wild beasts have fled ;
Throughout the nations, men are bowed with dread,
He, with his flaming dart, meanwhile strikes down
The crest of Rhodope, or Athos' crown,
Or the Ceraunian summits. The deep roar
Of wind and rain redoubles. On the shore,
The raving billows dash with ceaseless sound.
And groaning forests answer far around.

concludes with an imagination, than which there is scarcely anything more burlesque in his *Beppo* or *Don Juan*—

——and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with their mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

The disproportion and incongruity between the powers of Byron's mind, and especially the want of strong moral sentiment, corresponding to and sustaining the vigor of his conceptions, appear equally in other passages of his writings, as in his descriptions of nature. His force is sometimes that of a blind Cyclops, aimless and purposeless. Without religious faith, regarding himself and others as mere beings of this world, taking pleasure in representing himself as degraded and miserable, and his fellowmen as creatures with whom he was unwilling to be ranked, he excluded from his poetry all the infinite variety of thoughts and feelings, which belong to the higher part of our nature. He did not recognise those great truths, with which all just sentiments are connected. In his mind, the source of intellectual day was darkened, and he perceived not the beautiful coloring, and the ever varying lights and shadows, which it spreads over the objects of thought and imagination. The skepticism of a depraved heart is not inconsistent with the vehement expression of strong passions, or of deep gloom ; but it is inconsistent with all generous and invigorating purposes and sentiments, and with all those emotions, which are most sublime and ennobling. The poetry of Byron is the poetry of earth only ; where it is not, as in his *Cain*, the poetry of hell. His mind, strongly acted upon by a few objects, reacted strongly upon them. But the sphere within which his intellect exerted itself was narrow. Scarcely any writer has so much of what is essentially repetition. Every one begins to grow weary at last of being told of his misanthropy and his misery, his passions, and his pride, the worthlessness of man and the worthlessness of life.

From the causes which have been mentioned, there is often a striking contrast between the grandeur of Byron's conceptions, and the poverty and deadness of the sentiment, with which they are connected. The latter resembles some worthless corpse, lying in state, surrounded by the insignia

of nobility, and with banners hanging over it. Let us take, for example, one of his most striking passages.

Oh Rome ! my country ! city of the soul !
 The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
 Lone mother of dead empires ! and control
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.
 What are our woes and sufferance ? Come and see
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye !
 Whose agonies are evils of a day—
 A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless wo ;
 An empty urn within her wither'd hands,
 Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago ;
 The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now ;
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless
 Of their heroic dwellers ; dost thou flow,
 Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

There is nothing in poetry more colossal and imposing, than some of the expressions in this passage—'Lone mother of dead empires'—

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,
 Childless and crownless.

In what follows, images of desolated greatness are brought before us with powerful effect—

The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now ;
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless
 Of their heroic dwellers ; dost thou flow,
 Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?

What, then, is the defect of this passage ? We answer, the unnatural and false sentiment, which is arrayed with all this magnificence. Rome is personified, and represented as standing overwhelmed with her voiceless wo ; and we are called upon, in contemplating the misery felt by this personification, to repress the expression of our own sufferings. The figure itself is carried too far, and its effect weakened, when the imagination of distress is distinctly introduced. But the thought becomes altogether incongruous, when this imaginary distress is applied to the moral purpose of enforcing patience

upon those, whose agonies are represented as nothing in comparison, being but the evils of a day. Strong sympathy, even with the real sufferings of those who have lived during past ages, is not the feeling, which a contemplation of the ruins of human glory is naturally adapted to produce. With the false sentiment, which runs through the passage, is connected the tame extravagance of the concluding apostrophe to the Tiber—

Rise with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

In the following stanza, Rome is still the subject.

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap*
All round us ; we but feel our way to err ;
The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,
And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap ;
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer,
Stumbling o'er recollections ; now we clap
Our hands, and cry ' Eureka ? ' it is clear—
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Here, again, we have, as it were, an Egyptian mausoleum for the remains of a deified animal. The rich poetical language rather conceals than expresses the meaning, which, when discovered, is nothing more, than that the antiquaries are in doubt about the original names and purposes of some of the ruins of Rome ; that it is a question, for instance, whether the remains of a portico belonged to a Temple of Mars, or a Basilic of Antoninus Pius. This is not a fact to be announced with such elaborate solemnity.

In some passages, the poverty of sentiment is such, that there is only the shadow of a thought ; nothing real and palpable.

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust
The iron crown of laurel's mimic'd leaves ;
Nor was the ominous element unjust,
For the true laurel-wreath which Glory weaves
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,
And the false semblance but disgraced his brow ;
Yet still, if fondly Superstition grieves,
Know, that the lightning sanctifies below
Whate'er it strikes ; yon head is doubly sacred now.

* *Wraps* is required by grammar.

The semblance of meaning in this passage must disappear in any attempt to express it in prose. We can only arrange the thoughts in succession. 'It was not unjust in the lightning, which is ominous, to strike the iron crown from the bust of Ariosto, for Ariosto himself was entitled, metaphorically speaking, to a laurel crown; and there is a fable, that the laurel is not struck by lightning. Therefore the crown on his bust, being only made of metal, in imitation of laurel, disgraced it. But if the superstitious are still troubled, it may be added, that it was the custom of the ancients to consecrate to the gods what had been struck with lightning, therefore the bust of Ariosto is now doubly sacred.' The want of any proper relation between the thoughts thus forced together, renders the whole passage unmeaning.

In the expression of abstract sentiment, in all which might imply a philosophical spirit, or just and comprehensive habits of thinking, Byron is equally deficient. He had no fixed principles of belief or action; and, in consequence, there is much opposition and incongruity of opinion and feeling, expressed throughout his works. There is scarcely any subject on which he appears to have thought consistently or correctly. It may be doubted, whether there is a single passage in his writings, adapted to fix itself in the memory, as a striking expression of any general truth. The following is one of his most labored efforts.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And *there* hath been thy bane; there is a fire
And motion of the soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being, but aspire
Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

This makes the madmen who have made men mad
By their contagion; Conquerors and Kings,
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
And are themselves the fools to those they fool;

Envied, yet how unenviable ! what stings
Are theirs ! One breast laid open were a school,
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or rule ;

Their breath is agitation, and their life
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,
And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,
That should their days surviving perils past,
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
With sorrow and supineness, and so die ;
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

He who ascends to mountain tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow ;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.

The concluding simile is trite. The whole sense of the passage is, that those who act powerfully upon their fellow-men are all governed but by one feeling, a feverish restlessness, which leads them to aspire to what is unlawful ; that they are all sources of mischief to others, and objects of their hate ; and that they are all peculiarly unhappy themselves. The Edinburgh reviewer entered into a formal refutation of the latter doctrine. The other positions do not seem to be more profound or tenable.

In the delineation of his heroes, either in narrative or dramatic poetry, Byron is not successful. They are, in general, modifications of his poetical image of his own character ; combinations, a little varied, of the same elementary passions. In tracing, however, their resemblance to his imagination of himself, we must take into account the gradual changes of his mind and heart. In his latter years, the fire of his passions was smouldering ; he was becoming a grosser sensualist ; his feelings had lost their keenness ; after his fashion, he speculated more and imagined less. Thus Childe Harold was the

ideal picture of his youth, and Sardanapalus was drawn from the same character, when withered and decaying. The first, in his predominant features, is a misanthropist, sated with pleasure, yet perceiving no other good ; the last, a voluptuary, who has learnt to philosophise, and is only indifferent to everything but pleasure. Byron was a magician, without the art of evoking other spirits, but possessing, like Kehama, the power of multiplying himself. But when the inconsistencies of his own fluctuating passions were fixed, and exaggerated, and made to coexist as permanent, active qualities in his poetical creations, imaginary characters were produced, such as nature never knew. There is a moral absurdity in the confusion of qualities brought together. In his *Corsair*, for instance, he exhibits a pirate, who has 'a laughing devil in his sneer,' and whose frown of hatred withered all hope of mercy, but whose strongest feeling, at the same time, is the purest and most tender affection. His sense of honor is so exquisite, that he prefers being impaled himself to destroying an enemy while asleep, whose life, while awake, he had just before assaulted in the character of a spy. The inconsistency admits of no aggravation ; or it might be added, that in the continuation of the same story, this highminded pirate is guilty of cowardly assassination. The moral painting in this picture of character, is as if one were to represent tender and beautiful flowers springing up among the ashes and scorix, which form the crater of a volcano. Where there is less of incongruity in the qualities assigned by Byron to his heroes, there is at least some unnatural extravagance, irreconcilable with moral probability. The consequence is, that no clear and well defined impression of character is left upon the mind. As individuals, they possess no power over our sympathy. They are only shadowy and monstrous shapes of things, which never were, nor can be.

In his presentations of female character, there is less inconsistency, but they, likewise, are formed after one model. They are very beautiful, passionately fond, full of simplicity, tenderness, and constancy. This is a very interesting combination of qualities, which is marred only by one uniform defect. They have neither good sense, nor good taste, in selecting the objects of their affection. They are all possessed with the sentiment, expressed in one of Moore's songs—

‘I know not, I ask not, if guilt’s in thy heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.’

Byron’s writings have throughout a personal reference ; and of such affection he could conceive himself the object.

Some of the most striking characteristics of his poetry belong rather to the age, than to the individual. It is, or it assumes to be, the expression of strong feeling and passion. But poetry had been growing too mechanical an art. There was a tendency to address, not so much the universal feelings of men, as the artificial taste of connoisseurs. It had been too much confined to merely arbitrary rules. Its language was becoming vague, unmeaning, traditionary. It abounded in idle epithets, loosely applied. It was overrun with conventional figures, conceptions, and modes of thought, which had long ceased to correspond to anything really existing in men’s hearts and minds, and which have now become wholly obsolete. The muse was still invoked, as she was by Homer, three thousand years ago ; men thought that they wrote of love, when they talked about Venus and Cupid, wounds, flames, and darts ; the heathen mythology still flourished in English verse ; heroes were arrayed in rhyme, in ancient costume and armor ; and the shepherds and shepherdesses of the golden days were seen in vision in the streets of London. Much that was admired in its day, as the heroic plays of Dryden, the *Henry* and *Emma* of Prior, the pastorals of Shenstone, and, we must add, of Pope, the love elegies of Hammond, and in fact a great part of the amatory poetry in our language, had but little relation to human passions and feelings, but seemed to be adapted to some strange, grotesque, and often very disagreeable race of beings, among whom the author had transferred himself from the living world around him. These remarks do not refer to any particular school of poets, and still less to all the poets of any particular period ; but to certain prevailing faults in poetry, which had gone unchecked for a considerable time, and which were removing it, farther and farther, from its true character. The decrepitude of the artificial style, which has been described, appears in the writings of Hayley, and some other poets of his day ; and the false taste, which had been nourished, is proved by the temporary popularity which these writers attained. Hayley was for a time the greatest living poet of England.

But at the very period when poetry had become most artificial and insipid, the intellectual powers of men had begun to display themselves in action and speculation, with a force, which seemed to have been accumulating during a period of repose. One of those eras had commenced, which mark the history of mankind. The impulse was given in our country, where the last half century has been a period of almost uninterrupted improvement. In Europe, it has been a season of terrible contests and destruction ; of crimes and madness, yet of high qualities and great virtues ; of the overturn and reestablishment of thrones ; of strong passions, good and bad, in array against each other ; of bold speculations, true and false, conflicting with the most established and authoritative prejudices ; and of the natural feelings and desires of men, struggling against artificial and oppressive forms of society. But there too much has been gained. Considering the human character under its most favorable aspect, we may say, that man has become a being of bolder purposes, of wider views, of higher principles of action, more consistent and intrepid in his reasonings, more energetic in his will, more tender, generous, and sincere in his affections.

But poetry of the kind that has been spoken of, was not suited to the character of such an age. There was a demand for something more true, natural, and vigorous. There was a still stronger demand for something more exciting and passionate. The craving for poetry of the latter character was so strong, that the most rude and extravagant attempts were for a time received with favor. The writers of the Della Cruscan school, now never mentioned but by way of ridicule, enjoyed a temporary blaze of popularity in England ; and the forgotten book, *The British Album*, in which some of their verses were collected, was republished and extensively circulated in this country, at a time when the reprinting of a literary work was a rare event. Under the influences described, a new spirit has been communicated to English literature, conformed to the character of the age. All that was merely arbitrary, traditional, and factitious, has fallen into contempt. So far the change has been well. But the unalterable principles of taste, founded in the nature of man, and the eternal truths of morality and religion, have, likewise, been neglected or outraged, as antiquated prejudices. By

some writers, the highest excellence has been attained, in accordance with the improved character of man. By others, the vilest and grossest passions, the worst part of human nature, has been addressed without reserve. Some have enlarged the sphere of our imagination and feelings, conducting us to new prospects,—*avia Pieridum loca, nullius ante trita solo*. Others, for the sake of producing some effect, have hazarded anything, however strange and offensive. There have been writers, who appeared to think, that there is no proper distinction of our emotions into agreeable and disagreeable; and that if their readers were but strongly moved it was enough; no matter whether with simply painful sympathy, or disgust, or horror. Others, of great genius, like Wordsworth, in their dislike of the artificial style of poetry, have seemed to fancy that everything natural must be pleasing; and that he, who, even in the most common language, should give an account of his feelings, however trifling, or however accidental in their origin, must interest the feelings of his readers. They have even caricatured the simplicity of nature. We have had popular writers of every class, from Edgeworth, and Scott, and the author of *Thalaba*, down to the riotous swaggerers, who furnish the rank extravagances of *Blackwood's* magazine. But there is no writer, whose works have corresponded more than those of Byron, to the powerful, energetic, and passionate character of the times, have been more deeply stamped with the impression of its vices, or have been more adapted to satisfy the morbid appetite, which has existed, for every kind of excitement. This has been one of the accidental causes of his extraordinary popularity.

Another cause, contributing much to the great interest, which has been felt in his works, is their egotism. Though they do not bear the form, they have, in fact, the character of 'Confessions.' But he, who writes of himself and his own emotions, is secure of readers. By a natural delusion, it seems as if the author were giving his confidence to us individually, and we are ready to make him a return of our sympathy and regard. We are interested both in the writer, and in the knowledge which we fancy he may communicate. We are curious to know the inward structure and motions of another human mind, the secrets of another heart like our own. He may tell us, as it seems, what we could not, or

dared not tell ourselves. But, in truth, such intimate knowledge of another mind is not to be derived from a confidence, which we share only in common with all the rest of the world. It is not humility, but vanity, which prompts the writers of confessions. They may acknowledge much evil of themselves, for this acknowledgment, instead of diminishing the interest of their readers, may contribute to enhance it. There are many sentiments, of which men delight to be the objects, besides approbation ; and some of them are rather increased than weakened by vices and defects of character. Such writers may, even with Rousseau and Byron, avow actions or qualities, which in themselves are merely revolting, for this avowal may be accompanied with the implication, that their faults are intimately connected with excellences altogether peculiar ; and in fact, are only marks of a moral idiosyncrasy, by which the individual is distinguished from, and raised above other men. Vices may even be feigned or exaggerated, as we find in real life, for the sake of bringing out some favorite trait of character in bolder relief ; or of giving stronger solicitude to the sympathy, which has been excited by other qualities. But whatever is told, the simple truth is not told. The author conforms his accounts, and his expressions of feeling, to some imaginary conception of himself, which he secretly admires, and fancies others will admire. The popularity, therefore, of such writings, is not lasting. In a little time, men find that they have been deceived, and cheated out of their sympathy and admiration. The author betrays himself in his own writings ; the facts of his life, as they are more known and attended to, are perceived to be inconsistent with his exhibition of himself ; and some Grimm, some Marmontel, or some Medwin, some enemy or some friend, springs up to give the literal prose story of what had appeared only in poetical and picturesque guise. Thus the true character of the individual gradually displaces his theatrical personation of himself. In the age after that in which it is written, his book, like the *Confessions* of Rousseau, ceases to be an object of feeling and enthusiasm. Its vitality is gone, and it remains only as a subject of moral analysis to the student of human nature. The life and writings of Byron corresponded less with each other, than those of Rousseau ; and in the poetry of the former, there are grosser incongruities, than

in the prose of the latter. Byron was continually calling upon men in the most moving language, to inform them, that he did not wish for their notice or concern ; he was pouring out unremitted wailings, and avowing, at the same time, that he had learnt, with stern resolution, to suffer in solitude and silence ; he was professing his dislike and contempt of the world in constant efforts to secure its admiration and favor.

That he truly suffered, from a gloomy temperament, and from the natural effects of his vices, there can be no doubt. But this is vulgar misery, very different from that 'sublime sadness, breathed from the mysteries of our mortal existence,'* with which his more enthusiastic admirers thought him to be possessed. As he lived longer, his feelings became more callous, and he acquired more of selfish recklessness. Every one now knows, that Lord Byron, as a man, was a different personage from the Lord Byron of his own poetry. The accounts of his life and his conversations, the levity of his prose writings, and the last employment of his days, his *Don Juan*, have left few believers in his sublime and mysterious melancholy.

Lord Byron's course of life, while on the continent, after leaving England, answered to that which he before led. His last mistress was a married woman, the daughter of an Italian count, whose family, with an insensibility to infamy, not, we hope, to be found out of Italy, did not feel the connexion as disgraceful. The character of the few companions with whom he principally associated, is well known. He produced various works, some of which cannot be spoken of with too severe reprobation ; while others had not striking qualities of any kind, sufficient to attract much notice. He perceived that his fame was sinking under him, that he was beginning to be regarded with but little of poetical enthusiasm, and that he had outraged too far the moral sentiments of mankind. He felt this state of things with abundant irritability, which he expressed in verses as spirited as the following,—the only extract we shall give from his *Don Juan*.

Dogs or men ! (for I flatter you in saying
That ye are dogs—your betters far) ye may
Read, or read not, what I am now essaying,
To show ye what ye are in every way.

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. 30. p. 98. Am. Ed.

As little as the the moon stops for the baying
Of wolves, will the bright muse withdraw one ray
From out her skies—then howl your idle wrath !
While she still silvers o'er your gloomy path.

Under such circumstances, weary of life, disgusted with his pursuits, sensible that he had wantonly perverted his extraordinary powers, and become an object of universal disapprobation ; yet desirous, as ever, of being distinguished by the admiration of the world, he was led to change the scene, and undertake his expedition to Greece. The romance of his admirers was revived for a time by this event. But no one, we suppose, imagines that he rendered, or was capable of rendering, any important services to the cause of that country. If the Greeks are, as we hope, to recover their freedom, it may be well for their posterity, that he had not the power. The examples of those distinguished in the history of a nation, as its benefactors, are likely to have much influence upon the national character. Our own country has, in that respect, been peculiarly fortunate. It would have been unhappy for Greece, if Lord Byron had been her Lafayette.

There is a passage in Medwin's work, which is striking, both from the scene described, and from the view which it gives of Lord Byron's desertion during his residence in Italy ; and still more from the light, which it throws upon the state of his feelings and character. The writer himself is apparently unconscious of what he has thus contributed to bring before us. Shelley, who seems to have been almost domesticated with Lord Byron, was drowned by the upsetting of an open boat. His body was found fifteen days afterwards. The following is the relation of Medwin.

'18th August, 1822.—On the occasion of Shelley's melancholy fate I revisited Pisa, and on the day of my arrival learnt that Lord Byron was gone to the seashore, to assist in performing the last offices to his friend. We came to a spot marked by an old and withered trunk of a fir tree ; and near it, on the beach, stood a solitary hut covered with reeds. The situation was well calculated for a poet's grave. A few weeks before I had ridden with him and Lord Byron to this very spot, which I afterwards visited more than once. In front was a magnificent extent of the blue and windless Mediterranean, with the Isles of Elba and Gorgona,—Lord Byron's yacht at anchor in the offing ; on the other side an

almost boundless extent of sandy wilderness, uncultivated and uninhabited, here and there interspersed in tufts with underwood curved by the sea breeze, and stunted by the barren and dry nature of the soil in which it grew. At equal distances along the coast stood high square towers, for the double purpose of guarding the coast from smuggling, and enforcing the quarantine laws. This view was bounded by an immense extent of the Italian Alps, which are here particularly picturesque from their volcanic and manifold appearances, and which being composed of white marble, give their summits the resemblance of snow.

‘As a foreground to this picture appeared as extraordinary a group. Lord Byron and Trelawney were seen standing over the burning pile, with some of the soldiers of the guard; and Leigh Hunt, whose feelings and nerves could not carry him through the scene of horror, lying back in the carriage, the four post horses ready to drop with the intensity of the noonday sun. The stillness of all around was yet more felt by the shrill scream of a solitary curlew, which, perhaps, attracted by the body, wheeled in such narrow circles round the pile, that it might have been struck with the hand, and was so fearless that it could not be driven away. Looking at the corpse, Lord Byron said,

“Why, that old black silk handkerchief retains its form better than that human body!”

‘Scarcely was the ceremony concluded, when Lord Byron, agitated by the spectacle he had witnessed, tried to dissipate, in some degree, the impression of it by his favorite recreation. He took off his clothes, therefore, and swam off to his yacht, which was riding a few miles distant.’ * * *

‘The next morning he was perfectly recovered. When I called, I found him sitting in the garden under the shade of some orange trees, with the Countess. They are now always together, and he is become quite domestic. He calls her *Piccinina*, and bestows on her all the pretty diminutive epithets that are so sweet in Italian. His kindness and attention to the Guiccioli have been invariable.’ pp. 178—186.

The bad taste of the execution does not much injure the effect of this picture. Misery produces strange companionship. Lord Byron, attending the funeral of one of his few associates, who was still more an outcast from society than himself; the gloomy circumstances of Shelley's death; the solitude of the scene; the commencement of decay in the body, still clothed in the dress worn while in life; Leigh Hunt dissolved in sentimental tears in the back ground, and

Byron himself endeavoring to escape from all thought, braving the melancholy, which must have forced itself upon him ; and, the next morning, found 'quite domestic' with the wife of another man, who was his mistress.

A few months before the event mentioned in the last extract, Lord Byron received a letter from a Mr Sheppard. It contained a prayer of intercession for him, written in the year 1814, by Mrs Sheppard, which her husband had discovered among her papers, more than two years after her death. This lady was not personally acquainted with Lord Byron ; she had only seen him, and had been interested like the rest of the world in his poetry. The circumstances were adapted to affect any one. Lord Byron was touched at once through his vanity and his better feelings. His reply to Mr Sheppard, defective as it is in sentiment and reasoning, is more creditable to him in a moral point of view, than any other composition of his which has been published. We will give it entire.*

'Pisa, December 8, 1821.

'SIR,—I have received your letter.—I need not say that the extract which it contains has affected me, because it would imply a want of all feeling to have read it with indifference. Though I am not quite sure that it was intended for me, yet the date, the place where it was written, with some other circumstances which you mention, render the allusion probable. But for whomsoever it was meant, I have read it with all the pleasure, which can arise from so melancholy a topic. I say *pleasure*, because your brief and simple picture of the life and demeanor of the excellent person whom, I trust, that you will again meet, cannot be contemplated without the admiration due to her virtues, and her pure and unpretending piety. Her last moments were particularly striking ; and I do not know, that in the course of reading the story of mankind, and still less in my observations upon the existing portion, I ever met with anything so unostentatiously beautiful ! Indisputably, the firm believers in the Gospel have a great advantage over all others, for this simple reason, that if true, they will have their reward hereafter, and if there be no hereafter, they can be but with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an

* It was originally published in a work entitled *Thoughts chiefly designed as a Preparative or Persuasive to private Devotion*, by John Sheppard. This book we have not seen ; but copy the above from the English Monthly Repository, No. 229.

exalted hope through life, without disappointment, since (at the worst for them) 'out of nothing, nothing can arise,' not even sorrow! But a man's creed does not depend upon himself. Who can say, I *will* believe this, that, or the other, and least of all that which he least can comprehend? I have, however, observed, that those who have begun life with extreme faith, have in the end greatly narrowed it, as Chillingworth, Clarke, (who ended as an Arian,) Bayle and Gibbon, (once a Catholic,) and some others; while, on the other hand, nothing is more common than for the early skeptic to end in a firm belief, like Maupertuis and Henry Kirke White. But my business is to acknowledge your letter, and not to make a dissertation. I am obliged to you for your good wishes, and more than obliged by *the extract* from the papers of the beloved object, whose qualities you have so well described in a few words. I can assure you that all the fame, that ever cheated humanity into higher notions of its own importance, would never weigh in my mind against the pure and pious interest, which a virtuous being may be pleased to take in my welfare. In this point of view, I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased in my behalf for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar, and Napoleon, could such be accumulated upon a living head. Do me at least the justice to suppose that—

Video meliora proboque,

however the *deteriora sequor* may have been applied to my conduct. I have the honor to be your obliged and obedient servant,
‘BYRON.’

It is melancholy to think of the debasement and inconsistencies of such a mind as Lord Byron's, a mind with such capacities for moral and intellectual excellence. With how much deeper feeling, might he have adopted the words of a less gifted poet—

O gracious God! how far have we
Profaned thy heavenly gift of Poesy?
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debased to each obscene and impious use.

Before the date of the letter just quoted, he had composed his Cain; and, previously even to that work, he had abandoned himself, in his Don Juan, to a course of writing, which left nothing to be hoped.

Of these works we shall say but little. The world, as has been already remarked, had begun to grow weary of Byron's

monotonous wretchedness ; the dark cloud which had enveloped him was dispersing, and no longer hid from view the form and lineaments of a man like other men ; the romantic conceptions, which had been entertained concerning him, were assuming a tinge of the ridiculous ; his life had been such, and his character had become so deeply marked and disfigured, that much of his former style of sentiment was too obviously incongruous with either ; and his powers seem to have been weakened, both by the moral and physical effects of his vices. Their influence tended also to prevent that confidence in the sympathy of others, which was necessary to the successful exertion of his genius. But he lived in the eyes of men, and their gaze was still to be fixed upon himself in some way or another. If he could not be the first of poets, he could be the most unprincipled and the most daring. It was in this state of mind, that he produced his *Don Juan* and his *Cain*, and some of the other works of his later years.

His thorough admirers have praised even these. But unless an age of deeper darkness and evil, than has yet been known, is about to settle upon the world, the prevailing sentiments concerning them will soon silence all dissentient voices. His *Cain* is a poem which has little in it, that is dramatic, except its external form. It is an attack upon the goodness of God, on the ground of the existence of evil. It represents him as the tyrant of the universe, delighting in the parasitical praises of his meaner creatures ; but whom all nobler spirits must regard with defiance. It is idle to say, by way of apology, that this attack upon the Divinity is broken up into paragraphs, with the names of *Cain* and *Lucifer* prefixed to them ; since what has been stated is the only sentiment of the work, unanswered and uncontradicted, to the impression of which everything is made to contribute. It accords but too well with earlier expressions of the feelings of the author. We might justify what has been said, by extracts from the poem ; but it would be necessary to quote passages, which no light occasion would excuse one for obtruding upon notice.

We read the first two cantos of *Don Juan* shortly after their appearance. The mass of buffoonery and profligacy which followed, we had not seen till about to prepare the present article. It was the last product of Byron's mind. The great merit aimed at in the work, is drollery. The

author drolls upon everything ; giving, for instance, in the first canto, a funny account of some shipwrecked sailors driven through hunger to devour one of their companions. It is rambling and incoherent, with frequent disregard of grammar and prosody. It furnishes, however, a sort of commentary upon the character and life of its author ; for he could not write long without writing about himself ; and in this work, his disclosures seem to be more liberal, unguarded, and prosaic, than in any other. In reading it, we may be reminded of what Medwin reports him to have said ; ‘ Why don’t you drink, Medwin ? Gin and water is the source of all my inspiration.’ One might have conjectured, perhaps, that a considerable part of it was written under such inspiration.

This production, left unfinished, was the concluding labor of the literary life of a man, who might, in his old age, have been honored with passionate admiration, and have continued, after death, to pour forth a pure splendor amid the eternal lights of poetry ; who might have delighted and ennobled his fellowmen by glorious conceptions and beautiful imaginations ; and who might have given all that electric energy to the expression of high and generous sentiments, which was wasted, for the most part, in adding force to the language of selfish melancholy, of misanthropy, or of violent and wicked passions. As it is, we have now to estimate, not what good, but what evil, may be the general result of his writings. There is much of his poetry, it is true, which may be read without injury by a tolerably healthy mind ; and there are passages of great strength and great beauty, free from the expression of any wrong sentiment. Nor is there much, which can be seducing to any one in his exhibitions of vice and impiety. He uses no gay coloring. He delights in painting moral disease and insane passions, rather than the loose and voluptuous banquet, which may precede them. Even in the writings of his later days, there is a truth and coarseness in his immorality, which is anything but attractive. But when such a writer as Byron expresses strongly, what he represents as his own emotions and sentiments, there are many who will adopt them, and apply his language to themselves. He has had followers, without doubt, who have affected depravity of which they were not guilty, and have bewailed their sufferings and deso-

lation, with a resolute determination to be miserable. His verses have done something to give a poetic interest to a selfish abandonment of duty ; to encourage the indulgence of passions, which, in the real intercourse of life, are merely offensive ; and to throw a charm over that sickly melancholy, to which the young are exposed, from too sensitive feelings, from indolence and timidity, and from desires at once too earthly and too romantic. But this is not an evil lasting in its nature. A writer like Byron becomes the founder of a new school of artificial sentiment, which has its day ; but which, in time, grows as obsolete as the Euphuism of Lilly, or the gallantry of Mademoiselle de Scuderi, or the affected sensibility of Sterne. Nothing is permanent but nature and truth. The fashions of one age are the ridicule of the next.

Still there is a pestilential atmosphere about the ruins of such a mind. The great injury likely to result from his writings, consists in the circumstance, that a man of powers so extraordinary, should have enlisted himself without shame in the cause of evil ; that he should have presented himself before the world to avow his contempt of decency, his depravity, and his impiety ; and that doing this, he should have received no harsher repulse from its favor. He has given to the bad the whole countenance of his name. Strongly interesting his fellowmen through the displays of his genius, and, at the same time, rendering himself justly exposed to reprobation by his vices, he has confused and weakened the moral sentiments of his admirers. The effect appears in some of the highly colored eulogies, which followed his death. They have served to mark and to aggravate the evil. But the stream of time is already washing away the foundations of that factitious admiration, of which he has been the object. In another age, with other fashions and prejudices, the character of Byron will be estimated as it ought to be. The men of another age, however, with different subjects of interest from what we have, can hardly be expected to sympathise strongly in the regret, which we may feel, while contemplating the abuse of such powers and such qualities, as he possessed.

ART. III.—*The Duties of an American Citizen ; two Discourses delivered in the First Baptist Meeting House in Boston, on Thursday, April 7, 1825, the Day of Public Fast.* By FRANCIS WAYLAND, Jr, Pastor of the First Baptist Church in Boston. 8vo. pp. 52. J. Loring.

It is seldom that we have met with sounder views, or with sentiments more just and liberal on some important topics, than are contained in these discourses. The author, it is true, sets himself rather a formidable task in proposing to consider, within so small a compass, 'what appears to be the present intellectual and political condition of the nations of Europe, the relations we sustain to them, and the duties which devolve upon us in consequence of those relations,' but he has prosecuted his attempt with ability, and with as good success as the nature of the case would admit. The first discourse is devoted to a consideration of the present state of the European nations, and the second to the duties of an American citizen.

After a few brief hints on the changes, which society has been undergoing for the last half century throughout christendom, the author speaks of some of the causes, which are still operating with a renewed energy to increase these changes, and to put a new aspect on the social and political condition of man in all parts of the civilised world. The great and powerful instrument of change is knowledge. The means of intelligence are multiplying in every direction, and the desire of attainment is growing stronger and stronger, in spite of the efforts of despotism to arrest the progress of improvement, or cramp the natural aspirations of the mind after freedom and knowledge. The time, indeed, has arrived, when 'every man must be in a considerable degree a spectator of the doings of the world, or he is soon very far in the rear of the intelligence of the day.' Nations and men are teaching each other by example ; the actions of one are known to all the others ; different parts of the world are brought nearer together by the improved methods of navigation, and the interests of nations are becoming more closely linked by new facilities of commerce, and a more extensive interchange of commodities, which one can spare and which another wants.

It is thus that a kind of common interest, which has not till lately existed, is growing up between nations, and wider channels are every day opened for communicating to one, a knowledge of the doings and improvements of the others.

‘Hence it is,’ says the author, ‘that the moral influence, which nations are exerting upon each other, is greater than it has been at any antecedent period in the history of the world. The institutions of one country are becoming known almost of necessity to every other country. Knowledge provokes to comparison, and comparison leads to reflection. The fact, that others are happier than themselves, prompts men to inquire whence this difference proceeds, and how their own melioration may be accomplished. By simply looking upon a free people, an oppressed people instinctively feel that they have inalienable rights; and they will never afterwards be at rest, until the enjoyment of these rights is guaranteed to them. Thus, one form of government, which in any pre-eminent degree promotes the happiness of man, is gradually but irresistibly disseminating the principles of its constitution, and from the very fact of its existence, calling into being those trains of thought, which must in the end revolutionise every government within the sphere of its influence, under which the people are oppressed.

‘And thus is it that the field in which mind may labor, has now become wide as the limits of civilisation. A doctrine advanced by one man, if it have any claim to interest, is soon known to every other man. The movement of one intellect, now sets in motion the intellects of millions. We may now calculate upon effects, not upon a state or a people, but upon the melting, amalgamating mass of human nature. Man is now the instrument which genius wields at its will; it touches a chord of the human heart, and nations vibrate in unison. And thus he who can rivet the attention of a community upon an elementary principle, hitherto neglected in politics or morals, or who can bring an acknowledged principle to bear upon an existing abuse, may, by his own intellectual might, with only the assistance of the press, transform the institutions of an empire or a world.

‘In many respects, the nations of christendom collectively are becoming somewhat analogous to our own Federal Republic. Antiquated distinctions are breaking away, and local animosities are subsiding. The common people of different countries are knowing each other better, esteeming each other more, and attaching themselves to each other by various manifestations of reciprocal good will. It is true, every nation has still its separate boundaries and its individual interests; but the freedom of commercial intercourse

is allowing those interests to adjust themselves to each other, and thus rendering the causes of collision of vastly less frequent occurrence. Local questions are becoming of less, and general questions of greater importance. Thanks be to God, men have at last begun to understand the rights, and feel for the wrongs of each other. Mountains interposed do not so much make enemies of nations. Let the trumpet of alarm be sounded, and its notes are now heard by every nation, whether of Europe or America. Let a voice borne on the feeblest breeze, tell that the rights of man are in danger, and it floats over valley and mountain, across continent and ocean, until it has vibrated on the ear of the remotest dweller in christendom. Let the arm of oppression be raised to crush the feeblest nation on earth, and there will be heard everywhere, if not the shout of defiance, at least the deep toned murmur of implacable displeasure. It is the cry of aggrieved, insulted, much abused man. It is human nature waking in her might from the slumber of ages, shaking herself from the dust of antiquated institutions, girding herself for the combat, and going forth conquering and to conquer; and wo unto the man, wo unto the dynasty, wo unto the party, and wo unto the policy, on whom shall fall the scath of her blighting indignation.' pp. 10--12.

In the further consideration of his subject, Mr Wayland very properly divides the different forms of government, under which society has existed, into two kinds, the *government of will*, and the *government of law*. The first supposes all mankind to be separated into two very disproportionate classes, the rulers and the ruled, who originally possess rights and privileges wholly distinct from each other, it being the province of the former to command, and of the latter to obey, without reference to the wishes, will, or voice of the subordinate party,—subordinate in station and power, although immeasurably superior in numbers. This species of government is fully illustrated by that maxim of the Holy Alliance, which declares that 'all useful and necessary changes ought only to emanate from the free will and intelligent conviction of those, whom God has made responsible for power.' Such is the *government of will*, in which a few persons, whom accident has clothed with power, or who are themselves, as Lord Thurlow would say, 'the accident of an accident,' undertake to assert, without regard to any distinctions of wisdom, virtue, or merit, that the Almighty has put the rod of authority into their hands, to be wielded over the whole

human race, as the folly, caprice, or interests of these self constituted favorites of heaven may dictate. The *government of law* is founded on principles in all respects of an opposite kind. Here only one class of society is recognised; by nature all men are equal, and the business of government depends on the mutual choice and agreement of the parties. The power is in the people, and they give up such part of it as they think proper, and into such hands as they choose, and on such conditions as they suppose will best promote the ends of social union. Under this system, the doctrine that human beings, endowed with rational faculties, do not know how to govern themselves and consult their own happiness, is rejected as an absurd and dangerous heresy. There is no state of society, in which the people are not qualified to form a government better suited to their condition, than any that can be imposed on them against their will from abroad. The government of law is a government of choice, in which each individual has a share in appointing the law makers, and submits to restraints on his own actions, that he may promote private and public benefit by securing the same submission from others. All power of the rulers is held in trust, to be taken away when it is abused. Our own government is an example of this sort, which requires no illustration.

‘Now, which of these two,’ says Mr Wayland, ‘is the right notion of government, I need not stay to inquire. It is sufficient for my purpose to remark, that whenever men have become enlightened by the general diffusion of intelligence, they have universally preferred the government of law. The doctrines of what is called legitimacy, have not been found to stand the scrutiny of unrestrained examination. And besides this, the love of power is as inseparable from the human bosom as the love of life. Hence men will never rest satisfied with any civil institutions, which confer exclusively upon a part of society, that power which they believe should justly be vested in the whole; and hence it is evident, that no government can be secure from the effects of increasing intelligence, which is not conformed in its principles to the nature of the human heart, and which does not provide for the exercise of this principle, so inseparable from the nature of man.’

‘We see then that the people under arbitrary governments, whenever they have become enlightened, must begin to desire some change in the existing institutions. On the contrary, it is not unreasonable to suppose, that to such change the rulers would every-

where be opposed. Instances have been rare in the history of man, in which the possessor of power has surrendered it to anything but physical force. The rulers everywhere will, to the utmost of their ability, maintain the existing institutions. This is not conjecture. The Holy Alliance has declared its determination to bring its whole power to bear upon any point, from which there was reason to fear the love of change, or in other words the love of liberty, would be disseminated. They have announced, that "the powers have an undoubted right to assume a hostile attitude, in relation to those states, in which the overthrow of governments may operate as an example."

- 'You perceive then, that if the people in Europe have become dissatisfied with the government of will, and if the rulers have determined to support it, the present progress of intelligence must be rapidly dividing the whole community into two great classes. The one is composed of the monarchy, the aristocracy, and the army, and in general, of all those whose wealth, whose rank, or whose influence depends on the continuance of the existing system. The other is composed of the middling and lower classes of society, of the men who understand the nature of liberal institutions, and those who are groaning under the weight of civil and religious oppression. The question at issue is, whether a nation shall be governed by men of its choice, or by men, whose only title to rule is derived from hereditary descent; whether laws shall be made for the benefit of a whole or a part; and whether they shall be the expression of a monarch's will, or the unbiassed decisions of an enlightened community. It is a question between precedent and right; between old notions and new ones; between rulers and ruled; between governments and people. It has already agitated Spain, Portugal, Italy, France, Germany, Prussia, and South America. Hence you see, that the parties formed in those nations have all taken their names from their attachments to one or the other of these notions of government. Hence we hear of constitutionalists and royalists, of liberals and anti-liberals, of legitimates and reformers. It is in a word the same question, though modified by circumstances, which wrought out the revolution under Charles the First, and in which the best blood of this country was shed at Lexington and at Bunker Hill, at Saratoga and at Yorktown.' pp. 15—18.

Mr Wayland next considers the relations, which this country sustains to the countries of Europe, and these he deduces chiefly from our example in successfully contending for liberty, and establishing and maintaining free institutions, founded on the broad principles of human right and equality, and sup-

ported by a steady and resolute adherence to those principles. Our progress is daily affording a demonstration not only of the practicability of a popular form of government, but of its 'unrivalled superiority' to any other form. In connexion with this part of the subject, the author remarks,

'It was not long since fashionable to ridicule the idea, that a people could govern themselves. The science of rulers was supposed to consist in keeping the people in ignorance, in restraining them by force, and amusing them by shows. The people were treated like a ferocious monster, whose keepers could only be secure while its dungeon was dark, and its chain massive. But the example of our own country is rapidly consigning these notions to merited desuetude. It is teaching the world that the easiest method of governing an intelligent people is, to allow them to govern themselves. It is demonstrating that the people, so far from being the enemies, are the best, nay, the natural friends of wholesome institutions. It is showing that kings, and nobles, and standing armies, and religious establishments, are at best only very useless appendages to a form of government. It is showing to the world that every right can be perfectly protected, under rulers elected by the people; that a government can be stable with no other support than the affections of its citizens; that a people can be virtuous without an established religion; and more than this, that just such a government as it was predicted could nowhere exist, but in the brain of a benevolent enthusiast, has actually existed for half a century, acquiring strength, and compactness, and solidity, with every year's duration. And it is manifest that nowhere else have men been so free, so happy, so enlightened, or so enterprising, and nowhere have the legitimate objects of civil institutions been so triumphantly attained. Against facts such as these it is difficult to argue; and you see they furnish the friends of free institutions with more than an answer to all the theories of legitimacy.

'It is unnecessary to pursue this subject further. You are doubtless convinced, that this country stands linked by a thousand ties to the popular sentiment of Europe. We have no sympathies with the rulers. The principles, in support of which they are allied, are diametrically opposed to the very spirit of our constitution. All our sympathies are with the people; for we are all of us the people. And not only are we thus amalgamated with them in feeling, we are manifestly at the head of that feeling. We first promulgated their sentiments, we taught them their rights, we first contended successfully for their principles; and for fifty years we have furnished incontrovertible evidence that their principles are true. These principles have already girded us with Herculean

strength, in the very infancy of our empire, and have given us political precedence of governments, which had been established on the old foundation, centuries before our continent was discovered.' pp. 27—29.

The topic of example the author pursues at a greater length, and shows how wide an influence the people of the United States may have on the coming destinies of many other nations, by a proper exercise of the privileges of freedom, and an unwavering attachment to the principles on which their political fabric is founded. 'If this country remain happy,' he observes, 'and its institutions free, it will render the common people of other countries acquainted with the fundamental principles of the science of government; this knowledge will silently produce its practical result, and year after year will insensibly train them to freedom.' Hence it is easy to point out the duty of an American citizen, as a member of a political union. A moral and intellectual elevation of national character is the main thing to be gained. As the power of the people is increased, in the same proportion must the intelligence of the people be enlarged, that they may know how to wield this power with discretion, and be disposed to direct it in a channel, where it shall produce the greatest amount of public benefit. That man only, who is in some good degree advanced in moral and intellectual culture, is qualified to exercise the right of suffrage, and to contribute to promote the strength and happiness of a free community. The subject in this important bearing is discussed with the author's usual ability and discrimination.

We shall select from these discourses only one passage more.

'But before we leave this part of the subject, it may be well to pause for a moment, and inquire whether, in addition to its moral efficacy, the Bible may not exert a powerful influence on the intellectual character of man.

'And here it is scarcely necessary that I should remark, that of all the books with which, since the invention of writing, this world has been deluged, the number of those is very small which have produced any perceptible effect on the mass of human character. By far the greater part have been, even by their cotemporaries, unnoticed and unknown. Not many a one has made its little mark upon the generation that produced it, though it sunk with

that generation to utter forgetfulness. But after the ceaseless toil of six thousand years, how few have been the works, the adamantine basis of whose reputation has stood unhurt amid the fluctuations of time, and whose impression can be traced through successive centuries on the history of our species.

‘When, however, such a work appears, its effects are absolutely incalculable; and such a work, you are aware, is the *Iliad* of Homer. Who can estimate the results produced by this incomparable effort of a single mind! Who can tell what Greece owes to this first born of song. Her breathing marbles, her solemn temples, her unrivalled eloquence, and her matchless verse, all point us to that transcendent genius, who by the very splendor of his own effulgence, woke the human intellect from the slumber of ages. It was Homer who gave laws to the artist; it was Homer who inspired the poet; it was Homer who thundered in the senate; and more than all, it was Homer who was sung by the people; and hence a nation was cast into the mould of one mighty mind, and the land of the *Iliad* became the region of taste, the birthplace of the arts. Nor was this influence confined within the limits of Greece. Long after the sceptre of empire had passed westward, genius still held her court on the banks of the *Ilyssus*, and from the country of Homer gave laws to the world. The light, which the blind old man of Scio had kindled in Greece, shed its radiance over Italy, and thus did he awaken a second nation to intellectual existence. And we may form some idea of the power, which this one work has to the present day exerted over the mind of man, by remarking, that “nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.”

‘But considered simply as an intellectual production, who will compare the poems of Homer with the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament. Where in the *Iliad* shall we find simplicity and pathos, which shall vie with the narrative of Moses, or maxims of conduct to equal in wisdom the Proverbs of Solomon, or sublimity, which does not fade away before the conceptions of Job or David, of Isaiah or St John. But I cannot pursue this comparison. I feel that it is doing wrong to the mind, which dictated the *Iliad*, and to those other mighty intellects on whom the light of the holy oracles never shined. Who that has read his poem has not observed how he strove in vain to give dignity to the mythology of his time? Who has not seen how the religion of his country, unable to support the flight of his imagination, sunk powerless beneath him? It is the unseen world where the master spirits of our race breathe freely and are at home; and it is mournful to behold the intellect of Homer striving to free itself from the conceptions of materialism,

and then sinking down in hopeless despair, to weave idle fables of Jupiter and Juno, Apollo or Diana. But the difficulties under which he labored are abundantly illustrated by the fact, that the light, which he poured upon the human intellect, taught other ages how unworthy was the religion of his day, of the man who was compelled to use it. "It seems to me," says Longinus, "that Homer, when he ascribes dissensions, jealousies, tears, imprisonments, and other afflictions to his Deities, hath, as much as was in his power, made the men of the Iliad gods, and the gods men. To man when afflicted, death is the termination of evils; but he hath made not only the nature but the miseries of the gods eternal."

'If then so great results have flowed from this one effort of a single mind, what may we not expect from the combined efforts of several, at least his equals in power over the human heart? If that one genius, though groping in the thick darkness of absurd idolatry, wrought so glorious a transformation in the character of his countrymen, what may we not look for from the universal dissemination of those writings, on whose authors was poured the full splendor of eternal truth? If unassisted human nature, spell bound by a childish mythology, have done so much, what may we not hope for from the supernatural efforts of preeminent genius, which spake as it was moved by the Holy Ghost?' pp. 42—45.

The above extracts will serve as a specimen of Mr Wayland's mode of thinking and writing, although it would not be fair to judge of the entire merits of his discourses, from the very imperfect outline, which we have here presented. As an exhibition of strong powers of intellect, united with a wide reach of inquiry and liberality of sentiment, few performances of a similar kind are worthy of higher commendation. We object to nothing but some of the author's remarks on the Romish church, which would have been more applicable three centuries ago, than at the present time. How far these discourses may be compared with Mr Wayland's very eloquent Sermon on the Moral Dignity of the Missionary Enterprise, which has been so much read and praised in this country and Great Britain, we shall not decide. Nor is such a parallel necessary; they are both the productions of a vigorous mind and a good heart, creditable to the talents and religious motives of the author, and form a valuable addition to the stock of our literature.

ART. IV.—*Poems*. By EDWARD C. PINKNEY. Baltimore. Joseph Robinson. 1825. 12mo. pp. 76.

OF the last piece but one in this volume, entitled Rodolph, we have heretofore given a short notice. It was first published separately and anonymously ; but is now accompanied by several shorter poems, and by the author's name, which there is certainly no reason for concealing. With all its faults, Rodolph abounds with beauties, which any of our poets might be glad to claim. The promise, which it held forth on its first appearance, that there was more gold in the same mine, has not been broken. Some of the small pieces in this very small volume are really exquisite. At least they appear so to us ; and we are quite willing to submit our opinion to the judgment of our readers, by making two or three extracts for their perusal.

Let us take 'Italy,' which stands first in the book, as one of our specimens. It is an imitation of Goethe's celebrated *Kennst du das Land*. To imitate excellence successfully, one must be something more than a mere imitator. Dulness, or mediocrity, can do nothing but repeat with servility the ideas of its model, 'and regularly weaken all it repeats.' Genius catches the thought and spirit of kindred genius, and gives them a fair and well proportioned body of its own. In short, when what is borrowed is good, what is altered or added must be good too, or we shall perceive the vast disparity, and be displeased at it, and be moved to tell the imitator that he had no business with such beautiful things, if he knew not how to make a better use of them. We think our readers, however, will feel no disposition to say so to the author of the following lines.

Know'st thou the land which lovers ought to choose ?
Like blessings there descend the sparkling dews ;
In gleaming streams the crystal rivers run,
The purple vintage clusters in the sun ;
Odors of flowers haunt the balmy breeze,
Rich fruits hang high upon the vernal trees ;
And vivid blossoms gem the shady groves,
Where bright plum'd birds discourse their careless loves.
Beloved !—speed we from this sullen strand
Until thy light feet press that green shore's yellow sand.

Look seaward thence, and nought shall meet thine eye
But fairy isles like paintings on the sky ;
And, flying fast and free before the gale,
The gaudy vessel with its glancing sail ;
And waters glittering in the glare of noon,
Or touched with silver by the stars and moon,
Or flecked with broken lines of crimson light
When the far fisher's fire affronts the night.
Lovely as loved ! towards that smiling shore
Bear we our household gods, to fix for evermore.

It looks a dimple on the face of earth,
The seal of beauty, and the shrine of mirth ;
Nature is delicate and graceful there,
The place's genius, feminine and fair ;
The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud ;
The air seems never to have borne a cloud,
Save where volcanoes send to heav'n their curled
And solemn smokes, like altars of the world:
Thrice beautiful !—to that delightful spot
Carry our married hearts, and be all pain forgot.

There Art too shows, when Nature's beauty palls,
Her sculptured marbles, and her pictured walls ;
And there are forms in which they both conspire
To whisper themes that know not how to tire ;
The speaking ruins in that gentle clime
Have but been hallowed by the hand of Time,
And each can mutely prompt some thought of flame—
The meanest stone is not without a name.
Then come, beloved !—hasten o'er the sea
To build our happy hearth in blooming Italy.

Are not the two lines, beginning ' Save where volcanoes,' sufficient to give a more than ordinary character to this piece ? Are they not poetry, and grand poetry ? The similitude contained in them is one, which the memory cannot refuse to keep and cherish, because it is rich in those sublime associations which the memory loves, and loves to hoard among its treasures. And it is one of the peculiarities of the volume before us, that it is replete with comparisons of a highly poetical nature. We have an instance in the second piece, called 'The Indian Bride.'

Their sun declines not in the sky,
 Nor are their wishes cast,
 Like shadows of the afternoon,
 Repining toward the past.

No less than three of these figures are contained in the two last verses of the 'Picture Song.'

The sportive hopes, that used to chase their shifting shadows on,
Like children playing in the sun, are gone—forever gone ;
And on a careless, sullen peace, my double-fronted mind,
Like Janus when his gates were shut, looks forward and behind.

Apollo placed his harp, of old, awhile upon a stone,
Which has resounded since, when struck, a breaking harp string's
 tone ;
And thus my heart, though wholly now from early softness free,
If touched, will yield the music yet, it first received of thee.

There is much richness in the following evening scene.
Enough has already been said about the loves of the angels,
but we will pardon those four lines, for the sake of the rest.

'Twas eve ; the broadly shining sun
Its long, celestial course had run ;
The twilight heaven, so soft and blue,
Met earth in tender interview,
Ev'n as the angel met of yore
His gifted mortal paramour,
Woman, a child of morning then,—
A spirit still,—compared with men.
Like happy islands of the sky,
The gleaming clouds reposed on high,
Each fixed sublime, deprived of motion,
A Delos to the airy ocean.
Upon the stirless shore no breeze
Shook the green drapery of the trees,
Or, rebel to tranquillity,
Awoke a ripple on the sea.
Nor, in a more tumultuous sound,
Were the world's audible breathings drowned :
The low strange hum of herbage growing,
The voice of hidden waters flowing,
Made songs of nature, which the ear
Could scarcely be pronounced to hear ;

But noise had furled its subtle wings,
And moved not through material things,
All which lay calm as they had been
Parts of the painter's mimic scene.

And now we will pass to an effusion, which is in the true antique spirit of gallantry and hyperbole. If the name of Harrington or Carew had been subscribed to it, we should, in all probability, like other antiquaries, have been completely taken in.

SERENADE.

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light ;
Then, Lady, up,—look out, and be
A sister to the night !—

Sleep not !—thine image wakes for aye,
Within my watching breast ;
Sleep not !—from her soft sleep should fly,
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, Lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay,
With looks, whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day.

Our next specimen is in a much higher strain. If he who reads it is a lover already, it will make him love the more, and if he is not, he will determine to become one forthwith. There is a devotion and delicacy about it, an ardent and at the same time respectful and spiritual passion breathed out in it, which must insure for it a ready admiration.

A HEALTH.

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon ;
To whom the better elements and kindly stars have given,
A form so fair, that, like the air, 'tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody dwells ever in her words ;

The coinage of her heart are they, and from her lips each flows
As one may see the burthened bee forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her, the measures of her hours ;
Her feelings have the fragrancy, the freshness of young flowers ;
And lovely passions, changing oft, so fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—the idol of past years !

Of her bright face one glance will trace a picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts a sound must long remain ;
But memory such as mine of her so very much endears,
When death is nigh, my latest sigh will not be life's but hers.

I filled this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon—
Her health ! and would on earth there stood some more of such a
frame,
That life might be all poetry, and weariness a name.

We will now pass on to a more particular consideration,
than we before gave, of *Rodolph*, which is the only poem of
much length in the volume. It is divided into two parts.
The first begins in a fine style.

The Summer's heir on land and sea
Had thrown his parting glance,
And Winter taken angrily
His waste inheritance.
The winds in stormy revelry
Sported beneath a frowning sky ;
The chafing waves with hollow roar
Tumbled upon the shaken shore,
And sent their spray in upward showers
To Rodolph's proud ancestral towers,
Whose station from its mural crown
A regal look cast sternly down.

For the story, we cannot pretend the least affection. This
Rodolph arrives, at the season so poetically described above,
and after a long absence, at his own domain. He is a
changed man, 'grown old in heart, infirm of frame ;' and the
causes of this change are stated. He had loved, and loved
successfully, the wife of another. The husband comes upon
them 'at an untimely tide,' and is slain. The lady retires to
a convent, and there dies. *Rodolph*, in despair and bitter-
ness of heart, wanders into distant climes. Here the first
part leaves him. The second opens thus ;

How feels the guiltless dreamer, who
 With idly curious gaze
 Has let his mind's glance wander through
 The relics of past days?—
 As feels the pilgrim that has scanned,
 Within their skirting wall,
 The moon-lit marbles of some grand
 Disburied capital;
 Masses of whiteness and of gloom,
 The darkly bright remains
 Of desolate palace, empty tomb,
 And desecrated fanes;—
 For in the ruins of old hours,
 Remembrance haply sees
 Temples, and tombs, and palaces,
 Not different from these.

But these 'mere musings,' we are told, are not for Rodolph to indulge, who is now at home. He feels some sad and disturbing presentiment; backs his steed, and takes his way to a cemetery. He does not return, and in the morning his vassals find him in a senseless state, 'beside his lady's urn.' A raging fever attacks him, and in its delirium he raves of many crimes, which he had committed abroad, but dwells particularly on 'one dark deed.'

He spoke of one too dearly loved,
 And one unwisely slain,
 Of an affection hardly proved
 By murder done in vain.

Pretty soft terms, we think, to apply to adultery and murder. He basely and incurably wrongs a man, murders him, and then reproaches himself for having done an *unwise thing*—and chiefly, because he had done it in vain.

Some of his ravings are recorded. They commence with the following original figure.

The evil hour in which you traced
 Your name upon my heart, is passed,
 And hidden fires or lightning-flashes
 Have since reduced it into ashes;
 Yet oft will busy thought unrol
 That fragile, scorched, and blackened scroll,
 And shrink to find the spell, your name,
 A legend uneffaced by flame.

All will agree that this is what we have called it, original, highly so; in our opinion, it is also, notwithstanding its boldness, in thus bringing into poetry the mechanical operation of unrolling Herculean manuscripts, beautiful. The figure is remarkably well sustained throughout. But to return to Rodolph; he dies in his madness, and the poem closes abruptly and coldly.

In this piece are displayed most of the predominant faults of the writer; for he has faults, and it is our duty to point them out with the same candor and sincerity, with which we have praised his excellencies. He is often obscure. This is in many cases the consequence of his compressing a great deal of meaning in a single line, or hinting a remote allusion, which obliges the reader to stop and ponder; who in such cases will be rewarded for his trouble. But in others there is obscurity without cause, and involving no important meaning, and then it is a mere stumbling block. As a general rule, it is no doubt better that a reader should be induced to stop from admiration of an apparent and palpable beauty, than be obliged to stop to investigate the signification of what he has read, let it turn out beautiful or otherwise.

Our author is fond of classical allusions and comparisons, and is not fond of explaining them, though they are often drawn from the least known events of ancient history or mythology. If the reader, therefore, is not pretty thoroughly versed in this kind of lore, he is constantly obliged to resort to a Lempriere, if he has one, when a short note would have answered the purpose in a much more convenient, and we doubt not, pleasant way.

It is easy to see, that Mr Pinkney is well acquainted with the best old English poetry, and perhaps he suffers his own to be tinged somewhat too deeply by some peculiarities of its phraseology. In the 'Widow's Song,' for instance, which is a sweet composition, we have for the last line, 'And *falls* these heavy tears.' To many this use of the verb in an active sense will appear unwarranted and unwarrantable. But there is Shakspearian authority for it.

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she *falls* would prove a crocodile.

The word is also thus used in Dryden's prose. As another

instance, we may notice, that he gives to the verb *arrive*, without a preposition, the active sense of *to reach*. Thus in *Rodolph* he says,

At such a season, his domain
The lord at last *arrived* again.

The reader would not here be resolved of his doubts, as in the former instance, by resorting to Johnson's large dictionary, for Johnson gives no such use of the word. In the second book of *Paradise Lost*, however, he will find *Beelzebub* inquiring of the assembled demons, which of them will

Spread his airy flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he *arrive*
The happy isle ?

There is an instance to the same purpose also, in the third part of *Shakspeare's Henry Sixth*. Notwithstanding these authorities, it still is a question of criticism and taste, whether a writer of the present day is justifiable in such obsolete usages. We are inclined to think that he is not.

These are small objections. But we have more serious faults to find. We do not like the moral tone of this poetry. It is too close and too loud an echo to that of *Byron*. There is that abstracted and selfish gloom and moodiness about it, that solitary want of kindly human sympathies, that stiff and hard casing of pride, that sullen dissatisfaction with the present state, and that reckless doubt or disbelief of a future one, which seem to have been caught from *Byron*, and of which we have already had too much in *Byron*. We are sorry to be obliged to speak in this manner of poetry, and American poetry, in which there is so much that is elevated and captivating. But if there is anything valuable in character, in life, in the world, it is a firm principle and habit of virtue, benevolence and piety ; and we can never afford our entire approbation to any production, which shows an indifference to these.

ART. V.—*Reports of Cases argued and determined in the English Courts of Common Law.* Edited by THOMAS SERGEANT and JOHN C. LOWBER, Esqrs, of the Philadelphia Bar. Vols. I, II, II, — V, VI, VII, VIII. 1822—1825. Carey and Lea.

THE laws, by which the people of the United States are governed, are usually enumerated in the following order ; the constitution of the United States, and the acts of Congress, made in pursuance of its provisions ; the constitutions and statutes of the several states ; so much of the common law of England, including the law of nations, the admiralty law, and the law merchant, as is applicable to our situation ; and such special customs as have grown up from peculiar local or political circumstances. But this enumeration, though sufficiently complete, does not give an accurate idea of our system of jurisprudence. The habit of viewing it in parts, as a collection of separate and somewhat discordant materials, has not only lessened the respect, with which it ought to be regarded, but has led to some important practical errors. The laws under which we live are, in truth, *principles* derived from the common law of England, but modified in the first place by the peculiar circumstances in which our ancestors were placed, as colonies planted in a distant wilderness, and, after the revolution, by the principles of the constitution of the United States, and those of the several states, and by subsequent legislative enactments. The principles of the common law are the basis of all our institutions. They are the common soil, which may be cultivated in different modes, but to which we are indebted for whatever harvest of law and justice our industry may reap. And, if we may pursue the metaphor, when the fruits of our own cultivated grounds are insufficient for our wants, we are accustomed to go forth into the wide fields that surround us, and gather the spontaneous products of the soil.

The constitution of the United States, and those of the several states, presuppose the existence and authority of the common law. When our national and state governments were established, they were not designed to abrogate the laws then in force, and establish new systems in their stead,

but to adapt the existing laws to our new situation. Thus the constitution of the United States provides for the trial of public officers by impeachment, and for their removal from office in case of conviction, and declares that the party convicted shall, nevertheless, be subject to indictment, trial, judgment, and punishment, according to law. In other words, the Senate of the United States was substituted for the English House of Lords, and the House of Representatives for the Commons; but the meaning and effect of impeachment, trial, indictment, judgment, &c. was to be determined 'according to law,' that is, the existing, operative, common law. The same remarks may be made on the articles in the constitution, relating to the writ of habeas corpus, to bills of attainder, ex post facto laws, bankruptcy, felony on the high seas, and trial by jury; and still more appropriately to the seventh article of the amendments of the constitution, which speaks in so many words of '*suits at common law.*'

In the constitution of several of the states it was expressly declared, and in all it was implied, that the laws then in force, including of course the greater part of the common law of England, should continue to be in force until altered by the legislature, except such usages as were inconsistent with the constitution then adopted. In all the states, except Louisiana, the common law forms not only the groundwork of their system of jurisprudence, but is itself emphatically the body of the law. Let any one compare the statute book of any state with a good abridgment of the common law, Comyns' Digest for example, and he will be surprised to find how small a portion of the whole system has been abrogated or altered. Many extensive titles in the law have been left untouched by legislative enactments; and in many others, as Insurance, Bills of Exchange, Arbitrament, &c. the common law has been altered in only a few unimportant particulars. A striking instance of the pervading influence of the common law, is found in the trial by jury. The right to this mode of trial has been secured in general terms by all the states, but few of them have thought it necessary to declare the number of jurors, or that the trials shall be in open court, on the testimony of witnesses examined by both parties, and in the presence of judges, who are authoritative expounders of the law. These are circumstances implied in a trial by jury at

common law, and therefore required no particular enactment. In all parts of the Union, the common law is first resorted to for the rule of decision, and then the constitution, statutes, and customs of the state, for the modifications of the rule.

What then is the common law? And where is the evidence of its existence to be found?

The common law in England is a system of judicial principles and forms of proceeding, which have been gradually developed and received by general consent in that nation, during the long period of its independent existence, and which have been adapted to its successive periods of improvement. As it grew out of the circumstances of the times, it was necessarily suited to the character, situation, and pursuits of the people. And when the English colonies were first established in this country, our ancestors brought with them the English common law, as it then existed; but in the spirit of the common law, they at once rejected what was not applicable to their peculiar situation, and carried the principles already established, to new results arising out of their new circumstances. In the progress of society, new principles were developed in the colonies, as well as in England, and these were in each adapted by analogy to the existing system. At the period of our Revolution there was a distinct colonial common law existing in each of the colonies, differing in many particulars from the common law of England, but differing only as separate branches of the same tree. They shot forth, indeed, on opposite sides, and diverged more and more from each other; but in their widest separation, they continued to bear a general resemblance, and derived their nourishment and support from the same trunk. From an important quality of the common law, which we shall presently explain, we had, during the century and a half of our existence as colonies, adopted nearly all the improvements that had been made in England, besides making many more of our own. When the Revolution took place, we still adhered to the maxim, that so much of the common law was to be adopted as was applicable to our situation, and some parts of the system, such as the principles which relate to national sovereignty, which had never been applicable to the circumstances of the colonies, and of course had never been acted upon by them, were immediately adopted and applied to the states.

In the United States therefore, as in England, the common law is a system of judicial principles, which have been adopted by tacit, but universal consent, or which have been derived from other acknowledged principles, and developed by the circumstances in which we have been placed. These principles are found not only in the decisions of our courts of justice, and the treatises of learned lawyers, but in the history of our country, and of the nation from which we have descended. The origin of many of our customs, it is well known, may be traced back to the Gauls and Germans described by Cæsar and Tacitus. And even our modern commercial law is to be sought in the digests of Justinian, the usages of the free cities of the middle ages, and the marine ordinances of France and Spain, as well as in the opinions of Lord Mansfield, and the customs of the merchants at Lloyd's. The jurisprudence of every nation, with whom we or our ancestors have had intercourse, has been laid under contribution; and our laws, like our language, have flowed from a thousand springs. Like our language, too, they are adapted to our present character and wants, and admit of indefinite expansion and improvement. A *code* of laws is a coat of mail, which, however perfectly made, admits of but few movements, and can fit but one person and that for a short period; while the common law is an elastic garment, which adapts itself to every size and every variety of motion. This flexibility of the common law is a quality of vast importance to us as a young and improving nation. Our jurisprudence is a philosophical science, not derived merely from an abstract consideration of the nature of the human mind, but adapting the rules of action to the precise character, situation, and wants of those whom it governs. Its objects, and of course its operations, are as extensive and various as human actions. In its general principles it is founded on right reason, *neque opinione, sed naturâ constitutum esse jus*; and in the application of those principles to particular cases, it is guided by rational analogies. No improvement can take place in any department of human knowledge, without a corresponding improvement in the science of law.

The manner in which this improvement is made will be readily understood by those, who are familiar with the proceedings of courts of justice. In the larger number of litigated cases, there is generally no difficulty in reducing the

question to its proper class, or in discovering the general principles by which it should be decided. It is the application of those principles, and their limitation or extension to the new case, that occasion the contests of the bar. In the examination of conflicting arguments and analogies, the question is considered, not only in its relations to the general system of law and to the habits of society, but in its remote consequences; and, when decided, it becomes itself a new illustration of the general principle, and may affect all subsequent reasoning upon the subject. Every case, therefore, rightly decided, is a new step in the progress of the science.

An illustration of these remarks may be found in the several decisions respecting the oaths of witnesses. The general principle is, that a witness, in giving his testimony, shall appeal for the truth of his declaration to a God, who is the avenger of falsehood. But what God? The God of the Christians, said the ancient common law; and therefore neither Jews, nor Pagans, nor unbelievers, could be permitted to testify. The form of taking an oath, which was settled in Popish times, was plainly founded upon this opinion. The person about to testify laid his hand upon the books of the Holy Evangelists,* who, as well as the Supreme Being, were invoked as witnesses, and after repeating the oath, he devoutly kissed the book in token of his belief and reverence. It was soon found, however, that the testimony of Jews was often necessary for the due administration of justice; and it was held that a Jew might be examined as a witness, after swearing upon the books of the Old Testament, and appealing to the God of Moses. The law stood thus without any material inconvenience or change, till the year 1657, when in the case of Dr Owen, Vice Chancellor of Oxford, it was held that kissing the book, about which he had religious scruples, was no essential part of an oath.† As the commercial intercourse of England

* The several oaths, prescribed by acts of Parliament to be taken in the English Custom House, conclude with the adjuration,—‘as God you help, and his Saints.’

† Our ancestors in New England very early entertained the same scruples, and altered the form by tacit consent. By an act of the General Assembly of Massachusetts, in 1692, it was declared that ‘no person serving as a justice, juror, witness, or otherwise, shall be obliged to use any other ceremony in taking of their respective oaths, than lifting up the hand, *as has been accustomed.*’

with other nations increased, the narrowness of the rule began to be felt ; and in the great case of *Omichund vs Barker*, in 1744, it was held by Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, assisted by the three chiefs, that the depositions of a Gentoo, residing in the East Indies, relating to a contract made there, and sworn to according to the forms of his religion, could be received in evidence in the court of chancery. One step further was taken in 1804. On the trial of certain persons indicted for felony, before Graham B. at the Old Bailey Sessions, a native of China, after dashing in pieces a saucer, which he took in his hand for that purpose, and declaring his belief, that his God would so dash him in pieces, if he uttered a falsehood, was received and examined as a witness. And in exact accordance with this, the deposition of a French witness was received in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, who made his declarations '*a la main droite levée* ;' it being proved that in France the lifting up of the right hand is held to *imply* an oath. In these several cases the general principle was preserved, but its application was regulated by the circumstances of society, and the state of public opinion. A code, or a statute prescribing the form of oaths in judicial proceedings, would have been inflexible.

Another consideration shews the value of the 'accommodating principle' of the common law, as it has been happily termed by Judge Wilson. The laws of a free people can never be much in advance of the actual state of society. In monarchies, where a code of laws may be framed and imposed by the power of an individual, something may be done in the code itself to alter or raise the character of the people. But where the people themselves make their own laws, they will of course adapt them to their existing state and their pressing wants. They will do little for posterity. New cases must be provided for, after they have occurred, by new statutes ; but these will not be enacted until the evil become general, and be generally felt. A system of statute law must always be behind the actual state of society, instead of keeping pace with it.

Two objections may be made to the common law as a system of jurisprudence, which are plausible, and deserve to be considered. It may be said, that its principles are vague and uncertain, and that it gives the judges, in effect, the

power of legislation. To the first, it may be replied, as we have said above, that the greater number of contested questions regard the application of a principle, and not the principle itself. But much of the uncertainty of law arises from the narrow limits of our knowledge, and from the unavoidable imperfection and ambiguity of language. In the infinite variety of human actions, no legislator can foresee or provide against particular cases, and even classes of cases, which are continually arising. He can only establish general principles; and we are not certain, that a general principle can be laid down in terms, more accurately than it can be collected from a series of adjudged cases. The English Statute of Frauds, reputed to be the joint production of Sir Matthew Hale, Sir Francis North, and Sir Leoline Jenkins, and which has been reenacted in nearly the same words by almost every legislature in the Union, is a memorable instance of the imperfection of language, and of written law. Lord Nottingham used to say of it, that every line was worth a subsidy; and the profession and the public have generally acquiesced in the opinion of Lord Kenyon, that 'it is the wisest law in our statute book;' yet it has, without doubt, occasioned as many lawsuits, as there are words in it, and it may probably occasion as many more. The Reports, which we are now examining, contain *sixteen* cases, which turn upon the construction of the words of this statute. No written law can possibly meet all the emergencies of a great and busy people; as no dictionary can fix the language of such a people. When a new case arises it must be settled by the analogy of existing laws; and new customs must be tolerated or sanctioned, when they spring from the necessities of the people, or are in accordance with the spirit of previous institutions.

Et nova, factaque nuper, habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant, parçè detorta.

In general, however, recourse is had to the usages of other times, or the institutions of other nations, to supply the deficiencies, or illustrate the meaning of existing laws. Notwithstanding the acknowledged excellence of the Napoleon Code, we have the authority of Mr Duponceau for the assertion, that the digest and code of Justinian, the former laws and ordinances of France, and the immense collection of the

works of the civilians and French jurists, are as much used in the courts of France as they formerly were. They constitute the common law of France, and are gradually incorporated with the code, by means of judicial decisions; of which the French, as well as the English and Americans, have voluminous reports.

We took occasion in our last number to advert to the second objection, and in some measure to answer it; but as the subject is important, it deserves further consideration. The objection cannot be met more fairly than by taking a particular example; nor can any instance be selected more favorable to the objector, than that of Lord Mansfield, to whom England is indebted for almost her whole system of commercial law. Before his time, the law of insurance, of bills of exchange, and of agent and factor, scarcely deserves notice, and the additions to these subjects made by his successors have been little more, than the development of principles established by him. Yet, in establishing these principles, Lord Mansfield never acted as a legislator introducing a new law. He found certain usages existing among merchants, which had generally been borrowed from foreign countries, and certain loose and somewhat discordant opinions, derived from the commercial ordinances of other nations, and which might often be traced back to the civil law. These usages and opinions he inquired into, compared, and digested; and wherever they were not inconsistent with the law previously established, he gave them the sanction of a judicial decision. Before his time, says Mr Justice Buller, 'all the evidence in mercantile cases was thrown together. They were generally left [that is, without any distinction between law and fact] to a jury, and they produced no established principle. From that time, the great study had been to find some certain general principles, which should be known to all mankind, not only to rule the particular case then under consideration, but to serve as a guide for the future. They had heard these principles stated, reasoned upon, enlarged, and explained, till they had been lost in admiration at the strength and stretch of the human understanding.' This is no more than a just account of the labors and merits of that eminent jurist, whose opinions even now are affecting the modes of thinking and habits of business of half the commercial world.

If the view we have taken of the common law be just, a reason is furnished for the continued circulation of English lawbooks among us. The cases adjudged in the English courts are received by us, not as authorities, but as examples of the effect of certain principles carried out into practice, or as instances of new principles derived from others previously established. They have the same effect upon our system of jurisprudence, that a new series of experiments would have upon any existing system of philosophy. They serve to illustrate, confirm, or correct it. In numerous classes of cases, the courts in Westminster hall, and in this country, reason upon the same acknowledged principles; and though we by no means admit the superior knowledge or ability of their tribunals, it would be absurd to contend, that we cannot derive instruction from their decisions. Still, however, in their printed reports there is much that cannot in any way be useful to us. Their system of ecclesiastical law, with all the incidents of tithes and advowsons, their copyholds, stamp acts, poor laws, and their technical points of practice, are subjects of more curiosity than use to the American lawyer. In the lawbooks, which we receive from England, there is much that is truly valuable to the jurist, and a great deal that is utterly useless. It is the design of Messrs Sergeant and Lowber, in the volumes before us, to give the substance of the cotemporary English Reports, carefully separating the wheat from the chaff. The plan they have adopted is very judicious, and deserves to be followed in all American editions of foreign Reports. They preserve the marginal note of every case, and the whole index, but wherever in their opinion the case is not applicable to American jurisprudence, nothing but the marginal note is given. The cases which are preserved are reprinted without abridgment.

The first volume contains the substance of the fifth and sixth volumes of Taunton's Reports; that is, the cases decided in the Common Pleas and Exchequer Chamber, from Trinity term 1813, to Easter term 1816. The very first case in Messrs Sergeant and Lowber's volume is an instance of the only fault, which we have to charge upon them; that of admitting too many cases, which are superfluous, or inapplicable to the jurisprudence of our country. The marginal note in that case is as follows.

‘If the Court direct any proceedings to be set aside on terms, the terms are a condition precedent; and till performance of the terms, the proceedings stand, and the plaintiff may pursue them without application to the Court.’

This certainly is plain enough, and did not require the insertion of even a short case to illustrate it. The marginal note is sufficient of itself. In our examination of this volume, we marked seventyfive cases, occupying about one hundred and thirty pages, which might have been omitted without lessening its value to the American reader. We apprehend, indeed, that it would have been more acceptable to the profession, if it had been reduced to one half of its present size.

The second volume contains the cases in the 7. Taunton [Common Pleas, in 1816 and 1817] and the 1. Starkie [Nisi Prius Circuits in 1814—1816]. Of two hundred and fortyeight cases in Starkie, only nineteen are omitted.

The third volume consists of the Nisi Prius cases of 1815—1817, reported in 1. Holt’s Reports, and the cases of 1816—1819, in 2. Starkie. Mr Holt is the Reporter of the Common Pleas, and Mr Starkie of the King’s Bench.

The fifth volume* contains the cases determined in the Common Pleas in 1819—1820, from 1. Broderip and Bingham, and in the King’s Bench during the same period from 3. Barnewall and Alderson; together with the Nisi Prius decisions of the Common Pleas in 1818 from 1. Niel Gow.

The sixth volume is composed of the 2. Broderip and Bingham, and the 4. Barnewall and Alderson, and brings down the decisions of the King’s Bench and Common Pleas to Trinity term 1821.

The seventh volume in like manner is composed of the 5. Barnewall and Alderson, and the 3. Broderip and Bingham.

The eighth volume furnishes us with the decisions of the King’s Bench to Easter term 1823, from 1. Barnewall and Cresswell, and of the Common Pleas to Hilary term 1824, from 1. Bingham.

It is no part of our present duty to examine critically the original Reports, from which the work of Messrs Sergeant and Lowber is compiled; but the perusal of these volumes

* The volumes have not been published in their numerical order, and the fourth has not yet reached us.

has confirmed a suspicion, which we have for some time entertained, of the declining state of the English bar. There are doubtless men of powerful minds and extensive reading found in the English courts ; but judging from the arguments and decisions contained in the printed reports, it is rare to witness, at the present time, the display of either great talents or profound learning. The profession of law in England holds out so many inducements to ambition, that it must always attract the most active and energetic minds. The want of talent, therefore, at the bar, if such be the case at present, must be entirely accidental. The cause of the decline we have mentioned must be traced to other circumstances. One of the most obvious of these is the great increase of business, which allows no time to the bar for argument, nor to the court for examination and study. An argument, as it is called by courtesy, at the bar, is nothing more than a dry citation of adjudged cases ; and the opinion pronounced by the court is seldom founded on general principles or fortified by reason. It is enough for the case if it can be sustained by the practice of former years. Another cause, and one of the most effective, is the illiberal policy which has confined the studies of the profession to their own jurisprudence, and prevented them from deriving assistance from the institutions of other nations. So far has this prejudice been carried, that those great lawyers, who have in fact availed themselves of this secret source of wisdom, have not dared to avow it. It is now well known, that many of the most celebrated opinions of Lord Mansfield are derived almost literally from passages in the civil law ; yet he never refers to it by name. And in the case of *Omichund vs Barker*, Lord Chief Justice Willes, while bringing all his learning in aid of his argument, and citing freely the Scriptures, the writings of the Fathers, the Greek poets, and foreign jurists, was constrained to make an apology for referring to the civil law. The origin of this prejudice is well known to professional readers, but it would take up too much of our remaining time to explain it. Happily for our country it does not exist with us. In our courts of justice, the writings of civilians and foreign jurists are referred to freely and fearlessly. The Institutes of Justinian, and the commercial treatises of Pothier, Emerigon, and Roccus, are naturalised among us ;

and in many libraries, Bynkershoek, Heineccius, and Valin, have taken their place by the side of Blackstone and Coke. Our printed reports show the fruits of this liberal study. They are not filled with technical subtilties, nor are they merely *libelli de stillicidiorum ac de parietum jure*. That they are not read in England, and quoted in her courts of justice, is another proof of the prejudice we have just mentioned; and it is a prejudice, which we should be the last to imitate in our own conduct. We should rejoice to find English lawbooks in our courts of justice, as we do to see English machinery in our manufactories. We have little doubt that we shall improve upon both.

ART. VI.—*Orpheus Poetarum Græcorum Antiquissimus.*

AUCTORE GEORGIO HENRICO BODE. Commentatio
Praemio regio Ornata. Gottingæ, 1824. 4to. pp. 185.

THREE poems of considerable extent, with many fragments, have descended to us from antiquity, under the name of Orpheus. It has been found impossible, at the present day, and with all the certainty resulting from the art of printing, to ascertain the authorship even of many works in popular circulation. To say nothing of such instances as Junius; the cases of Rowley and Ossian prove how easy it is to fabricate a work, which shall pass for genuine even with sagacious professional critics. The case of Eikon Basilike is still more memorable. That work was more rapidly circulated, probably, than any book ever written. Fifty editions of it were published in the course of a year. All the industry, stimulated by all the virulence of party, was exercised to detect the true author. The controversy was keenly agitated, during the lifetime of the eye witnesses to its composition and publication; and yet, says Hume, 'the proofs, brought to evince that this work is or is not the king's, are so convincing, that if an impartial reader peruses any one side apart, he will think it impossible, that arguments could be produced to counterbalance so strong an evidence.' Some of the plays of Shakspeare are further cases in point; and in

the instance of *Gil Blas*, we see a most popular work disputed, not between two authors but between two languages ;—the Spanish version of that work purports to be a retranslation of it into its original idiom.

It is therefore not strange, that the classical writings of antiquity, works which had their origin at the grey dawn of intellectual day, which were circulated only in single written copies, which perhaps were transmitted for some generations only in the chant of the minstrels, and which again, after the decline of the arts of the classical age, were exposed to all the casualties of the dark and ignorant ages, and have come down to us at last in many cases, in a single manuscript,—it is not strange, we say, that writings like these should be the subject of perpetual controversy as to their authorship. These controversies are indeed, as to main points, rapidly clearing up. That a large class of compositions, ascribed to certain renowned primeval poets, are not genuine, has for some time been not so much matter of demonstration, as of critical intuition ; and nothing has been left, but to settle in what age and by what grammarian, the fabrication was made.

With respect to the Poems, under the name of Orpheus, the *Argonautica*, the Hymns, the *Lithica*, and several of the fragments, critics, second to none of the last generation, are inclined to ascribe them to a very early period. We need name only such scholars as Gessner and Ruhnken. On the other hand, Mr Tyrwhit, one of the most learned and sagacious of the English Hellenists, Schneider, and Hermann, the latest and acutest editor of these Orphic Poems, bring them down even to the third or fourth century of the christian era. In conducting the inquiry into the age of these remains, the preceding critics had generally confined themselves to external probabilities, to geographical and historical tests, to the style and language as matters of taste, from which an indication of the period when they were produced might be drawn. Thus Gessner, in the prolegomena to his edition, which at the time it was published (1764) was the best, argues from the geographical details in the *Argonautica*, that the author of that poem must have lived at a very early period ; while (so precarious are these speculations) Schneider, by a far more accurate and masterly examination of the same geographical hints, draws the opposite inference. Ruhnken says, that, on

a careful perusal of these poems, he is struck with nothing, which betrays the taste of a modern age.

It was plain, in this almost ridiculous diversity of judgment, on the part of the first critics, that some new test, of more searching efficacy, or less liable to error in the application, must be resorted to, or the question given up as insoluble. Such a test was found out and applied by Hermann, whose unrivalled skill in the Greek Grammar and Greek Metres abundantly qualified him for the task ;—a test, which must be allowed to be far more sure and safe than any general *feeling*, by which we may suppose that we recognise, in a certain style and manner, the taste, or in a few vague, geographical, and historical data, the knowledge, of a particular age. In his *Dissertatio de Ætate Scriptoris Argonauticorum*, subjoined to his edition of the Orphica, after giving a brief account of the state of the controversy, he examines the structure of the Orphic verse. He first indicates the progressive modification of the hexameter verse, through the series of the epic and didactic hexameter writers, pointing out the gradual changes which it underwent from the time of Homer, till it was wholly remodelled by Nonnus, who lived in the fifth century, and who wrote a poem in fortyeight books on the exploits of Bacchus, and a paraphrase on the Gospel of Saint John ; a choice of subjects, taking them together, which has been matter of scandal. It would take us widely out of our limits to follow Hermann into the *minutiæ* of this inquiry ; nor is it in any degree necessary for our present purpose, which is to prepare our readers for a few remarks on Mr Bode's Dissertation. It will be sufficient to observe here, that Hermann detects, in the hexameters of the Orphic poems, those peculiarities, which show that their author must have lived in the fourth century of the christian era, just before the hexameter verse received its last considerable modification, under the hands of Nonnus. To show, that in conducting this investigation, Hermann has not fallen into the error of his predecessors, in building too much on points of mere taste, which are disputable, we will only further remark, that, with singular acuteness and learning, he pursues the inquiry, under the heads of the trochaic cæsura in the fourth foot ; the lengthening of the doubtful vowels on account of the cæsura ; of the hiatus ; of the shortening of long vowels by the Attic poets ; of

the use of the pronouns *οἱ* and *οἱ* ; and lastly, of the general diction and choice of words in these Orphic remains. It appears to us, we confess, impossible, that any one should rise from the perusal of this masterly dissertation, with any doubt on his mind, that these poems are the production of a comparatively recent age of Grecian metrical art.

With respect to the *Argonautica*, the oldest period, which has been assigned to this poem, is that of Onomacritus, under the princes of the house of Pisistratus. This priest had been appointed conservator of the oracles of Orpheus and Musæus, relics of the ancient national religion, which were preserved with superstitious veneration at Athens. Having been detected by Lasus, a lyric poet, (Herodot. VII, 6,) in interpolating these oracles, he was displaced and banished by Hipparchus, and took refuge at the Persian court. To this person, Tatian (adv. Græcos. p. 138,) ascribes the composition of the *Argonautica* and other poems bearing the name of Orpheus; and in this he has been followed by a multitude of ancient and modern writers. It is the opinion of Gessner, borrowed from some of the ancient grammarians, that Onomacritus did not *write* these poems, but that he transfused them, out of the ancient form and dialect, in which they previously existed, into a more modern dress, with additions and refinements of his own. This opinion is treated with great but not undeserved severity by Mr Bode, (Dissertat. p. 92,) and the probable origin of it suggested.* Ruhnken is willing to ascribe the *Argonautica* and other Orphic poems to a person as old at least as Onomacritus; and Wolf (Prolegomena, p. 247) uses the expression, *de vetusto auctore Argonauticorum Orphicorum*. But the result of the examination made by Hermann of the structure of the verse, brings down the poem too decisively to the late period already mentioned, to admit a longer doubt. We will only add, that it is quoted or referred to by no ancient author, not even those in *pari materia*, as Apollonius Rhodius.

The *Lithica* is placed by Mr Tyrwhit about the year 357, under the emperor Constantius. He infers this from a couple of lines, 74, 75, in which the fate of the bard is intimated to have been the consequence of an accusation of magic. The first law, making magic capital, dates from the time just mentioned; but as under Domitian edicts were issued for the ex-

pulsion of philosophers and magicians from Italy, and it is in itself more likely, that the poet should have written in exile than under sentence of death, it may rather be inferred that he lived some time before Constantius. Whenever this poem was written, it appears to have lain long concealed in the libraries; for it is first cited by John Tzetzes, in the twelfth century. It is the opinion of Tyrwhit, that it came anonymously into the hands of Tzetzes, and was by him ascribed to Orpheus. Some have supposed that this is the same poem, which is mentioned by Suidas in the tenth century, under the name of Orpheus *περὶ λίθων*. That poem, however, treated of eighty kinds of stones; this treats of twentytwo. The poem, mentioned by Suidas, dwelt on the mode of engraving stones, while the Orphic *Lithica* now extant touches their magical and medicinal qualities, as antidotes, and their efficacy in conciliating the gods.

The *Hymns* extant under the name of Orpheus, have been supposed, by most critics, to be more ancient productions, either than the *Argonautica* or *Lithica*. Tiedeman, in his account of the earliest philosophers of Greece, has given a minute analysis of them. Although from their nature as contrasted with the *Lithica* and *Argonautica*, we should be prepared to find in them more of the genuine ancient Orphic poetry, than in any other of the productions that bear the name of this primeval bard; yet a large portion also of the hymns appears to be the fabrication of a recent age, and of the platonising Christians. They contain some splendid addresses to the divine principle; but so corrupted with pagan attributes, that Heinsius was led to pronounce them 'a true liturgy of Satan.' These hymns, to the number of eightysix, were translated by Joseph Scaliger into Latin hexameters, in the space of five days; a translation, of which it is well observed by Fabricius, that it requires no common reader, and often stands in need of an interpretation from the original. Some of these hymns are forms of invocation; some designed to be used at the ceremonial of initiation into the mysteries; some, strictly speaking, hymns, in honor of the divinities to whom they are inscribed.

Without describing the fragments of Orpheus, which Tiedeman discusses in the same minute manner, enough has now been said to give the reader a general notion of the poems,

that remain under the name of Orpheus, at least as respects authenticity and authorship. The result of the whole is, that there is no reason for believing any of them to be genuine, or to be the production of an age much nearer than a thousand years, to that when Orpheus lived. These general views we have regarded, as a necessary introduction to the brief account we would now give of Mr Bode's Dissertation.

This performance received the prize given by the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Göttingen, and forming, as it probably does, the *coup d'essai* of its young author, is certainly a most honorable monument, not merely to his erudition, but to the far rarer merit, his sagacity and judgment. Mr Bode does not enter at all into the particular description of any of the works, that have descended to us under the name of Orpheus. Assuming their spuriousness, he aims only to establish the country, age, and character of the poet; and of him not as one historical personage, but only as the representative of a primeval school of bards; in like manner, as, since the publication of Wolf's prolegomena, Homer himself is no longer considered in the light of one historical personage, but as the head and representative of an entire school. If it be thought, on the one hand, that a disputation relative to a poet, whose personality is not contended for, and whose name only is used for convenience, to designate a succession of bards, that probably flourished during several ages; a disputation proceeding (not like that on the Homeric Poems) upon the actual inspection and criticism of the preserved works of the school, but on casual notices gleaned from subsequent authors;—if it be thought that this must be of somewhat shadowy and over subtle character; it must be remembered, on the other hand, that the object mainly on this occasion was to give proof of learning and ingenuity; that nothing is more unreasonable than to judge of an occasional performance, by any other test, than its adaptation to the occasion; and that Mr Bode is in no degree responsible for the choice of the subject.

Although it appears in the modest guise of a prize dissertation, this performance is a quarto volume of near two hundred pages, of which at least two third parts are in the fine type of the notes. It is therefore a work of compass and

labor. It consists of a prolegomena and three chapters. In the prolegomena, the author treats what the Germans call technically the *literature* of the subject. He gives an account of the sources, from which, in a period of subsequent antiquity, information was to be gathered of the nature of the Orphic poetry, and from which it may yet be gathered, as far as those sources are still accessible; and then mentions the modern treatises either wholly or partly devoted to this subject.

As regards the ancient sources, Mr Bode, in contradiction on the one hand, to those who have erroneously averred that Orpheus is commemorated by Homer and Hesiod, and, on the other hand, that the first mention is made of him by Pindar or Herodotus, has justly named Pherecydes Lerijs and Terpander, as the oldest authorities. After Terpander, our author makes it probable that the name of Orpheus was known to the Logographi, who preceded the classical historians; and who, from the lyric and still more the cyclic poets of their own and an earlier age, must have derived a traditional acquaintance with Orpheus. There are manifest traces that Pherecydes of Athens and Hellanicus had paid particular attention to the traditions relative to Orpheus; and Herodotus, whom Mr Bode refers to the same class of writers, wrote a work, as we learn from a passage of Olympiodorus preserved in Photius, expressly on the subject. After this period, our author does not think it necessary to enter into an enumeration of all the names; and specifies only Androtion and Philochorus, as writers *de rebus Atticis*, who appear to have treated expressly of Orpheus.

In a like cursory manner are passed over the ancient authors on literary history and biographical writers, some of whom, by strong presumption, and most, as we certainly know, made mention of Orpheus. Mr Bode, in passing, commends and asserts the opinion quoted by Cicero from Aristotle, '*Orpheum poetam nunquam fuisse*;' an alarming judgment, it must be owned, for a tractate entitled *Orpheus Poetarum Græcorum antiquissimus*; but sufficiently explained, in the intimation we have already given of Mr Bode's views, as to the personality of Orpheus. Our author next briefly alludes to the labors of the Alexandrian grammarians,

of the platonising Christians, and of the Jew, Aristobulus, who appears, in the time of Ptolemy Physcon—*ab inflato ventre sic appellatum*—to have given the first impulse to that unwise criticism, by which the fathers of the Greek church were so long fascinated, namely, that of deducing all the sublime notions of the Greek poets on the subject of the gods, or the divine principle, from the Jewish Scriptures. We have not time to analyse the few sections, in which the labors of modern scholars on the subject are commemorated by our author. He refers to a work of the renowned antiquary Zoega, *Reliquiæ Hafnienses*, in which everything contained in the ancients relative to Orpheus is collected; it having been the design of this learned Dane, as we read in Mr Welcker's notice of him, to publish an edition of the Orphic remains.

Having thus prepared the way, by this learned indication of the sources of information from which a knowledge of the subject may be gained, Mr Bode proceeds, in chapter first, to ascertain the *period* of the Orphic Poetry. This period is fixed by him at the age preceding Homer. This proposition involves a learned inquiry into the age of Homer, and the date of the Trojan war. In the result of this inquiry, Mr Bode assumes the middle of the tenth century before our Savior, as the period of the Homeric poems; and throws back the commencement of the Orphic school to the thirteenth century.

Connected with this part of the discussion is one equally original and learned, of the question, whether epic poetry had its origin in Ionia. The affirmative of this question, we need not say, is almost universally held; but we advise all, who can bear to have their fixed opinions shaken, to read what Mr Bode has advanced on this topic, pages 63—69. That the age of Orpheus preceded that of Homer is established by the nature of the case, which requires that a lyric should precede an epic school; and by the historical fact, that all the most ancient names recorded of Greek poets belong to the style of Orpheus, and not to the epic. In a strain rising into true eloquence, our author sets forth the condensation into one personage, under one name, in those ages of the world, which precede historical monuments, of whole genera-

tions of poets, heroes, and men. No abstract or translation would do full justice to his reflections on this theme, and we must accordingly refer our readers to the eighteenth section of his work, p. 72. The other topics treated in this section, such as the great Doric revolution; the labors of the princes of the family of Pisistratus, on the poems as well of the Orphic as the Homeric school; the fate of the Orphic poetry among the disciples of Pythagoras and at Alexandria, are all treated in a masterly manner, but one, from the cumulative nature of the argument, and the great compression of matter, not capable of much abridgment.

The second chapter is devoted to the *country* of Orpheus, or rather of the Orphic poetry. Mr Bode has here also ventured to dissent from the general opinion, which makes the Thrace of the classical age, that is, the country north of the Hellespont and the Ægean, the primitive abode of refinement; and maintains, on the contrary, that *the* Thrace thus signalised, was the lower regions of Macedonia and Thessaly. He assumes the Thracians to have been more ancient than the Hellenes, and, with the Pelasgi, one of the primitive tribes of Greece. In this connexion, we find very profound and ingenious remarks on the Pelasgi, and the primitive dialect of Greece; and in opposition to the mass of writers, who regard the epic or Homeric as the oldest form of the language, Mr Bode confers that character on the Doric. The most operative causes of the decline of the Orphic, and the rise of the Homeric school, are found by our author, in the circumstances attending the Doric revolution and the colonisation of Ionia.

The last chapter treats the *nature* of the Orphic Poetry. Denying that any dependence can be placed on the productions, which now bear the name of Orpheus, and which are of epic, didactic, and lyric nature, Mr Bode resorts exclusively to the hints found in ancient authors, and to sagacious reasonings on the progress of the human mind and taste, to solve the last remaining problem. We presume that few will be inclined to refuse assent to his conclusion, that the Orphic poetry was lyrical in its style and religious in its matter; and that its principal compositions were hymns. It is impossible for us within our limits, to follow him through

this last branch of the subject, and we will only observe, that his remarks on the Grecian poetic cosmogonies, on the mysteries, on the twofold Dionysius of the ancient Greeks, on the union of the mythology of Apollo and Bacchus, on the Orphic lyre, are characterised by a display of choice learning.

On the whole, this essay marks a scholar of rare promise ; and it encourages us to expect much from a work, which Mr Bode has announced in his preface, a history of the Greek poets, written in German, on the plan of Bouterwek's history of poetry and fine writing in the modern languages. Experience and time will correct the only imperfections we have noted in this interesting writer ; an occasional discursive profusion of learning, and sometimes a tartness of manner, in speaking of living writers, especially the French, which philologists, we know, are apt to assume, but which is better spared.

We own we have been at the greater pains to fix the public attention, through the medium of this journal, on Mr Bode's work, because its ingenious author has lately taken up his abode among us, and deserves a hearty welcome from the friends of learning and of education. He has been tempted from flattering prospects in Germany, to cross the Atlantic, not unattended with the warm recommendation of the fathers of science at Georgia Augusta. We rejoice that he will find, in the admirable institution of Messrs Cogswell and Bancroft, a worthy field of exertion ; the cooperation of liberal associates in the formation of ingenuous minds. We trust he will yet have the happiness of hearing not a few of the scholars of the next generation, boast of the favored spot to which he has been called, in his own expressive words, '*ex illius terræ saltus montibus et consecratis lucis alma Musarum numina, mitem Gratiarum cupidinisque cultum, et mansuetam Apollinis et Dionysii religionem ad se descendisse.*'

ART. VII.—*Codice diplomatico Colombo-Americano, ossia Raccolta di Documenti originali e inediti, spettanti a Cristoforo Colombo, alla Scoperta ed al Governo dell' America, pubblicato per Ordine degl' Illmi Decurioni della Città di Genova.* Genova. 1823. 4to. pp. 80—348.

THE memory of Columbus ought to be peculiarly dear to Americans. He it was that disclosed to astonished Europe the rich expanse of this western world. The penetrating and adventurous Italian revealed to his cotemporaries, and through them to our fathers, the path across the broad ocean, which sunders the two great continents of the earth. Taught by his wisdom, and guided by his resolute spirit, the nations of Europe sent forth colony after colony, allured by the silver imbedded in our mountains, or driven hither by intolerable oppressions at home, to explore, to conquer, and to people the wide regions of America. We, in common with the whole human race, are under infinite obligations to him for giving an extension to the efforts of commercial enterprise, of which no past ages could have formed any conception; for opening to mankind a boundless field for the exertion of industry, skill, intelligence, the cultivation of science, literature, and the arts, and the acquisition of riches and all its consequent advantages; for giving that impulse to colonisation, by reason whereof so many enlightened millions have sprung up to inhabit the soil he discovered; in fine, for enlarging the bounds of civilisation and improvement, by adding another world to their empire.

But our own duty of gratitude is more peculiarly imperative. That we subsist as an independent state, perhaps that we have being as individuals, that it is our happy lot to constitute a free and flourishing republic, that we enter into the great family of civilised nations, who inhabit this continent, is because the Genoese mariner conceived and accomplished his splendid enterprise. It matters not whether any equally daring navigator in remote antiquity, impelled by chance, by design, or by the violence of winds and waves, had succeeded in piloting his frail galley along the selfsame track with Columbus. Plato may have learnt of the Atlantic Isles from

the priests of Egypt. The sublime vision of Seneca was not, it may be, entirely prophetic. The Phenicians, those intrepid seamen, who circumnavigated Africa, might have made, also, the far less perilous voyage to America. But, if they did, the belief, nay the memory of the event was already become, in the lapse of ages, as if it had never been unfolded to man; and therefore it detracts nothing from the glory of Columbus.* True it is, likewise, had he never drawn the breath of life, or had his overpowering conviction of the existence of undiscovered lands, far off in the western ocean, perished with himself, still among those acute and bold Italians, who abounded in every court of Europe, another Columbus might have arisen to develop the grand secret, blest in imparting it to a more worthy master than the jealous, ungrateful, and bigoted Ferdinand. Yet who will undertake to unroll the stupendous consequences depending on the single incident of the discovery of America, at that conjuncture and under those circumstances, and by the very person to whom destiny did actually give it in charge? Who is capable of conceiving what chain of extraordinary events might have ensued, if the discovery had taken place under materially different auspices? What influence, baneful or fortunate, it would have exerted upon our fate, no mortal eye can trace; and we may be content, therefore, with reiterating our grateful acknowledgments to the enterprising genius of Columbus.

We cheerfully avail ourselves of the favorable opportunity afforded us in the publication of the *Codice di Colombo*, to redeem a portion of our debt to the illustrious navigator, by laying before our readers certain facts in relation to him, derived from that book, and from others lately printed in Italy, which we apprehend are not very generally known in the United States. Passing cursorily over the voyages made by Columbus in the service of Spain, and his doings in the West Indies, which are all matters of public notoriety, we shall confine ourselves to the narration of the incidents of his private and early life, his family history, and such personal particulars of his later days, as do not appropriately fall to the province of the historian.

In preparing to give an account of the life of Columbus, we are met on the threshold by the acrimonious controversy,

* See Columbus' Letter to Sanzio, Edin. Rev. No. LIV. 510.

which has existed in Italy, concerning his birthplace and parentage. For it is remarkable that Ferdinand, the son of the Admiral, who wrote a very full account of his father's life, and who was sixteen years old when the latter died, seems to have been wholly uncertain as to the place, either of his father's nativity, or of his extraction.* The number of states or cities, which claim the honor of giving him birth, and the patriotic zeal displayed in the defence of their conflicting pretensions, call to mind the similar disputes in regard to the origin of Homer, commemorated in the well-known Latin verses ;

Septem urbes certant de stirpe insignis Homeri,
Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, Athenæ.

As the old and generally credited opinion, that Columbus was a native of Genoa, or its immediate neighborhood, appears to us, on attentive examination, to be supported by irrefragable proofs, we shall first briefly explain the merits of the controversy upon this point, and then proceed in relating the facts conformably to our own belief.

Of the opinions, which conflict with the pretensions of the Genoese, two alone are entitled to any consideration ; one, that Columbus was born at Cuccaro, a castle in Montferrat, about forty-five Italian miles from Genoa, and the other that he was born at Pradello, a village of the vale of Nura, near Piacenza. Among the Genoese, indeed, a question has arisen whether the city itself was his birthplace, or some one of the suburban villages ; of which more in the sequel. He is also claimed for Cossena, and a noble house in Modena are not unwilling to adopt the discoverer of America into their line ; but these last pretensions are so utterly groundless, that they answer no other purpose than to show how many families

* See Churchill's Collection of Voyages and Travels, Vol. II. p. 559 ; and Barcia, *Historiadores Primitivos de las Indias Occidentales*, Tom. I. p. 1. We have spoken thus cautiously of Ferdinand's opinion concerning his father's origin, because it is a little contradictory. He calls the place of his birth unknown and uncertain ; and yet a few lines before says, by implication, that he belonged to the *seacoast*. (loc. cit. c. 1.) Again, in speaking of his father's arrival at Lisbon, he uses these very remarkable words ; 'where he (Columbus) knew there were many *Genoese*s his countrymen,' as our English translation gives it ; or as Barcia has it, 'donde sabia se hallaban muchos de su nacion *Genovesa*.' Churchill, II. 564 ; Barcia, I. 4.

of his name existed in Italy. We shall endeavor to refute, therefore, only the arguments of the Piedmontese and Placentians, and after proving them inconclusive or unsound, state our reasons for thinking the Admiral was a Genoese.

The claim of Pradello may be very shortly dismissed. An Ecclesiastical History of Piacenza was published in 1662, by Pier Maria Campi, which contains the only evidence of Columbus' having originated at Pradello. This evidence consists principally of an award, purporting to have been made in the vale of Nura in 1481, which states that one Bertone de' Duzzi had formerly rented, of the *late* Domenico de' Colombi of Genoa, a certain estate in Pradello, which Domenico held in trust from his grandfather Bertolino; that Bertone, and subsequently his son Tommasino, had regularly paid the rent of eighty *lire* to Domenico, and after his death to *his sons Christopher and Bartholomew*; but that they having now for ten years been absent from Genoa, *gone*, it was reported, *in search of unknown islands*, and nothing having been heard of them for a long time, Tommasino de' Duzzi had not only refused to pay the rent, but had undertaken to commit waste and make sale of the estate; whereupon proceedings were instituted by Domenico and Giovanni Columbus, cousins of Christopher, which terminated in judgment in favor of his father's heirs. Now there is a violent presumption against the authenticity of this document, which we pass over as wholly immaterial; for if the instrument proves anything whatever, surely it proves that the Admiral, and his father likewise, resided at Genoa. It merely leads by inference to the supposition that Bertolino, Christopher's great grandfather, *may* have lived at Pradello.*

The claim of the Cuccaro family is maintained with much greater show of reason at least, but on no more substantial grounds. Indeed, the advocates of it are compelled to admit, that Columbus was born at Genoa, but they represent his father and his family to have been of Cuccaro. The story is occasionally mentioned by writers, so early as the close of the sixteenth century. Thus Herrera says he was born at

* Storia Ecclesiastica di Piacenza, Tom. III. See Tiraboschi, Storia della Lett. Ital. v. vii. p. 228; Bossi, Vita di Cristoforo Colombo, p. 46; Cancellieri, Notizie Stor. e Bib. di Colombo, p. 26; Durazzo, Elogio di Colombo, p. 7; Spottorno, Codice, &c. Introd. p. 8.

Genoa, but as to his extraction, some affirm he was of Cuccaro, some of Piacenza.* And at a later period, even Denina thought strong reasons were not wanting to support the pretensions of Cuccaro.† But these reasons were not fully collected, nor very formally presented to the public, until the appearance of Napione's Dissertation on the Country of Columbus. In consequence of the publication of this book, the Genoese Academy appointed three of their number, Serra, Carrega, and Piaggio, to examine the subject; and their labors resulted in a most conclusive vindication of the received opinion.‡

The whole story arose out of the proceedings in a lawsuit, instituted in Spain in 1578 by one Balthazar Columbus of Cuccaro, to obtain possession, as heir at law, of the *majorat* created by the Admiral; this splendid inheritance being then rendered vacant by the extinction of his male line. Nuño de Portugallo, Count of Gelves, a descendant of the Admiral, through his granddaughter, claimed the property, which yielded a yearly income of twentyfour thousand crowns; and several adverse claimants appeared, partly Spaniards, partly Italians, all of whom were speedily disposed of by the Council of the Indies, except Balthazar Columbus. Napione's argument rests upon the testimony, pleadings, and other papers, in this case, although it was finally decided in 1608 against Balthazar, and in favor of the Count of Gelves.

On the death of Diego, the last lineal male heir of the Admiral, letters were written to inquire about his family. Balthazar was then living at Genoa, and recollecting that the Admiral's father was named Domenico, and that one of his family had borne that name, he went to Cuccaro, and with the aid of his friends, constructed a genealogical tree of his family, which was all accurate enough, except that the Admiral was represented therein as the son of Domenico of Cuccaro. Many illustrious persons, it seems, belonged to this family; for in 940 the Emperor Otho the Second con-

* Historia de los Hechos de los Castellanos, Dec. I. l. 1, c. 7.

† Rivoluzioni d'Italia, l. xv, c. 9.

‡ See 'Della Patria di Christoforo Colombo,' first presented in 1805 to the Academy of Turin, and afterwards republished by itself at Florence, written by Gian Francesco Galeani Napione, a Piedmontese; and 'Ragionamento nel Quale si conforma l'Opinion Generale intorno alla Patria di Cristoforo Colombo,' by the Genoese Academicians.

firmed to three brothers, Pietro, Giovanni, and Alessandro Colombo, some very extensive possessions in Lombardy; and in 1419 the Marquis of Montferrat gave the investiture of sundry rich feuds to the children of Lancia Colombo, one of whom was Domenico, the pretended father of the Admiral.* Armed with his fictitious pedigree, which took for granted the fact of the Admiral's relationship, Balthazar laid his case before Giovan Pietro Sordi, a celebrated lawyer of Montferrat, who gave an opinion in his favor. Napione, pronouncing a high eulogium upon Sordi's acuteness and learning, relies in the first place upon his opinion. Without calling that in question, it is a sufficient reply, that Sordi's opinion proceeded upon the case stated by Balthazar. It was a decision of the question of law, growing out of the supposed facts, and nothing more, leaving our present question untouched.

Balthazar next proceeded to take depositions in the vicinity of Cuccaro to establish the only material fact, the relationship of the Admiral; and with these he prosecuted his suit before the Council of the Indies. The cause was decided upon the legal construction of the settlement, the Count of Gelves considering it unnecessary to draw into question the facts alleged by his adversary. Napione again contends, that the other party admitted the correctness of Balthazar's pedigree; but in truth they did no such thing; for they merely said, we will not subject ourselves to the trouble and expense of disproving the fact, when, admitting the fact, the law applicable to it is clearly with us. Moreover, after this, Balthazar's claim was adjudged upon the merits; for becoming reduced to extreme poverty, he applied to the Council of the Indies for the benefit of a provision made by the Admiral in behalf of his poor relations; and his petition, although not opposed by the other party, was rejected on the ground of his failing to prove his relationship. And this application for support as a pauper furnishes an answer to another allegation of Napione's, namely, that Balthazar compromised his claim for the sum of twelve thousand gold doubloons.

The sentence of the Council of the Indies, therefore, was directly against Balthazar, upon all the questions involved in

* Herrera, *ubi supra*, Dec. I, l. 1, c. 7; Tiraboschi, *ubi supra*, p. 239.

the controversy. But the judges, it may be said, were prejudiced in favor of a Spanish nobleman ; or they were bribed or overawed by a wealthy or potent family ; or they were betrayed into honest errors of judgment ; in short, the court was ignorant, or it was corrupt. Whether it was so or not, ourselves may judge ; for we are in possession of the whole case as presented to the court ; and let every one examine for himself into the merits of the dispute.

The sole question is, whether the Admiral was or was not the son of Domenico of Cuccaro ; and this, being a question of fact, must be established by evidence. Now the only evidence adduced, is the body of depositions procured by Balthazar at Cuccaro ; and there is a short answer to the whole of them ; inasmuch as, give them what credit you will, they amount to nothing more than *hearsay* evidence of the most suspicious character. Not one of the deponents pretends to depose to the fact, as of his own knowledge ; nor is it possible he should ; for the depositions were taken one hundred and forty years after the event to which they relate happened. They testify, in truth, to *hearsay and reputation*. Now it is a well known principle in the law of evidence, that hearsay evidence of a fact is inadmissible. To this rule there are some exceptions. Thus, the declarations of deceased members of a family are admitted, under certain qualifications, as evidence of pedigree. But such declarations must come from members of the family ; they must not be tainted with any imputation of bias ; and if made *post litem motam*, that is, after the commencement of a lawsuit, nay, after a dispute has arisen, they are universally denied to be evidence in all courts. Now, when we apply these considerations to the case before us, and reflect that the relationship of the Cuccaro family to Columbus was never heard of, until Balthazar set about establishing his claims to the Admiral's magnificent estate, truly we cannot hesitate in saying that the depositions were undeserving the slightest regard as judicial proofs. Besides, admitting the testimony of these witnesses to be true ; admitting that sundry persons of the generation preceding them did tell them the Admiral was of Cuccaro ; still it would avail nothing. When the fame of the Admiral's exploits came to pervade every corner of Italy, how natural would it be for the dependants of Cuccaro to hope, to con-

jecture that he issued from the castle ; how easy for this conjecture to be magnified into assertion, this assertion to pass to belief, and this belief to be the common rumor of the vicinage.

We must adopt some such explanation as this, or else we must charge the deponents or their informants with wilful falsehood ; for certain it is, independently of the positive proof hereafter to be adduced, of the Admiral's Genoese origin, the testimony of Balthazar's witnesses contain many statements on the face of them intrinsically incredible, and irreconcilable with undisputed facts. Not to labor this point too much, we will mention but two or three examples. One is, that some of the deponents say the Admiral and his brothers were *born* at Cuccaro, which even Balthazar himself was compelled to disclaim. Again, Domenico Colombo of Cuccaro confessedly died in 1456 ; and yet the Admiral held intercourse with his father at a much later period, as we learn from the Spanish writer Oviedo. Furthermore, we have the testimony of all the historians, including Ferdinand Columbus, that the Admiral was poor, and of poor parentage ; and yet, as we have seen, Domenico Colombo of Cuccaro was the son of a rich feudatory, and inherited very considerable property. Lastly, the fact of Ferdinand's being ignorant of his father's family is ample proof, that they were not wealthy nobles ; for if so, would the Admiral have concealed it from his own domestic circle ? Instead of shunning the mention of it, would he not rather have sedulously made public a circumstance, so well calculated to further his views, and facilitate his intercourse with the haughty Spanish grandees ?*

We think whoever has followed our argument thus far will be perfectly satisfied, that Domenico, the Admiral's father, was a very different person from Domenico of Cuccaro. Indeed, other things out of the question, the advocates for their identity would have no right to presume it, unless they could prove it impossible for two men of that name to be living at the same time in all Italy. But the evidence of their not being the same person, and of the Admiral's Genoese

* Concerning the Cuccaro claim, besides the books already cited on that point, see Tiraboschi *ut supra*, p. 229 ; Cancellieri, *Notizie*, *passim* ; Spotorino, p. 8 and 64 ; Napione, *del Primo Scopritore del Continente del Nuovo Mondo*, Pref.

origin, is such, we venture to say, as no candid mind will controvert. The proofs of this consist of the declarations of several highly respectable writers, fortified by the belief of all the most credible later historians; of certain documents relating to the occupation and residence at Genoa of a family corresponding to his; and of sundry expressions and acts attributed to the Admiral. These we now proceed briefly to state.

In referring to the authors, who are cited in support of the Admiral's Genoese origin, we shall omit those of his contemporaries, who, like P. Martyr, merely designate him as a *Ligurian*.^{*} For although we apprehend they intended to restrict the word to the *Ligurian* or Genoese *republic*, yet unquestionably it is susceptible of, and often receives, a much wider meaning. Thus Denina, in speaking of this very subject, observes that the commercial prosperity of Genoa would naturally attract persons from all other parts of '*Liguria*, that is, Mondovi, the Langhe, and *Montferrat*.'† We begin with the nuncio Alessandro Geraldini, afterwards first bishop of St Domingo, and of the Indies, a personal and very particular friend of the Admiral's, who relates some valuable facts concerning him, commencing his account thus; 'Christopher Columbus, an Italian, was from Genoa, a city of Liguria.'‡ To the same effect is Agostino Giustiniani, bishop of Nebbio, who published at Genoa, in 1516, a psalter in Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, and Chaldaic, and in commenting on the verse, *Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their*

^{*} 'Colonus quidam, Ligur vir.' These words occur in P. Martyr's first letter, written to Cardinal Ascanio Spozza, in November, 1493, and containing one of the earliest published accounts of the discovery of America. *De Rebus Oceanicis*, Sec. I. l. 1. Dec. I. l. 1. The oldest book published on the subject, is a Latin translation of a letter written in Spanish by Columbus, on his arrival at Lisbon, in March, 1493, addressed to Don Raffaele Sanzio. This was printed at Rome the same year; and several copies of this first edition are now extant. An exact transcript of the Latin, accompanied by an Italian translation, is printed by Bossi (p. 167.) and an English translation in the *Edinburgh Review*. (No. LIV. p. 505.) The original Spanish is preserved in the MS history of Bernaldez, as quoted by Muñoz. (Prol. p. 11.) It is a copy of this tract, which, as we learn by the newspapers, was lately sold in London for £33. 12s. and purchased by the Duke of Buckingham.

† 'Uomini di tutte le parti della Liguria; cioè delle Langhe, delle Provincie del Mondovi, e del Monferrato.' *Revoluzioni d' Italia*. l. xv. c. 9.

‡ *Itinerarium ad Regiones sub æquinoctiali Plaga Constitutas*, l. xiv. See Cancellieri, p. 63; Napione, Ragon. p. 74.

words to the end of the world, gives an account of the discovery of America*. Bartolommeo Senarega a Genoese, wrote Annals of the Republic during his own time, from 1448 to 1514, and describes the Admiral and his brother Bartholomew, and their parents, as of Genoa.† The same statement is made by Antonio Gallo, who wrote a tract on the voyages of Columbus, and by Uberto Foglietto, in his Eulogies of Illustrious Ligurians, both Genoese writers of that day; and by the author of Cademosto's voyages, or *Itinerarium Portugallensium*, published in 1507, at Venice.‡ All these were cotemporary authors, men of undoubted intelligence, possessed of the means of obtaining accurate information upon this point, and several of them men, whose characters and station must put them above the suspicion of hazarding a light or unadvised assertion. Their declarations, deliberately made and recorded in grave writings, appear to us hardly less conclusive, than if they were clothed in the solemnity of judicial testimony.

As to the opinion of later writers in different countries, it is of weight only in this one respect, namely, that in all doubtful questions of fact, the presumption is in favor of the side adopted by the most intelligent men. But as the great body of respectable authors in Italy, and out of it, accord in believing the Admiral a Genoese, nothing is needed here but to indicate a few of the most distinguished, whose writings have fallen beneath our eye. The writers in our own language will speak for themselves, from honest old Purchas down to Robertson and Belknap. Of Spaniards we may notice Herrera, Mariana, Pizarro y Orellano, Muñoz, and Lampillas; of Frenchmen, Voltaire, Charlevoix, Langeac; of Italians, Benzoni, Giovio, Muratori, Tiraboschi, and Andres; specifying these few great names only, as the representatives of the better opinion in their respective nations.

The documentary evidence composes the next class of proofs. It is an ascertained fact, derived from various documents, such as every municipal corporation affords, that the

* See Tiraboschi, ut s. p. 231; Everett's Plymouth Oration, p. 64.

† Muratori, *Scriptores Rer. Italic.* vol. xxiv. p. 535.

‡ Muratori, v. xxiii. p. 301; Tiraboschi, ut s. p. 232; *Folietæ Elog. Clar. Lig. in Grævii Thes. Antiq. Italic.* I. 770. Cademosto is reprinted in *Grinæi Nov. Orb*

city of Genoa contained persons of the name of Colombo, so early as the year 1190, and from thence down to the sixteenth century. In the last years of the fifteenth century, not unfrequent mention is made in Savonese papers, of a family answering precisely in name and description to the Admiral's, as being of Genoa. These documents are of unquestioned authenticity. The countrymen of the great navigator were, as we have seen, first made fully acquainted with his wonderful discoveries, in the notes to a polyglot psalter; and about a hundred years afterwards, the proofs of his originating them were published in a place equally strange, namely, in a Commentary on Tacitus, by Giulio Salinerio, a lawyer of Savona. A specimen of these will suffice. In a writing dated 1470, we find the words, 'Domenico Colombo, a citizen of Genoa, [son] of the late Giovanni of Quinto.' In another of the same year, 'Domenico Colombo of Genoa.' In one of 1473, 'Domenico Colombo of Genoa, an inhabitant of Savona.' In one, which has no date, are the words, 'the brothers Christopher and Giacomo Colombo, sons and heirs of the late Domenico their father;' and the words 'Christopher and Giacomo, called Diego.' And in one dated 1501, there is this clause; 'said Christopher, Bartholomew, and Giacomo Colombo, sons and heirs of the late Domenico, their father, now for a long time absent from the city and *posse* of Savona, beyond Pisa and Nice of Provence, and commorant in the parts of Spain, as it has been and is notorious.' In addition to these, it appears, on examining the notarial archives of Genoa, from 1456 to 1489, that mention of the same persons repeatedly occurs, in notarial acts of the day.* What answer can be given to evidence of this description?

We shall briefly refer to the acts and writings of the Admiral himself, which conclude the argument. We pass over his alleged proffer to go to the Indies in the service of Genoa; because the story has been thought somewhat apocryphal. Not so the following facts. In the archives of St George are preserved some extracts from a will, made by the Admiral in 1497, in which, assigning for reason, that he was *born in Genoa*, (*siendo yo nacido in Genova*,) he bequeaths a legacy to

* See Tiraboschi, p. 227; Bossi, p. 54.

the Republic; and in another part of the same testament, occur the words, 'because I came from there, (Genoa) and there I was born.' In the same archives of Genoa, is a letter written by the Admiral, to the magistracy of St George, in 1502, informing them he had enjoined it upon his son to pay to the Republic a tenth part of his revenue, to reduce the tax on provisions; and that he had sent them, *by Nicolò Oderigo, a copy of his charters* for the use of their citizens. Here, also, he impliedly calls Genoa his birthplace, saying, 'that although he had been a long time far away from *his country*, yet by no means had his heart been alienated therefrom.' The Corsini library, at Rome, contains a Breviary, once the property of the Admiral, to whom it was presented by Pope Alexander the Sixth. On a blank leaf of this book is written a codicil, made according to military usage, dated at Valladolid, May 4th, 1506, in which he bequeaths the book to his 'most loving country the Genoese Republic,' orders the erection of a hospital for the benefit of the poor, and, in default of his male heirs, appoints the Republic to succeed to his public offices. We will not waste time in considering the frivolous objections, made to the authenticity of these several documents by Napione, and those who agree with him in sentiment. Suffice it to say, there is no mark of forgery about them, but on the contrary they will satisfactorily sustain the strictest scrutiny, and the best informed writers are convinced of their genuineness.*

The citations, that we have given, are an answer to another question, which has been a little debated, namely, whether Columbus was born *in the city* of Genoa. Several villages near Genoa have each had the credit of being his birthplace. His grandfather was of Quinto; his family possessed a small house at *Terra Rossa*, between Quinto and Nervi; his father lived a short time at Mulcento; and he had relations residing at Cogoleto; in consequence of which those places have divided the public sentiment. But the weight of testimony, in our opinion, is in favor of Genoa.

The *Cordice di Colombo* furnishes confirmation of the foregoing documents. It is the very copy of his charters, alluded to in the Admiral's letter to the officer of St George.

* Spotorno, p. LXV; Concellieri, p. 3; Tiraboschi, ut s. p. 235 not.; Bossi, p. 54; Durazzo, Elogio di Colombo, p. 10.

It also contains a letter written to Oderigo, in which the legacy of 1502 is expressly named, and the letter of the magistracy to Columbus, making him acknowledgments for the legacy, and addressing him throughout as a Genoese.*

In consideration of all this mass of testimony, drawn from different quarters, and of various kinds, we feel justified in pronouncing the opinions commonly entertained upon this point to be correct. We are unwilling to conceive or utter harsh things of the Piedmontese writers. But we cannot avoid being struck with the *pugnacity* of temper, manifested by them in a very great degree, and in some measure, we admit, by the Genoese; and the disingenuousness and obliquity of mind, which that temper induces. And all for what? Why, for the mighty purpose of arrogating a little unmerited honor to the petty duchy of Montferrat, by detracting a little from the proud historic recollections of the prostrate Republic of Genoa. And this, in the vocabulary of these degenerate Italians, is patriotism!

Domenico Colombo, the father of Christopher Columbus, was a manufacturer of woollen stuffs in Genoa, and rather low in his circumstances. He married Susanna Fontanarossa, and by her had three sons, named, in the order of birth, Cristoforo, Bartolommeo and Giacomo; and a daughter, afterwards married to Giacomo Bavarello, a cheesemonger. There is no reason to believe any of his immediate ancestors were men of honorable condition. Certain it is, they were poor; and nothing more is known of their occupation, except the simple fact of their being chiefly employed in maritime trade. The name itself was quite common in the north of Italy; and although several noble families bore it, yet so also did many others of plebeian rank. When the Admiral came to reside in Spain, he changed the name of *Colombo* to *Colón*, in Latin *Colonus*. This he did, partly in order to render it more conformable to the Spanish idiom, and partly, perhaps, influenced by the desire, which he manifested on some other occasions, of being regarded by posterity as the head and founder of a distinct lineage.†

* We might mention here, in addition to the above, the indirect evidence arising from Bartholomew Columbus' having called himself a Genoese, in the chart presented by him to Henry the Seventh of England. See Ferdinand Columbus, in Churchill, p. 575; and Barcia, p. 10.

† The first chapter of Ferdinand's history contains many superstitious follies about his father's name. Among other things, he pleases himself with the idea,

Christopher was born in 1447. He passed a part of his early youth in the employment of wool carding, but was permitted to spend some time, how much is unknown, at the university of Pavia, where he learnt Latin, and attended to the studies connected with the art of navigation, especially drawing, astronomy, and geography. The vicissitude and variety of a nautical life, and the fame and wealth which successful Captains acquired under the flag of the flourishing Italian republics, appear to have attracted him, at a very early age, to the occupation of his ancestors. At the age of fourteen, he betook himself to the sea, and ever after followed it, with very short intermissions. During the long period previous to his settlement in Spain, his voyages, although occasionally to different parts of the Atlantic, were mostly in the Mediterranean; sometimes merely commercial, but more frequently expeditions of war.

The Mediterranean Sea, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was rendered a theatre of maritime warfare by various causes, growing out of the vicinity of the Turks and Barbary powers, the dissensions of the Italian states, and their impolitic connexions with transalpine princes. Among other things, the conflicting pretensions of the houses of Anjou and Aragon to the throne of Naples, frequently convulsed all Italy. Genoa had become involved in this disastrous dispute, and had taken part so zealously with the Angevins, that she was compelled to seek protection against the Neapolitans, by throwing herself into the arms of France. About the time when Columbus first went to sea, René of Anjou, Count of Provence, was making another desperate attempt to regain the crown; and his son succeeded in assembling a large squadron at Genoa, by commissioning individuals to arm privateers in his service. Of this number was a celebrated Corsair, called Columbus the younger, to distinguish him from an equally celebrated captain of that name, who had preceded him in the same career, and had become famous by his cruises in the Levant, in the Adriatic, and on the coast of Barbary. The future discoverer of America was connected with this person, by some ties of

that his family is derived from Junius Colonus, procurator of Pontus, under the emperor Claudius. But in truth this person was named Junius *Cilo*, not *Colonus*. Tacitus, *Annal.* l. xii, c. 21.

relationship, and, as there is reason to believe, commenced a marine life under him in this expedition against Naples; and long continued under his orders. We know little of the Admiral's history at this period, but what we know is characteristic of his adventurous spirit, and exhibits the same intrepidity, and the same readiness of expedient, which afterwards immortalised his name.

He was once sent from Marseilles to Tunis by René, in pursuit of an armed galley. Soon after they sailed, his crew learnt that the Barbary cruiser had other vessels in company with her, and insisted upon turning back for additional force. Columbus finding all open attempts to resist their wishes ineffectual, pretended to yield; but as nightfall came on, he secretly altered the points of the compass, so that his vessel continued her course, while the crew thought they were steering for Marseilles. Another exploit has been attributed to him with some probability, although the credit of it may possibly be due to his namesake. In 1475, as a Venetian squadron was cruising off Cyprus for the defence of the island, it met 'Columbus with ships and galleys;' and although the Venetian captain had recently twice attacked a Genoese ship, yet Columbus, by sailing boldly up, and crying 'Viva San Giorgio,' passed unmolested. Nothing more is known of this affair; nor is it possible to determine with certainty who this Columbus was; but as the Admiral was in those seas near that time, it is quite probable that he commanded the Genoese squadron. Again, in 1477 we find him making a voyage to *Frisland*, the mysterious island so frequently mentioned by navigators, but now seemingly vanished from its place in the ocean.* He speaks of this voyage himself, as quoted by his son, calling the island *as large as England*, and saying that he sailed a hundred leagues beyond lat. 73°, its northernmost point. We know not the specific object of this voyage; but his purpose, as he intimates, in penetrating so far into the polar circle, was to prove the error of the ancient geographers, who represented the arctic zone as uninhabitable. Thus early does he appear to have been gaining correct notions of the structure of the earth.

Meantime, Domenico Colombo had, in 1470, removed his residence to Savona. Here, it may be, the Admiral

* Belknap's Am. Biog. I. 67.

lived whilst on shore; as a testament is produced, dated 1472, to which he subscribed his name as a witness. This would seem to be hardly enough to make him a citizen of Savona; although it gave the Savonese poet, Chiabrera, occasion to say, 'that he imitated the example of Christopher Columbus, *his fellow citizen*; that he wished to find a new world or to sink.* But the destiny of Columbus soon led him to fix his residence remote from Italy, and in a country where his thirst for geographical knowledge met immediately with the stimulus, and the satisfaction, which it required.

This change of residence was brought about in the following manner.† After he returned from the North Sea, he served with the Corsair Columbus the younger, on various marine expeditions. At length, receiving intelligence that a squadron of rich Venetian galleys were on their passage home from the Low Countries, Columbus sailed out of the Mediterranean to meet them, and falling in with them off cape St Vincent, a desperate engagement ensued, which ended in the total defeat and capture of the Venetians. They fought ship to ship, from morning till night; and great numbers were killed on both sides; 'beating one another from vessel to vessel with the utmost rage,' says Ferdinand Columbus, 'making use not only of weapons, but of artificial fireworks.' His father's ship, he continues, which was fast grappled to a Venetian, taking fire in the very heat of the engagement, communicated the flames to her adversary. Nowhere is a conflagration more dreadful than of a ship at sea; and in the confusion occasioned by this appalling event, they could neither separate the vessels, nor extinguish the fire, which finally raged so violently as to compel those, who would escape a fiery death, to leap into the ocean. Columbus being an expert swimmer, with the help of a floating oar barely succeeded in reaching the land, which was two leagues distant;

* 'Diceva ch'egli seguia Cristoforo Colombo suo cittadino, ch'egli voleva trovar nuovo mondo o affogare.' Vita, da lui Scritta, p. 33. Milan edit. Ital. Classics, Reme di Chiabrera, v. I. This poet holds up the same idea in his Ode on Columbus, (Canzon. Eroich. XII, Rime I. 25.) which is by no means his happiest effort.

† This account, given by Ferdinand Columbus, and credited by the best writers in general, is disputed by Muñoz, (Prol. p. 12.) His only argument is, that such a seafight occurred in 1485, in which certain Venetian galleys were captured. Does it follow necessarily, supposing it were so, that there could not also have been one several years before?

and thus 'saved a life reserved for great undertakings.' He repaired as soon as might be to Lisbon; and the friendly welcome, which he received from his Genoese countrymen there, induced him to remain in Portugal.

The court of Lisbon was at that period the favorite resort of Italian adventurers, expert in the arts of commerce and navigation. The Portuguese had already entered upon the magnificent career of discovery and conquest, which raised that little kingdom into wealth and weight, greatly disproportioned to its intrinsic consequence. Mariners distinguished for their skill and experience, learned geographers, and men acquainted with the construction of charts, readily found employment at Lisbon. Here then Columbus might enter upon a field of usefulness, precisely fitted to his genius. Here he would be likely to meet with far more auspicious opportunities for the improvement of his mind, than he could have possessed, whilst a mere Genoese corsair. His brother Bartholomew already resided in Lisbon, devoted to the business of making charts, maps, spheres, and nautical instruments. Christopher was either well known already, or speedily ingratiated himself with those to whom he gained access; for not long after he settled in Portugal, he married Felipa Muñiz de Perestrelo, who died in a few years, leaving him one son, named Diego. This marriage was on many accounts exceedingly beneficial to Columbus. It connected him with several Portuguese families of great respectability, and thus gave him a certain standing in Lisbon. But it was serviceable to him and to the world in another respect. His wife's father, Bartolommeo de Perestrelo, had been an eminent navigator, and had established the first Portuguese settlement at Porto Santo, the government of which Island was conferred on him for life, as the reward of his services. Among his papers were found, after his decease, many charts and manuscript accounts of voyages of discovery made by him, which were then invaluable. These were placed in the hands of Columbus, who had already conceived the idea of a western passage to the Indies; and served to inform and guide the curiosity, which they inflamed.

About this time, therefore, we find him making voyages to the Western Islands, Cape de Verd, the Guinea coast, in fine, to all the European establishments and trading factories along the coast of Africa. He preserved written accounts of every-

thing memorable, which came within his notice; carefully collected and compared the observations of other voyagers, and continued to apply himself diligently to the cultivation of the sciences subsidiary to his chosen pursuit. By thus uniting close study with extensive experience, he soon became one of the most skilful and capable navigators of the age, and amply qualified himself for the mighty enterprise of discovering the hidden empires of the West.

We shall not attempt to follow him through his hard struggle with the superstitious ignorance of the princes, to whom he so frequently, and long so fruitlessly, sued for the privilege of making them monarchs of a richer realm than all Europe combined, and whose reiterated repulses would have discouraged any man, less endued with heroic perseverance and fortitude than himself; nor shall we think of describing his voyages to America. To whom is the history of his successive offers to Genoa, Portugal, England, France, Spain, unknown? Who has not followed with admiration his daring progress over the great deep, then in truth a mighty and untried abyss? Who has not felt a thrill of emotion pervade his breast, as he imagined the shattered bark, laboring its course through waters never divided before by European keel, and bearing the Genoese pilot to lands never trodden yet by European feet? Who has not exulted in the richly merited honors, which awaited his splendid success, the power, titles, wealth, rank, which kings, and nobles, and pontiffs were eager to lavish on the poor woolcarder of Genoa? Who has not swelled with indignation at the thought of his subsequent wrongs, of the injustice heaped upon him by the evil arts of envious rivals, working on a jealous and wicked master; at the thought of Columbus, the discoverer of the New World, transported back again in chains to the Old; of Columbus, the rightful lord of the Indies, dying in penury and neglect in an obscure corner of Valladolid? The prophetic words of the maiden, who conducted Tasso's knights in quest of Rinaldo, confined by enchantment to Armido's palace in the Fortunate Isles, are now become fact.

Ere long, the venturous pilot will proclaim
The bounds of Hercules an empty tale;
Illustrious empires, now unknown to fame,
Shall time, in nameless western seas, unveil;

The gallant vessel, borne with dauntless aim
To distant lands, will court the auspicious gale,
And, o'er the boundless ocean wafted on,
Victorious emulate the earth-encircling sun.

Him, the Ligurian, whom the fates decree
Mid untrack'd waves his daring bark to steer,
No doubtful clime, no rude and savage sea,
No tempest, in its whelming wild career,
Nor aught beside, if aught more dread there be,
To threaten peril or awaken fear,
Will cause to blench, or chain his noble soul
To where, at Calpe's base, forbidden waters roll.

Thy sails, Columbus, far in western skies
Shall proud unfurl their canvass to the sight,
Whilst, with her thousand wings and thousand eyes,
Fame vainly strives to watch thy glorious flight.
Let hymns to Bacchus or Alcides rise ;
Thy single name will pour diviner light
O'er history's pages ; and thy fame inspire
Bards, who are yet unborn, with more celestial fire.*

And there is now no tongue, which the genial influences of civilisation ever touched, wherein the vicissitudes of Columbus' fortune have not been narrated by the historian, and sung by the poet, until all, of every age and every condition, are versed in his eventful story. *We* are Americans ; and the name and the fame of Columbus,

Familiar in our mouths as household words,
are to us the fruitful theme of instruction in youth, and of entertainment in maturer age.

We turn aside, then, from the beaten path, to tread where the broader rays of general history have not shone upon his life. While Columbus resided in Lisbon, he afforded considerable aid to his father, who was become very much reduced in circumstances ; and when Genoa signified to him her inability or disinclination to accept his proposals, he went to Savona, where his father resided, to visit him, and gave him the means of reestablishing himself at Genoa. We gladly record these instances of filial piety, as honorable to the cha-

* Gerusalemme Lib. Cant. xv. st. 30—32.

racter of Columbus ; for who does not love to see the mighty mind, which is grasping all time and space in the compass of its vast conceptions, still continue alive to the little charities of domestic life ?

He repaired to Spain in 1484, carrying with him his motherless son Diego, then a child, whom he placed with the monks of the convent of Rabida in Palos, whilst he went to Cordova to treat with the Spanish court. At Cordova he became acquainted with a lady of good family, named Beatriz Enriquez, who made him the father of his son Ferdinand. A fact relating to this period, which we have on the authority of bishop Alessandro Geraldini,* deserves to be mentioned here. The ineffectual efforts made by Columbus for several years to engage Ferdinand and Isabella in his project, are well known, but it may not be so generally understood how desperate his situation became, in the course of these negotiations. He had completely exhausted his limited means, in the prosecution of his long and harassing suit. Its rejection left him in a state of extreme need. Disheartened by the total disappointment of the darling hope of years, suffering also by the unfaithfulness of his dependants, in want of the very necessities of life, he betook himself to the monastery of Rabida, an humble suppliant for ecclesiastical alms to support his existence. Then it was, as related by Robertson, that the prior Juan Perez de Marchena, moved by the condition of Columbus, whose really enlightened views, and whose integrity, simplicity, and manliness of character, he had ample opportunity to appreciate, hastened to Santa Fé, and so represented the affair to Isabella, that she again recalled Columbus to court, and sent him a small sum of money to defray his expenses.

To what a pinnacle of fortune did the lapse of a few short years exalt him, whom we have thus witnessed in the depths of distress. But Columbus was marked for an extraordinary destiny ; and with him reverses trod close upon success. The last incidents of his life, and the subsequent fate of his family, deserve to be recalled to recollection. The Admiral returned from his fourth voyage at the end of the year 1504. During this voyage, the elements seemed to conspire with the

* *Itinerarium in Regionibus sub æquinoctiali Plagu constitutas* Alex. Geraldini Amerini. l. xiv. See Cancellieri, p. 63.

injustice of man, to persecute and depress Columbus. Almost denied admittance into the Spanish settlements in the Indies, and thwarted and insulted by the petty officials, who ruled over regions which ought, by the most solemn compacts, to have been his, he at last arrived at St Lucar, his constitution irremediably impaired by the unexampled hardships he had undergone. What his own personal condition was then, and had been, may be judged from the very affecting letter, which he wrote to Ferdinand and Isabella, during his absence.* 'By my mishap,' says he, 'so little have I gained from twenty years service, such as I have served with so much fatigue and peril, that I do not now possess even a cottage in Castille; and *if I wish to dine, or sup, or sleep, I have no place of refuge except the inn, and oftentimes I have wanted wherewithal to pay my reckoning.* Another thing has given me great grief, which was Don Diego, my son, whom I left in Spain so friendless and *destitute of all distinction and means of support.*' The first intelligence, which he received on his arrival, was the death of his friend and protectress, Isabella, whose influence over the narrow minded and selfish Ferdinand, had served to soften the asperities of his temper, and to qualify the harshness of his feelings towards Columbus. Struck to the soul with the news, he staid at Seville several months, to recover from the shock of grief, and to revive his exhausted frame, ere he repaired to the court.

Ferdinand received him at Segovia with a hollow show of welcome, but by no means with that cordiality and respect, which his signal merits entitled him to anticipate. The Admiral could easily see, that he stood before a hard and ungenerous master. Nevertheless, he represented in strong terms, but in language as true and respectful as it was strong, the wrongs sustained by him at the hands of Roldan, Bovadilla, and Ovando; the partial requital of his services; his injuries unatoned for, and slightly regarded, by the ministers of the crown; and he solicited the punishment of his enemies and the restoration of his authority, in fulfilment of the grants so deliberately made, and so solemnly confirmed to him and to his posterity forever. Ferdinand could not deny the justice of the suit; but unwilling to grant, yet ashamed to refuse it, he told Columbus he would commission Diego de Deza,

* Bossi, 3. p. 211.

archbishop of Seville, to consider what should be done. But the Admiral, well knowing this proposition was made only for the purpose of delay, urged the king, by memorial after memorial, to determine at once a thing, which was too clear to admit of deliberation. He was very zealously aided by Francisco Ximenes, archbishop of Toledo, and by many other persons of the highest rank in the kingdom, who were indignant at the gross injustice, with which he had been treated. But all this availed nothing; for those in the confidence of the king were aware, that his only object was to temporise with Columbus, in the expectation that his noble spirit would sink under his accumulated misfortunes, and thus terminate his ungrateful suit.

This event but too speedily ensued. For a time Columbus put a more charitable construction upon the king's delays. He thought Ferdinand might, perhaps, be unwilling to decide so important a matter as this, without the presence of his daughter, the unfortunate Juana, who was daily expected with her husband, the archduke Philip. This, for a season, sustained the Admiral's drooping spirits. But in the mean time Ferdinand caused his people to work upon Columbus, for the purpose of inducing him to renounce his privileges, and receive the estate of Carrion de los Condes, and a paltry pension, as an equivalent for the dignity and emoluments of admiral of the ocean, and viceroy of the Indies. This last blow was fatal to Columbus. Perceiving now that all hope of redress at the hands of the king was desperate, he rapidly declined, and was plainly approaching his dissolution. The arrival of Philip and Juana in Spain revived him a little; but disabled by sickness from addressing them in person, he despatched his brother Bartholomew, with a memorial representing his claims. They received Bartholomew very graciously, and much was expected from their seemingly favorable disposition; but this propitious change in the fortunes of Columbus came too late; for worn out by disease and hardships, and brokenhearted by the wrongs continually heaped upon him, he had already ceased to be numbered with the living.

He died at Valladolid, May 20th, 1506, not quite sixty years of age; and was buried in the Carthusan monastery at Seville, with the expressive and appropriate inscription on his monument;

A Castilla y a Leon
Nuevo Mundo dió Colón.*

His bones were afterwards carried to America, and deposited in the cathedral church of the city of St Domingo, and remained there until 1796, when they were transferred to Havana, where they now lie. Mr Walton says he saw the *procès verbal* of the removal of these remains, which was shown to him by a Spanish ecclesiastic of St Domingo.†

Thus ended the days of Columbus. His glory, it has been justly observed by Bossi, must always continue without parallel. The heroes, the philosophers, and the poets of the past, may be emulated and excelled by the poets, the philosophers, and the heroes, who shall exist hereafter. Other conquerers may carry their arms, in victory and triumph, all over the civilised globe. The realms of thought are infinite; and who can tell to what extent some future Newton will enlarge the present limited boundaries of our intellectual knowledge? But no hemisphere of the earth remains for a second Columbus to discover.

Columbus was tall in stature, of a large and muscular frame, with strongly marked features, a florid complexion, and a lively aspect. He was remarkably abstemious, uniform and regular in his habits, singularly devout, and distinguished for his scrupulous observance of all the rights of the Catholic faith. His character is visible in his achievements. The dignity and independence of his feelings; his ardent enthusiasm, his invincible resolution, the enterprising cast of his temper, his perseverance amid the frowns of fortune, his fortitude under suffering, and his modest yet manly carriage in prosperity, his courage in withstanding, and spirit of conciliation in forgiving his enemies, and his faithful devotion to the interests of his sovereign,—these are leading traits of his character, not loosely inferred from partial observation, but gathered from the crowded incidents of a life passed in the world's eye. For he was not one, concerning whom posterity can err. On the contrary, he was of the number of those men, the glory or the curse of their race, whose acts stand forth in high relief on the page of history, and who seem, as

* 'To Castille and Leon, Columbus gave a new world.'

† Walton's Spanish Colonies, I. 144.

it were, singled out by destiny to impart a new direction, and communicate an extraordinary impulse to the age in which they arise upon earth.

Columbus left two sons, Diego and Ferdinand. The latter entered the church, and became distinguished for his great learning, and his munificence to the cause of letters. He resided in Seville, and collected the richest library in all Spain, consisting of 12,000 volumes, which, on his death, in 1541, he bequeathed to the cathedral church of that city, where it was carefully preserved in the time of Nicolas Antonio, and where, we believe, it still remains. He travelled through Europe, devoting his time and his riches to the purchase of the most rare and valuable books; and employed in his service, for a time, two learned Flemings, Nicolas Aenardus, and Johannes Vasæus. He wrote several works, but is known to posterity only by the History of the Life and Actions of the Admiral his father. This he composed with much industry and faithfulness, describing events of which he was either an eyewitness, or which he gathered from his father's papers and letters.

It is very singular that the original Spanish is now nowhere to be found. Muñoz, although his researches after manuscripts extended throughout the kingdom, and were facilitated in every possible way by the ministry, yet never fell upon this important work. Neither could Barcia obtain it. Antonio says that, *if still in existence*, it is contending with moths and worms for life, in some nook of a sequestered library. That to which all writers refer, as the original, is an Italian translation from Ferdinand's manuscript, made by Alfonso de Ulloa, and published at Venice in 1571. The original manuscript is said to have been carried to Genoa in 1568, by Luis, son of Diego, and from him to have passed into the hands of the patrician Giovan Battista Marini, who went to Venice, and procured it to be translated by Ulloa. The Italian translation is undoubtedly authentic, being quoted with confidence by every author, who treats of America; but so many mistakes in dates and other minute matters occur, which Ferdinand himself must have avoided, as to compel us to call it an *erroneous* translation, or else one made from an unfaithful copy. From this translation, such as it is, have all the other translations proceeded; and we

must confess they have lost no faults in the transmission from language to language. Muñoz characterises the Spanish translation made by Barcia, as being *most wretched*; and we can speak to the manifold and gross errors of the English, published in Churchill's Collection.

It is difficult to account for the mysterious disappearance of the original Spanish. Cancellieri, in his *Notices of Columbus*, a rambling digressive work, treating 'de omni scibili et quibusdam aliis,' somewhat cavalierly imputes to Ulloa the literary fraud of having destroyed the manuscript, in order to give credit, currency, and sale to his translation. However this may be, the work is unquestionably entitled to the highest respect as an historical authority. It is invaluable for the many facts contained in it, which could not be obtained elsewhere; and in the narrative of facts, it is but seldom that Ferdinand falls into errors. Certainly few have been detected, or even suspected. But he is remarkably addicted to the besetting sin of his countrymen in that age, a simplicity in superstition, which cannot fail to call a smile into the face of every one, who opens the book in these more enlightened days.*

Diego, the eldest son of Columbus, inherited his titles and claims, by virtue of a *majorat* created in his favor by the Admiral. Diego set about the prosecution of his right, a year or two after his father's death. His application to the king was met by evasive answers. Diego then carried his pretensions to the fiscal court; and pending the suit was fortunate enough to obtain a declaration of the Council of the Indies, recognising his rights as admiral, viceroy, and governor-general of all his father's discoveries, with appropriate civil and criminal jurisdiction, and with all the perquisites and emoluments originally granted to Columbus. Meantime Diego married Maria de Toledo, daughter of Fernando de Toledo, brother of the Duke of Alva, both of them, and particularly the last, then high in favor with the king, and both among the principal grandees of Spain. Their influence over the king effected what his sense of justice could never

* Concerning Ferdinand's History, see Meuselius, *Bibliotheca Struvii Historica*, v. III. pt. 2, p. 261; Pizarro y Orellana, *Varones Ilustres*, &c. p. 35; Nic. Antonio, *Bibliotheca Hispana Nova*, I. 372; Cancellieri, *Notizie*, &c. p. 130, 135; Munoz, *Hist. del N. M. Prol.* p. 13; Spotorno, p. lxiii; Charlevoix, *St Domingue* I. 55.

have done ; for Diego was immediately installed in a portion of his rights, and sent to Hispaniola with the titles of admiral and governor, but with no more authority than Bovadilla and Ovando had enjoyed. He was accompanied by his brother and his two paternal uncles, and by many cavaliers and gentlemen, and by some ladies of rank, who married distinguished persons in the Indies.

He entered peaceably on his government ; but soon began to be persecuted by the machinations of the old enemies of his father, sustained by the influence of Jean de Fonseca at home, and headed in the island by the king's treasurer, Miguel de Pasamonte. These creatures of Fonseca styled themselves the party of the king, taking advantage of his known jealousy towards the family of Columbus. They were continually making false representations of Diego to the court, and continually thwarting him in all the measures of his government. The right of Columbus to a tenth of all the productions of the Indies, was the fertile source of dispute between Diego and Pasamonte, and kept them in a state of incessant irritation, which the arts of the latter diligently fomented. Wearied out at length by these vexatious difficulties, Diego asked and obtained of the king leave to return home, and counteract the plots and falsehoods of Pasamonte. He arrived at St Lucar in 1515 ; and shortly afterwards he and the world were relieved of a tyrant, by the death of Ferdinand.

Diego continued to solicit the government of Ferdinand's successor, to do justice to his pretensions and his character ; until in 1520, Charles the Fifth, having examined into the charges against the Admiral, easily discovered their falsehood, and reinstated him in his authority. Charles also enjoined upon Pasamonte to live in good intelligence with the Admiral ; but his pragmatic and meddlesome temper, which had kept him embroiled with the intermediate governors, would not allow him to make peace with his old opponent Diego. In consequence of his misrepresentations, Diego was in 1523 again recalled, and a few years afterwards died at Montalvan.*

Giacomo, or as he was called in Spain Diego, the younger brother of Columbus, does not appear to have acted a very

* Langeac, Colomb, &c. *precis Historique*, p. 10 ; Herrera, tom. I. and II. ; Charlevoix, *St Domingue*, &c. tom. I.

conspicuous part in history. He was ennobled, however, and held some employments. But Bartholomew was a man of hardly less energy of character and intelligence, than Christopher. He was, through life, the able and faithful coadjutor of his brother and nephew, and died in the Indies in 1514. As a navigator, he was more eminent for theoretical than for practical skill. Ferdinand employed him rather in Europe than in America, apprehensive lest, if he stayed constantly in the Indies, his pretensions as Adelantado might become no less troublesome to the crown than the Admiral's.*

Diego, the Admiral, left five children, three sons and two daughters. Of his daughters, the elder, we believe, took the veil; Isabella, the younger, married Georgio de Portugallo, Count of Gelves; Diego's eldest son, Luis, succeeded to the family distinctions and rights, which, however, he was induced by Charles the Fifth to relinquish, preserving the title of Admiral of the Indies, and, in lieu of his other dignities, accepting Veragua and Jamaica, with the titles of duke and marquis, and a pension of 10,000 gold doubloons instead of his grandfather's tenth. Luis died without any legitimate children, and was succeeded by Diego, the son of his younger brother Christopher. In 1578 Diego died without issue, and in him was extinguished the male line of the Admiral; and the splendid name of Columbus, in less than a century after its brilliant elevation, disappeared from the records of Spanish nobility. The princely heritage of the family, as we have seen already, then passed into the female branch of the house of Gelves.†

It remains for us to give an account of the book before us, ere we dismiss the subject. Columbus, after he returned from his third voyage, disgusted with the iniquitous policy of Spain, appears to have been preparing for an appeal to the world and to posterity. He procured the notarial authentication of several copies of all the privileges, capitulations, grants, and instructions, which he had received from his sovereigns, together with several other documents relative to his legal rights, seemingly fearful to entrust the evidence of his rank, authority, and prerogatives to the custody of the original parchments only. Two of these copies he despatched to his

* Herrera, Dec I, l. 10. c. 16. Charlevoix, St Dom. I. 331.

† Spotorno, p. lxii. Charlevoix, I. 442, 476.

confidential friend Nicolo Oderigo, formerly Genoese ambassador in Spain, charging him to deposit them in safe keeping, and to give information thereof to his son Diego. Both manuscripts continued in the Oderigo family until the year 1670, when Lorenzo Oderigo presented them to the Republic. In the vicissitudes of the Genoese government in aftertimes, these manuscripts were taken from the archives; one was carried to Paris, and the other was supposed to be lost, until it was advertised in 1816, in a catalogue of the library of a Genoese book collector, the Count Cambiaso. This *Codex* was immediately secured for the city of Genoa, and is there preserved in a marble *custodia*, or monument. The beautifully executed volume before us, printed at Genoa by order of the Decurions, contains an exact transcript of the Spanish original, accompanied by an Italian translation and brief notes; and to the whole is prefixed an introduction containing a historical memoir of Columbus, and an account of the manuscript. The editorial matter was written by Giovan Battista Spotorno, professor of eloquence in Genoa.*

The Italian translation, so far as we have taken the trouble to compare it with the original, is laborious and faithful; but we cannot say thus much for Spotorno's historical memoir of Columbus. It is confused, inexact, and prolix without being particular. The subject had, within no very long period, been much more ably treated in Italy by Tiraboschi, Durazzo, and Bossi, whose works we have had so frequent occasion to consult, in the prosecution of our inquiries concerning the great navigator. The historian of Italian literature treats his subject briefly, but with his accustomed industry, candor, and good sense. The 'Eulogy of Columbus,' published anonymously in conjunction with a 'Eulogy of Andrew D'Oria,' but since attributed to the marquis Ippolito Durazzo, is written with great fulness and elegance, and is particularly valuable for its elucidation of many points of cotemporary history, bearing on the life of Columbus. And the little book of the Cavalier Luigi Bossi of Milan, to a succinct, neat, and methodical biography of the Admiral, subjoins a body of instructive annotations, which largely contribute to explain the obscurer incidents of his life. Spotorno is inferior to either of these in

* An English translation of this book has been published in London, entitled *Memorials of Columbus*.

their respective excellencies ; but he has gleaned a few facts, which had escaped the attention of preceding biographers of his hero ; and therefore his introduction is not without its use.

But the thing chiefly important in the book, is the transcript of the Spanish manuscript ; and this, in a historical point of view, is really of considerable interest and value. The original manuscript is a small folio volume, written on parchment, bound in morocco, and enclosed in a morocco bag. The title of it is in the following words ; ‘ Cartas, Privilegios, Cédulas, y otras Escreturas de Don Christoval Colon, Almirante Mayor del Mar Oceano, Visorey y Governador de las Islas y Tierra Firme ;’ a very just and proper description of the book, which Spotorno ought to have retained in the printed volume, instead of the deceptive, affected, and inappropriate title of *Codice Diplomatico Colombo-Americano*.* While the manuscript was in possession of the Oderigo family, they pasted within its covers an original letter, from Philip the Second of Spain to Ottaviano Oderigo, congratulating him on his being made Doge of Genoa ; two autograph letters from Columbus to Nicolo Oderigo ; and a copy of the letter from the magistrate of St George to Columbus. The body of the manuscript contains fortythree documents. Among them is a copy of the famous bull of demarcation issued by Pope Alexander the Sixth, by which about one half of the earth was most liberally divided between Spain and Portugal. The other documents, as they appear in the *Codex*, form three distinct sets or classes, into which they may be here divided for the sake of convenient description.

The first set comprises the documents from the beginning to No. 35 inclusive.† They are introduced by a notarial certificate, setting forth that at Seville, on the 5th day of January, 1502, in the dwelling house of the Admiral of the Indies, before Estevan de la Roca and Christoval Ruys Montero, ordinary alcaldes of Seville, and in presence of Martin Rodrigues, notary public, and of the witnesses underwritten,

*The title given to the English translation, ‘*Memorials of Columbus*,’ is rather ambiguous, and far from proper in any sense. We hope if the volume is ever reprinted in this country, the publisher will put the title of the MS on the title page, and procure the substitution of a better historical memoir

† Spotorno, by mistake, counts one document more than there is in fact. He calls No. 32 No. 33, and continues to miscount through the volume. The English translator seems to be quite puzzled by this error of his original.

personally appeared 'the most magnificent lord Don Christoval Colon, high admiral of the ocean,' &c, and produced certain letters, privileges, and rolls, signed by the king and queen, and being of the following tenor. Next comes a copy of the documents produced, as published by Spotorno; and then the notarial certificate proceeds to declare, that the Admiral, having thus produced the foregoing documents, petitioned the *alcaldes* to examine them and be satisfied of their authenticity, and order the notary to make and subscribe conjointly with them, as many copies thereof as he (the Admiral) should desire, inasmuch as he had occasion to present them in various places where his rights demanded it, and as he feared that in this way they might be lost, defaced, or subject to some other accident; and, therefore, he wished for copies equally authoritative with the originals. Finally the notary certifies, that the petition was granted, and that the present copy, made by him in pursuance of it, is faithful and authentic; in testimony whereof it is signed by him and by the *alcaldes*.*

We shall briefly indicate the subject matter of the most important of these papers. No. 1 is addressed to the lieutenant of admiralty, commanding him to deliver to Columbus a copy of all letters of grace, privilege, and confirmation, relating to the office of admiral of Castile, which copies then follow. No. 2 sets forth and confirms the famous original capitulations made with Columbus previously to his first voyage. No. 3 sets forth and confirms the commission given to Columbus, previously to his first voyage, and the confirmation thereof given to him on his return. No. 30 is a copy of letters patent, authorising Columbus to create a *majorat* in his son Diego, or in any other of his relations at pleasure, inalienable and indivisible forever. These four are all dated Burgos, April 23, 1497.† No. 8, and No. 6, which latter appears to be supplementary to the former, contain very minute particular instructions to Columbus, in regard to the formation of a colonial settlement in Hispaniola.‡ No. 9 contains a

* Codice di Colombo, pp. 8. 226.

† The first is, by mistake, printed 1496 in the Codice. See the duplicate, No. 17.

‡ In the Codice, p. 108, there is evidently a mistake in the enumeration of the persons. Instead of 'cinquanta labradores e ortolanos,' it should read

proclamation issued in 1495, which authorised any persons to make discoveries in America on certain conditions, and by letters, dated Medina del Campo, June 2, 1497, declares the same to be revoked, and void so far as it infringes the privileges of Columbus. Nos 12, 13, and 14, are the famous letters patent, granting a pardon to convicts on condition of serving a certain time in the Indies. No. 22 authorises Columbus to distribute (*repartir*) lands among the Spanish settlers. No. 23 is the commission of Adelantado of the Indies, granted to Bartholomew Columbus. No. 31 is a very flattering letter from the king and queen to Columbus, dated Barcelona, March 30, 1493, enjoining him to repair to court immediately, and give them an account of his wonderful discoveries. Nos 33 and 34 are also confidential letters from the king and queen to Columbus, written during his second voyage.

The next set consists of only four documents, Nos 37 to 40 inclusive, which are accompanied by a brief notarial certificate, dated March 22, 1502, of their being correct copies of the originals, and which seem to be supplementary to the first set. No. 37 is an order for the restitution of all the Admiral's property taken from him by Bovadilla, and a declaration of his rights and dues, sent to the Indies by the hands of Carvajal. No. 40 contains the instructions given to Columbus, on his setting sail upon his fourth voyage.

The remaining set, which embraces the three concluding documents, is without any notarial certificate; and indeed requires none, as it consists of papers drawn up by Columbus himself, or in his behalf. Nos 41 and 42 are memorials declaratory of his rights, setting them forth with considerable minuteness. No. 43, being the last, is a letter written by Columbus to the nurse of Prince Don Juan, in 1500, complaining of his grievances, at the time of his return from the Indies, a prisoner of state.

The reader is competent to form an opinion of the importance of these documents, from the description which we have given of their contents. It ought not to be disguised,

'diez ortolanos.' See the duplicate, No. 18, p. 164. The English translation is quite incorrect here, owing to its being the translation of a translation. Thus it renders *escuderos* (gentlemen) 'arquebusiers,' and *grumetes* (ship boys) 'midshipmen.' p. 82.

however, that a portion of them had been published already in different books ; nor that Herrera, and other Spanish writers, appear to have been well acquainted with most, if not all of them, and to have made use of them in the compilation of their histories of America. The manuscript states, that the originals are deposited in the monastery of Santa Maria de las Cuevas, at Seville ; and makes mention of *three* other copies, one written on paper, and two on parchment. Spotorno seems to have imagined, that no other copies of the manuscript were to be found in Italy. But this is a mistake. Mr Edward Everett, in a note to the Oration delivered by him at Plymouth, describes another copy of a portion of these documents, which he procured at Florence. This curious and valuable manuscript, which we have slightly examined and compared with Spotorno's book, is of parchment, written with great elegance, and bears every mark of being from two to three hundred years of age. It begins with Pope Alexander's bull of partition, and then follow the documents, which we have designated above, as the first set in the *Codice Diplomatico*. Another bull of Alexander's, copied on paper by a different hand, is also placed within the covers. Mr Everett's manuscript, so far as it goes, is a much more perfect one than the Oderigo manuscript ; as several passages, which Spotorno was unable to decipher in the latter, are very plain and legible in the former, which, indeed, is in most complete preservation. We hope Mr Everett will favor the public with a more particular account of his manuscript, and note the variations between this, and the printed copy.

ART. VIII.—*A Report on the Expediency of Augmenting the Duties on the Exportation of Gold and Silver, presented to the General Constituent Congress of Mexico, by the Committee of Finance and Mines, August 9, 1824.*

A MORE able public document, or one manifesting a deeper knowledge of the true principles of political economy, has seldom fallen into our hands, than this report to the Mexican Congress, respecting the expediency of imposing duties on

the exportation of gold and silver from that country. It will need but a slight examination to convince any one, that the subject is of immense importance to the Mexican Republic. Before the breaking out of the revolutions in South America, the whole product of the precious metals yearly, in the Spanish colonies and the Brazils, was fortythree millions of dollars, and of this amount about twentythree millions were produced in Mexico. The product of the eastern continent was less than five millions annually, so that one half of the annual supply of the precious metals of the whole globe, was derived from the Mexican mines. It is obvious, that articles produced in such abundance, and commanding so ready a sale as gold and silver, must exercise a wide influence over the commercial prosperity of a country, and are thereby special objects of the fostering attention of the government.

Aware of this fact, the General Congress, which convened immediately after the abdication of Iturbide, took the subject into consideration. Under the old colonial system, the duty on silver required by the Spanish government was eleven and a half per cent. By a previous law of Congress, it had now become reduced to three and a half. Some of the representatives, whose minds were not yet released from the trammels imposed in the days of oppression, thought this duty too low, and were alarmed at the facility with which the precious metals might slide out of the country. They proposed to raise the duty on exportation up to the old standard, and even higher, and thus strengthen the revenue, at the same time they obstructed the channels, through which they feared would escape too easily, what they deemed the most effective branch of the nation's wealth. This is the point discussed in the report under consideration.

It was not surprising, that some of the Mexican representatives, whose means of information must have been slender, and who have had few advantages for studying the improved principles of modern political science, should entertain erroneous views of a subject, which for ages was enveloped in darkness, even to the wisest and quickest minds. Till a comparatively recent date, it has been the faith of individuals and governments, that money, or gold and silver as such, constituted the only true wealth. The richest man was he, who had in his coffers the greatest amount of treasure, or

who possessed such commodities as would immediately command it ; and not he, who could secure for himself and his neighbors the largest stock of comforts, who could supply the wants of the greatest number of persons, by giving them profitable occupation, or who could contribute most to human happiness, by communicating life to the widest compass of human action. Hence the propensity of powerful individuals to grasp and hoard ; hence the abject poverty of the many, and the overgrown possessions of the few ; and hence the absurd laws passed by governments, to put restrictions on the circulation of gold and silver. Cicero says, that in his time, and before, the exportation of the precious metals was prohibited in Rome. The same laws continued to be reenacted, not only during the existence of the Roman empire, but in the different states of Europe, till comparatively modern times. Mr M'Culloch, the distinguished political economist of Edinburgh, mentions it as a curious fact, that when the East India Company was instituted in the year 1600, it obtained permission to export annually a certain quantity of foreign coin or bullion. This privilege was granted, however, only on condition, that within six months after the close of each voyage, the Company should import an amount of gold and silver, equal to that which it had exported. Even this practice of the Company was impugned, by the advocates of the old doctrine, and represented as injurious to the public interest. The maxim was, that all exportation of gold and silver was disadvantageous, that a nation was rich in proportion as it accumulated them, and that to be deprived of any part, even for a short time, was so far an encroachment upon the national wealth. This doctrine the Company did not pretend to controvert ; the advantage of the exportation was argued not from the fact, that what was received in return from India was actually of much greater value in England, than the precious metals sent out, but by attempting to show, that the commodities thus imported were sent to other countries, from which more gold and silver would be received in return, than had been exported to India. By this ingenious solution, the old theory, with all its absurdity, was made to square with a rational practice. This notion led to what were technically called the *mercantile system*, and the theory of the *balance of trade*, in both of which gold

and silver were considered as commodities of a peculiar kind, having an intrinsic value of a nature quite different from that, which attaches to any other articles of commerce.

Nor were the cobwebs of these prejudices entirely brushed away, till the comparatively recent investigations of these subjects produced the new science of political economy, which has developed principles of the utmost utility, and of universal application. The commerce of the civilised world is fast settling down on a broad and permanent basis, and gradually yielding to principles, which will give it a uniform character; industry has its definite motives; and the laws, which regulate human enterprise and action, have been reduced to a science, calculated to promote the best purposes of the social union in an unlimited progression. Some of the older countries have already begun to be richly profited by this science, and it is one of the most encouraging indications of the future prosperity of the southern republics, that their prominent legislators show themselves, by their public acts, to be well acquainted with the results, at which the experience and wisdom of the best regulated governments have arrived.

Among the most enlightened statesmen of the south, may be ranked Mr Lucas Alamán, who has for the last two years been Secretary of State for the Home Department and Foreign Affairs in Mexico. He was born in the city of Guanajuato, the capital of the rich mining district by that name, and is now thirtyfour years old. Till the age of nineteen he lived in his native city, or province, and early imbibed a taste for the sciences, particularly mineralogy. At this age he removed to the city of Mexico, where he devoted himself to his favorite studies, and became distinguished as a mathematician. To obtain a more thorough education, than his native country afforded, he went over to Europe, and after residing for a time in the schools of Madrid, he spent five years in travelling through the different countries of the continent, examining carefully the modes of government, laws, and institutions of each. At the end of seven years' absence he went back to Mexico, in 1820, prepared to take such a part in public transactions, as the exigencies of the time demanded, or as the voice of his countrymen might indicate. He was immediately chosen in the province of Guanajuato, to be one of the Mexican deputies to the Cortes in Madrid,

for which place he and his colleagues speedily took their departure. In the Cortes he was bold, independent, and unwearied in representing and defending the claims of Mexico to the privileges of self government, and the character of a separate nation. The unsuccessful efforts of the Mexican deputies, and the succeeding events in Spain, are well known.

From Madrid, Alaman proceeded to Paris, where he endeavored to form and organise a company for working the mines in Mexico. Failing in this attempt, he revived the project in London, and a company was soon established, under the name of the *United Mexican Mining Association*. To encourage the undertaking, Alaman promised to assume the direction of the Company's concerns in his own country. Operations are already commenced, and thus far the anticipations of the company are fully realised. At the end of the year 1822, he returned to Mexico, just in time to witness the overthrow of Iturbide's mock imperial dynasty; and under the provisional government, which was erected in the March following, consisting of the old congress, and Bravo, Guadalupe Victoria, and Negrete, as the executive, Alaman was appointed secretary for the home department and foreign affairs, which post he has ever since held. His report, at the time of his first appointment, to the old congress then in session, and his report in January last to the congress assembled under the new constitution, are proofs sufficient of his ability to fill with dignity and wisdom the high and responsible office, to which he has been called.

It is a favorite opinion of Alaman, and unquestionably a correct one, that the mining interests are at present of greater importance to Mexico, than any other. In both his reports he has set this subject in a strong light. According to Humboldt, there are three thousand mines in New Spain, from which the precious metals have been extracted. It is remarked, also, of the Mexican mines, that the ore is poor in quality, although abundant in quantity, and hence it must require a great amount of manual labor to work them. The persons employed in the celebrated mine of Valenciana alone were upwards of two thousand. This mass of population devoted to the mines must draw its support from the products of the surrounding country, and thus give an impulse to agriculture, manufactures, and all the mechanic arts useful in the

common purposes of life. Industry will be quickened, and an active, enterprising population increased, in proportion to the demand for the results of different kinds of labor; and, moreover, these same agriculturalists and manufacturers, who supply the wants of the miners, will themselves want articles of foreign growth, which will be paid for by the produce of the mines. In this way a healthful circulation will be kept up through all the veins and arteries of the republic; external commerce, and internal trade, industry, and wealth will flourish together. This truth is confirmed by the present state of the mining districts, which enjoyed a high degree of prosperity, while the mines were worked, even under the restrictions of the old oppressive government, but which have become depopulated and miserable as the mining operations have ceased. In short, the precious metals in Mexico are to be regarded in the same light, as the great staple commodities of other countries, the cotton, tobacco, and flour of the United States, and the coffee and sugar of the West Indies. And such is the aspect in which Alaman, and the enlightened statesmen of Mexico, after conquering old prejudices, now view them, and on this principle the business of mining is beginning to be renewed with vigor, and under auspices that ensure success. By the secretary's last report it appears, that three companies have been formed in England, and one in Germany, for mining operations in Mexico. A large capital is already made effective for the purpose, and the mines of Guanajuato, Valenciana, Del Monte, Rayas, Cata, Sirena, and Catorce, are now in action. The mine of Concepcion has also been drained by a steam engine, and another is set up at Temascaltepec. These machines have fully answered expectation, and, where fuel abounds, may be used to great advantage, but the secretary accounts the introduction of them generally as a question difficult to be solved. In what the difficulty consists he leaves us to conjecture.

But it is time for us to return to the report of the committee on finance and mines, with which we set out. We have given way to these remarks on the labors of Mr Alaman, because we believe him to have been chiefly instrumental in establishing, among his countrymen, the liberal and sound policy, on which the report is founded, and because he has been a zealous promoter of the projects for improving the

mining interest. As above stated, it was proposed in the congress to fix a higher duty than three and a half per cent, on the exportation of silver and gold, and to the expediency of this measure the attention of the committee was called.

Two objects only could be arrived at in imposing such a duty; *first*, an increase of the revenue; and, *secondly*, the retention of a larger amount of the precious metals in the country. The subject is to be examined with reference to each of these particulars.

First, in regard to the revenue, it is important to keep in mind a very definite and obvious principle, which is, that in raising a tax of this nature, the simplest machinery should be put in action, with which the end can be attained. By a fundamental axiom in political economy it will appear, that whatever amount of imports are brought into a country, the same amount of the products of that country in exchangeable value must be sent out. Mercantile intercourse can be kept up only where this equilibrium exists. Since this is the case, the effects of a duty on the price of articles, or the means of the community to pay it, are the same, whether it be wholly levied on imports, or divided between articles imported and those produced in the country to be exported. If a duty of ten per cent be laid on a foreign article, when brought into port, and the article of home production given in exchange for it be allowed to go free, it will be the same thing, in regard to the amount of the revenue, as if five per cent were levied on each. But in tracing the operations attending the collection, we shall find a very essential difference between the two modes. An impost on the articles of home production becomes odious, from its being more immediately felt by the people, and from the means necessarily used in ascertaining and collecting it. Besides, there must be the expense of two sets of officers, one for the internal, and one for the impost, or customhouse duties, and these expenses will diminish the revenue in proportion to their amount. On general principles, therefore, it would seem that a tax on the exportation of gold and silver would be injudicious.

It is moreover to be considered, that coin cannot be exported at all, except in exchange for goods of equal value imported from other countries; but the duties on these goods have already been raised so high, in the various shapes of

tonnage, importation, and inland duties, as to leave but a moderate profit to the importers, at the present price of the precious metals; and if this price were raised ten per cent or more by a duty, as proposed, it would be necessary to reduce the duty on imported goods in the same ratio, or else the regular course of commerce must stop. The value of gold and silver in Mexico must be regulated by their value in other parts of the world, and if, by any forced measures, the price there be raised above this level, no purchasers will appear to take them away. Hence, in the present commercial state of Mexico, such a duty would derange rather than benefit the revenue. The usual commerce could only be carried on, either by reducing the tariff on imported commodities, or by raising the price of them to a level with the new duty on the articles received in exchange. In either case nothing would be gained.

The encouragement to smuggling, and frauds on the revenue, by an excessive duty, are not to be forgotten. This is worthy of particular notice, when we take into view the long habits of colonial commerce under the ancient oppression, and the facilities of sending out of the country, in a secret manner, articles of so little bulk compared with their value, as the precious metals. There is such a thing as raising a tariff, till the revenue disappears; and when such a temptation is held out to a violation of the laws, the loss sustained in the public finances is not the worst evil; the morals of a portion of the community are vitiated, and the exertions of honest merchants are deprived of a just reward by the competition of illegal traffickers.

On grounds like these the committee decided, that it was not expedient to fix a duty on the exportation of gold and silver, with the view of aiding the revenue.

The second branch of the subject, namely, the expediency of a duty for the purpose of retaining the gold and silver in the country, may be considered under various aspects. In examining this topic, the precious metals are to be taken either as coin for circulation, or as a product of the soil to be exchanged as such for other commodities. Silver and gold, in the character of money, are valuable only as a medium of exchange; they cannot be consumed, nor appropriated to gratify, by their own use, any personal want or desire. The

value of money is not determined by its quantity alone, but by this in connexion with the rapidity of its circulation. When trade is dull, or in other words, when exchanges are very few, money is cheap; but when exchanges are quick and numerous, money becomes in demand, and rises in value. If in a given period a thousand dollars will effect a certain number of exchanges, and if at another time five hundred dollars, by a more rapid circulation, will effect double the number of exchanges in the same time, and in the same amount of property, it is obvious that the five hundred dollars in one case will have performed the same service as the thousand in the other. It is obvious, also, that the value of the money will be higher, when it is performing this rate of service, than when it is doing only half as much. Hence money has not a fixed intrinsic value, but one that fluctuates in proportion to the demand for it as a medium of circulation. Suppose there is just money enough in a community to carry on with convenience all the operations of mercantile exchange, and in this state of things, suppose the amount to be increased one half, the quantity of goods and the demand for consumption remaining the same. What will be the consequence? The yard of cloth, that was before sold for a dollar, will now be sold for two, and money will have fallen one half in value; or, if you choose to view it in another light, the value of the cloth will be doubled, so as to produce an equilibrium with the money. But take it which way you will, the community gains nothing by the process. It adds nothing to the wealth of a nation, to have the mass of circulating coin increased twofold, if all the commodities purchased with it are enhanced to a double price; in fact, it is a waste, because money is forced into the useless office of circulation, which might be sold for its full value as a product.

Carry this principle a little farther, and we shall find not only a useless, but a positively injurious effect. By a restrictive duty a larger amount of coin is kept in the country, than is needed for circulation; its abundance diminishes its value, or, in other words, causes the relative price of articles for which it is given in exchange to rise; more money will be given for a commodity than it would command, if coin were suffered to flow into its natural courses, and find its natural level. This state of things will only happen, however,

in the country where the restrictive duty on exportation exists. And when goods are introduced, which have been manufactured in another country, where money is dearer because scarce, and where the goods are cheaper because the cost of production is less, they can be sold to a great advantage over the same kind of goods, manufactured in the country where the restrictive duty operates, because the cost of production is there in proportion to the forced relative value of the coin. Hence such a law would act as a check to manufactures, and make a nation dependent on foreigners for some of the commonest articles of consumption, which its best interests require to be produced by its own resources, capital, and labor.

It is, moreover, greatly for the interest of a country like Mexico, whose mineral treasures are so abundant, to afford all possible facilities for the exportation of coin. Where the production is so great, the natural tendency is to overstock the market, and to give a forced value to the circulating medium, which can only be truly profitable, when it sustains nearly the same relative value to other commodities, that it holds in commercial countries generally. It is important to Mexico, that money should be dear there, and then there will be a quick demand; the imported commodities will be at a low price, and manufactures and numerous branches of industry will flourish, which could not otherwise be sustained, and the wealth and prosperity of the nation will be increased. Such results can only be brought about by opening every channel to a free departure of the surplus coin.

In the last place, if gold and silver be regarded merely as a product of the soil, one of the great staples of the country, the false policy of a duty on exportation will be equally apparent. In this point of view, the working of the mines, or the producing of this staple, becomes a most important branch of industry, which it is the part of a wise government to foster and protect. It has been mentioned above, that although the mines in Mexico are inexhaustible, the ore is not rich, and in most cases yields but a moderate profit to the miner. It follows, that any unnecessary burden upon this species of industry will prevent its being prosecuted, and thus paralyse a large amount of capital, and throw out of employment a numerous class of citizens, who can engage in no other occupation so advantageous to the state; we say none so advan-

tageous, because this staple is more valuable to the state than any other. If the price of gold and silver be reduced by an unnatural increase of quantity, the cost of labor and all the materials requisite for working the mines, such as provisions, quicksilver, iron, and machinery, will be increased in the same ratio. Hence all those mines, which under favorable circumstances would do little more than meet the expense of working, must stop, when the price of silver and gold is reduced, and that of the articles necessary for subsistence and use is raised. If, for example, a thousand pounds of ore yield ten ounces of silver, and these ten ounces of silver be just enough to pay all the charges of production, the mine may be worked without a loss; but if the value of silver fall, by an increased quantity in the market, since the same amount of labor and other materials are requisite to produce the silver as before, and these at a higher price, it is manifest that the mine can no longer be worked; and that a duty, which should end in this result, would be most impolitic and ruinous. The only effectual laws for increasing production, and consequently a profit to the nation, will be those which afford the strongest encouragement to exportation. The great political economist, Ricardo, in his chapter respecting taxes on gold, has some remarks touching this subject, which do not seem to us altogether sound.

To make their views the more easily apprehended, by those members of the Congress not well versed in studies of this nature, the committee illustrate them by referring to the old regulation under the Spanish system. They affirm, that it is the same thing in effect, whether a tax be laid on the precious metals in the hands of the miner, as formerly, or a duty on exportation, which is supposed to be paid by foreigners. If the miner were now obliged to pay a tax of twenty per cent, or give one fifth of all he produces to the government, he would immediately find that he could not pursue his business without ruining himself. But the result would not be varied, although it would come less direct, if the same amount of duty were laid on exportation. The foreigner would pay it, in the first instance, it is true, but he would pay it in goods at a price advanced in proportion to the duty, and these goods the miner must purchase at this advanced price, by giving one fifth more gold for them, than he

would have done, had no duty been laid ; which is just the same to him, as if he had paid one fifth of his gold in a tax, and bought the goods at a proportional price. The same will hold true of all the goods he purchases, whether of domestic or foreign production, because the prices of all will be raised alike. The effect of these principles has already been seen in Mexico. The freedom of commerce now enjoyed, has reduced the price of foreign goods one half below that, which they maintained under the old restrictive system of Spain. The consequence has been a corresponding reduction in the price of home manufactures, notwithstanding the prejudices of the people in favor of their old habits, the impulse of interest, and the exertions of native enterprise to give the goods of home production an ascendancy in the market.

The committee close their report with two observations, in the nature of precautions, in one of which it is hinted, that a constitutional question is involved in the subject.

They state that such a measure, as the one contemplated in the proposed duty on the exportation of the precious metals, would derange the negotiations, which have been instituted in forming companies abroad for working the mines, and by which the fidelity of the government was virtually pledged to ensure as favorable prospects, at least, as those which existed when the engagements were made. The mining companies of Europe, employing in Mexico the capital of Europe, are conferring a great benefit on the nation, and actually providing the means for paying the interest on the loans, which the government has contracted abroad. Thus a mutual interest is growing up between Mexico and the European governments, by reason of the facilities afforded in Mexico for a profitable employment of capital, the consequent stimulus given to industry and enterprise, and the new and intimate commercial relations, that must necessarily be established. But impose this duty, and a check will be given to the companies already formed ; it will prevent others from forming, and create jealousy, and a suspicion of the good faith of the Mexican government, and a distrust of its future wisdom and firmness.

The objection to the duty, on constitutional grounds, arises out of the local situation of the mines. The constitution of

the Mexican Republic provides, as in the United States, that all taxes shall fall as equally as possible on each part of the union. Now the principal mines are situate in a few only of the provinces or states. A tax on silver, therefore, would not be equally borne, but settle most heavily on the states where it is produced. This is deemed unconstitutional. How far this argument deserves consideration we forbear to decide, but presume it should be allowed as much weight at least, as similar arguments in our own congress, where it has never been complained, that the watch towers of the constitution were guarded by drowsy sentinels.

We have thus presented, in as perspicuous a manner as we could, the principles contained in the report of the committee on finance and mines, together with such illustrations and remarks of our own, as have occurred to us in pursuing the subject. The sound policy and just views of the committee must be obvious, and a clearer proof of the wisdom of the Mexican congress could hardly be adduced, than the fact, that this report was unanimously adopted, and no additional duty was laid on the exportation of gold and silver. The committee state explicitly, that in their opinion the nation would be benefited by taking off the existing duty of three and a half per cent, but as this subject was not referred to them, no specific measure to that effect is recommended. This duty will doubtless soon be removed by the same enlightened policy, which has prevented its being increased.

Mr Alaman's last report to the congress shows the Mexican government to be sedulously devoted to the best interests of the nation. Vigilant attention is bestowed in affording all the encouragement, which the present state of the country will possibly admit, to every branch of industry, to the means of education, to agriculture, manufactures, and internal improvements. During the disasters of the revolution, many of the old colleges have been neglected, and have gone to decay, by reason of their revenues being withheld or diverted to other channels. Some of these will be immediately restored, and others established anew. A spirit begins already to prevail, in a few places, which promises good results. In San Luis Potosi there has been a voluntary subscription of fortytwo thousand dollars, for establishing a college; measures are adopting to restore another in Guanaxuato; and in Celaya

one is now in operation, in which scholarships are endowed. Primary schools are formed, and the governments of some of the states are preparing to establish them in all the towns and villages, by passing laws and appropriating funds for the purpose. Schools on the plan of mutual instruction have been successfully established in San Luis Potosi, Guadalajara, Guanajuato, and other places. It is an omen in the highest degree auspicious for the future liberty and prosperity of the southern republics, that their rulers apply themselves with so much zeal in advancing the cause of education. Colombia has set a brilliant example, both by her laws and her practice; and the recent munificence of Bolivar, in aiding the schools of his native city, Caracas, has added a lustre to his name, which can never fade away, even if the glory of his conquests in defence of justice and liberty should perish.

It is a laudable effort, which the Mexican government are making, to restore and preserve all the ancient documents in the archives of the viceroyalties, and also the relics of antiquity now remaining. Several persons are constantly engaged in this work, and the arrangement of some of the branches is already completed in alphabetical order. Mr Alaman relates, that the index alone to the documents pertaining to the branch of tobacco, which have been assorted and arranged, comprises two folio volumes. The branch of excise has an index, which, together with the printed tracts on the subject, extends to eightytwo volumes. The number of documents, which have been transferred to the secretary's office in three branches alone, namely, finance, ecclesiastical benefices, and indulgences, amounts to four thousand five hundred and ninetysix. All these are so arranged, that, by the aid of the index, any document can be immediately found. A curious history of the oppression, folly, and superstition of the old Spanish government in Mexico, will probably be one day drawn from this mass of materials. Many specimens of antiquity are still preserved. A museum to contain the whole is proposed.

Improvements are taking place in the manufactures of Mexico, caused chiefly by the abundant introduction of foreign fabrics, and the necessity of making articles nearly as good, to secure for them a market. Cotton spinning machines, on the plan of those in the United States, have been erected

with entire success. Privileges and monopolies for cotton manufactories have been solicited from congress, but as yet these have not been granted. A paper manufactory is established at San Luis Potosi, and another is erecting in the vicinity of Mexico. At Durango a glass house is in successful operation. Agriculture is pursued with more advantage than formerly ; olive trees, vineyards, silkworms, and coffee are cultivated, and promise to open a wide and profitable field for future industry.

In short, the prospects of Mexico never shone so brightly as at the present moment. A form of government is adopted, which has been the deliberate choice of the people ; internal commotions are quelled ; the arts and the enjoyments of peace are taking place of the distractions, privations, and sufferings of war ; habits conducive to a new and better state of things are rapidly forming ; and the benefits of the change will soon be understood and deeply felt. The government is in the hands of men, whose patriotism and virtue have been tried by a long and bitter experience. Gaudalupe Victoria, and General Bravo, the President and Vice President of Mexico, have been conspicuous actors through the whole revolutionary scenes ; they have always been found on the side of humanity, justice, and liberty ; skilful in war, brave in battle, and true at all times, they have resisted tyranny with equal firmness, whether in the person of a Spanish viceroy, or a self styled emperor ; their ambition has been to see their country independent, enlightened, and happy. With such men as these, aided by the political wisdom of others less known, but not less worthy, the liberties of Mexico are secure. We have fears, that the federative system of government will fail of its purposes, that some of the extremes are but ill qualified to act wisely for themselves, and that the parts in general are too loosely attached to each other to be easily controlled by the head. A temporary experiment of the central system, like that of Colombia, would have been more safe. But whatever intermediate events may occur, the result is certain ; the Mexican people are fully qualified to govern themselves, and they will soon learn to do it in the best way.

ART. IX.—CRITICAL NOTICES.

- 1.—*A Sermon preached to the Church in Brattle Square, in two Parts, July 18, 1824.* By JOHN G. PALFREY, A. M. Pastor of that Church. Published by Request. 8vo. pp. 81.

THE interest of this discourse is not confined to the events commemorated by the preacher, as having been remarkable in the history of the Church in Brattle Square, but is increased by an account of the life and actions of men, who have held important stations in society, and been ornaments to their country. Among the clergymen, successively at the head of that church, have been men not only of the highest theological and literary rank, but who have exercised a wide influence over the political and social concerns of the community. Dr Colman, the first pastor, was a correspondent of bishop Hoadly, Dr Watts, and bishop Kennett; he was the medium through which benefactions to a large amount for Harvard College were received from Holden and Hollis; and he was often employed by the legislature of Massachusetts in drafting letters and addresses on the affairs of the colony. He died in 1747. Mr Palfrey speaks of him in the following manner.

‘Among the worthies of the Massachusetts clergy, we can perhaps select no character, which we may regard with more thorough esteem, than that of Dr Colman; and not much more may be said of any man. If his mind was not of that class, by which great revolutions are produced in the intellectual or social world, it was still one of uncommon comprehensiveness, penetration, wisdom, and activity; and it had been cultivated by an enlarged acquaintance with books and men. His writings, besides giving token to a liberal spirit, a well disciplined understanding, various knowledge, and a warm heart, show, for the period in which they were produced, a remarkable acquaintance with the true beauties of composition. To nature and to opportunity he was probably alike indebted for a manly and winning address. Yet, formed as he was for the admiration of a community like this, by a union of accomplishments separately possessed by very few, he rose above the ambition of being eminent, to the ambition of being useful. With all his powers to impress and attract, he was not a man to be content with the notoriety, which consists in being followed by the tasteful, and applauded by the talkative. Like every other man, who thinks it better to be serviceable than to be flattered, he gave himself much to occupations, of which fame takes no cognisance. He was industrious, as every man needs to be, who would make

himself felt while he lives, and remembered when he dies. He possessed a truly kind heart, as is shown by his generous treatment of Mather, a man, whose character, intellectual and moral, has been sometimes astonishingly overrated; by his constant affection for his colleague, whose views were sometimes different from his own, and who was not a person very easy to differ from without estranging; and by the truly parental attachment, which, after his colleague's death, he transferred to his son. He was a man of liberal public spirit, and of active and enlarged benevolence. The poor of his charge always found in him a brotherly attention to their wants. The town was his debtor for improvements, which he hazarded his popularity to effect. The College, besides owing, in a great part, to his influence the brilliant presidency of Leverett, and the bounty of the Hollises and Holdens, was indebted to him through a course of years for various services, not more honorable and important than laborious. He was animated by the distinguishing spirit of Christian philanthropy, and desired to do extensive good to the souls of men. It was at his instance, that this Church, and others of the town, voted to make a contribution, twice in each year, to form what was called an *Evangelical Treasury*, devoted to the extension of the knowledge and influence of religion. He was a man, finally, of true piety, proved in a series of domestic trials, some of a kind the hardest to be borne; in the zealous services of a successful ministry, and by the uniform tenor of a sober, righteous, and godly life.' pp. 11—13.

For many years William Cooper was colleague with Dr Colman, and they were both succeeded by Samuel Cooper, so much distinguished for the active part he took in the early scenes of the Revolution.

'The ministry of Samuel Cooper,' says Mr Palfrey, 'had but just begun, when he lost the friendship and counsel of his and his father's venerable associate. He was a young man of great promise, which his subsequent life in no degree discredited. He had been known to the society from his childhood. He had had the advantage of the prayers, instructions, and example of a most pious and watchful parent. He had come from college with a blameless character and a high literary reputation, and he had inherited his father's place in the heart of the venerable shepherd of the flock. He had not begun to preach, when the society turned their attention to a supply of the vacant office; but partly, as it seems, through the influence of Dr Colman, he was invited to officiate here as soon as his studies should be completed. December 31, 1744, he was elected colleague pastor; and having made a request similar to his father's on the like occasion, was ordained, and entered on the active duties of his cure in the second following year, May 21, 1746.

'The life of Dr Cooper was one of various and conspicuous usefulness. His education, from the first, had been a suitable preparation for eminence; nor were his advantages wasted on an unpromising subject. Nature had marked him out for a leading man. Acuteness, vivacity, versatility, decision, and the capacity of severe application, were prominent characteristics of his mind. In addition to a person uncommonly dignified and engaging, and a most melodious voice, he possessed in remarkable perfection what seemed a natural fluency and grace, and he had cultivated the arts of writing and speaking with laborious assiduity. If not enjoying the reputation of being extensively learned, he was, however, familiar with the best writers, and was always found in possession of the information which the exigency required. To less uncommon endowments, he joined an address, and what is called a *talent for affairs*, which, if he had not been the leading divine, would perhaps have distinguished him as the most accomplished gentleman and adroit statesman of his country and time. He filled the clerical office at a period, when it had not ceased to be understood to give the right and opportunity to exert an important influence in public affairs; and in the revolutionary movements of this quarter, he had an agency scarcely second to any man's. He was the confidential friend of Adams, Hancock, and other leading spirits of the time. It was to him that the famous letters of Hutchinson were transmitted, which kindled such a flame against the English ministry and their government here; and among the writings, which alternately stimulated and checked the public mind in that season of stormy excitement, there were perhaps none of greater efficiency than those of Dr Cooper. If other hands launched the lightning, his guided the cloud.

'But it is chiefly of his ministerial character that I ought here to speak. With such gifts as those of Dr Cooper, it was impossible that a good man should not be eminently useful in his chosen and peculiar sphere of labor. Unhappily the Church records do not furnish materials for estimating the success of his ministry, having been almost entirely neglected by him in the midst of his various cares. It is certain, however, that his preaching was attended with as great interest, to say the least, as that of any of his contemporaries; and that his society was numerous, and comprehended a large number of distinguished citizens. His published sermons,—methodical, elaborate, animated, and impressive,—would certainly be ranked, in this better day of pulpit eloquence, as productions of unusual merit. It has perhaps been sometimes taken for granted, by persons not particularly acquainted with his habits, that the active part, which he took in political concerns, must have interfered with the punctual discharge of his pastoral duties. But of

this, no doubt, his parishioners were best able to judge; and I do not find that such an impression concerning him exists in the minds of the small remnant of them, who survive. On the contrary, I find strong traces of the respect and affection, with which his parochial services inspired them; and, while his name appears to the public view prominent upon the records of patriotism, in the memory of his religious associates it is embalmed no less in the odour of sanctity.

‘Dr Cooper, like his predecessors, died suddenly; December 29, 1783.’ pp. 15—17.

Dr Cooper was succeeded by Mr Thacher, whose character and high qualifications for his office are thus described by the author.

‘With a view to fill the office vacated by the death of Dr Cooper, the attention of the society was turned to Rev. Mr Thacher, of Malden. The preference created by Mr Thacher’s established professional reputation and peculiar eloquence, might not improbably be strengthened by regard to the earnest part he had taken in the late revolutionary struggle, and possibly, even, by partiality for a name, than which there is none more illustrious in the annals of the New England ministry. Mr Thacher had no sooner been introduced to the sacred office at Malden, which was so early as his nineteenth year, than he acquired a popularity so great, that it is recorded of him, that “no young man ever preached to such crowded assemblies.” From his childhood he had devoted himself to the ministry of religion; and his whole mind, as it was expanded, had formed itself to this work. To rapid and clear conceptions, a temper equally affectionate and frank, a lively imagination, and a nice sensibility, he added the recommendations of a commanding presence, and a voice of extraordinary melody and compass. His preaching was direct, practical, and earnest; and, like each of his predecessors in this place, he is represented to have possessed, in singular excellence, the gift of prayer. “Whitefield called him the young Elijah.” His fame had been extended by the circulation of some sermons, and a few other occasional works, which he had published; but he is said to have owed his remarkable popularity not more to his evident piety and zeal, and the power of his mind and style, than to the graces of a most captivating elocution.’ pp. 18, 19.

Next in the succession of pastors of Brattle Square was Mr Buckminster, whose short life left so bright a page in the history of genius, letters, and religion; whose memory still dwells with a cherished freshness in the minds of many, that knew him while living; and whose name will remain an enduring star of glory, while virtue and intellect command the homage of men. Mr Palfrey recounts with feeling and eloquence the rare traits in the

character of this highly gifted scholar and christian. We have room for a short extract only.

‘Dr Thacher died, December 16, 1802, at Savannah in Georgia, whither he had gone in ineffectual search of relief from a lingering pulmonary consumption. His successor was the late Mr Buckminster, who was ordained January 30, 1805, and died suddenly, June 9, 1812. In the sentiments of love and veneration, with which his memory is cherished, I can more entirely sympathise. Of other wise and good men, who have ministered in this place, I have only read and been informed. Him I have heard and known; and who, that has heard him, has not thenceforward found religion invested in his mind with a beauty unknown before? He was in truth a singularly gifted man; of a judgment discriminating, independent, and exact; of a fancy profuse of images of the grand and lovely; of a various and accurate learning; of a sensibility keenly alive to the importance of truth, and the dangers and obligations of men; of a pure and fervid zeal; of a truly heavenly spirit. He was formed to interest men in religion; to win them and attach them to it. No one could look on his intellectual beauty,—no one could hear the softest tone of his rich voice,—without loving the spirit that dwelt in the expression of them both. He spoke to solemnise the levity of the young, and inform the wisdom of age; to shake the sinner’s purpose, and bind up in the softest balm of consolation the wounds of the Christian’s heart. Those of us, who have heard him, with a force and feeling all his own, plead the claims of our religion, describe its value, and disclose its hopes, may not expect, while we live, to witness anything approaching nearer to what we imagine of a prophet’s or an angel’s inspiration. He was one of those, who seem appointed to the high and needful office of conciliating to religion the minds of intellectual and tasteful men. God does not abandon them in the mazes of their reasoning pride, nor leave them to lay the flattering unction to their souls, that ignorance is the parent of devotion; but, from time to time, prepares for them splendid proof, such as this was, that

“Piety hath found
Friends in the friends of learning, and true pray’r
Hath flow’d from lips wet with Castalian dews.”

Such a combination as is presented in the character of a man, eminent at once in Christian graces and in human accomplishments, has a vast efficacy to make religion understood and prized. Religion sanctifies the latter, and shows their proper uses; and, in turn, is itself nobly recommended, by being exhibited in this imposing and attractive union.’ pp. 20, 21.

Mr Palfrey has added much to the value of his discourse by the large body of notes, which he has collected with great industry and

discrimination, and published as an appendix. These contain historical illustrations of many points, which could only be slightly mentioned in a general discourse. Among other things is a long and beautiful extract from the manuscript of President Kirkland's sermon, preached at the funeral of Mr Buckminster, for which Mr Palfrey acknowledges himself indebted to the kindness of the author. For our own benefit, and that of the public, we should be glad if other and more copious treasures could in some way be drawn from the same rich storehouse.

2.—*A History of the Political and Military Events of the late War between the United States and Great Britain.* By SAMUEL PERKINS, Esq. 8vo. pp. 512. S. Converse. New Haven.

THE time has hardly arrived, when a philosophical and impartial history of the late war can be written. Although the waves of party feeling have subsided, which ran so high and turbulent amidst the events of that period, yet their influence still lingers in most minds, which are as yet sufficiently mature for composing a history. The long cherished excitement, which preceded and accompanied the war, imparted a deep tinge to the political atmosphere of the country, from which few persons at this day can be supposed to be free. Mr Perkins, however, pretends not to write a philosophical history, but only to present a narrative of facts; and in this point of view, his book is a better arranged and more convenient manual, for speedy reference to all the important incidents relating to the last war, than any we have seen.

The author takes up the subject *de novo*, and goes back to the origin of the doctrine, introduced by England into the law of nations in 1756, in regard to the commerce of neutrals with the colonies of belligerents, namely, 'that no other trade should be allowed to neutrals, with the colonies of a belligerent in time of war, than what is allowed by the parent state in time of peace.' He justly dates the commencement of the difficulties, which grew up into the late war, in the promulgation of this arbitrary law. It gave rise to the ridiculous notion of paper blockades, unjust prohibitory decrees, and the odious practice of impressment on board neutral vessels. In short, the retaliatory regulations adopted by England and France during the last continental war, the orders in council of the one, and the Berlin and Milan decrees of the other, showed an unprincipled disregard of the rights of neutrals, and of the acknowledged and sacred laws of nations, which, if persevered in, would speedily dissolve the relations of civilised society, and bring upon the world

a new age of barbarism. The method pursued by the author is first to recount some of the causes and events, which induced the war. He then proceeds to give a brief outline of the debates in Congress on the subject, the views of the two parties, and the constitutional questions that came up for discussion. The main body of the work follows, in which all the important incidents of the war are narrated in a style and manner sufficiently perspicuous. The whole is closed with an account of the circumstances, which led to the negotiation for peace, the Russian emperor's offer of mediation and its failure, the meeting of the American and British commissioners, the topics of discussion between them, and the final result of peace.

The general execution of the author's task may be commended; his method and the divisions of his subjects are excellent; and his style is, as it should be in a work of this sort, clear and expressive, and never encumbered with affected, or ambitious ornament. But we have faults to complain of. He is not choice in his use of words. We have *progressing* and *grade*. It is true our Congress and executive cabinet have almost rendered these words national, as well as *locate*, and *sectional*. But literary men should be the last to yield to innovations of this sort, arising more from ignorance than necessity. Another fault is an extreme negligence in omitting marks of quotation, and thus making the reader think he is enlightened by Mr Perkins's ingenious reasonings, or profound discussions, when in fact he has been listening to an extract from a public document, or official report, or a speech in Congress. This fault may be the printer's, but from whatever quarter it comes, it is without excuse. We do not in all cases commend the author's judgment in the selection of his materials. For instance, the muster roll of the Macedonian; the private letter of Commodore Bainbridge about the sailors' prize money, and about one sailor's 'marrying his Poll,' and another's 'sending his little Jack to school;' and the letter of the ladies of Chillicothe with a sword to the 'youthful soldier' of Sandusky, and the 'youthful soldier's' reply; these are not matters of grave history. Let the facts be stated if necessary, but the details are trifling and inappropriate. The circumstantial account of the trial of General Hull is singularly out of place. History required only the results; and more especially at this time, when, from the recent investigations of the subject, the public seems entirely convinced, that whatever mistakes of judgment General Hull may have committed, and whatever censure these deserved in an officer with his responsibility, yet the course pursued towards him was precipitate and rash in the extreme, founded on an imperfect view of the whole case, and conducted under circumstances peculiarly aggravating to the accused. General Hull was a brave and meritorious officer throughout the whole Revolution; he was

the intimate friend of Washington, and no lisp was ever heard, that he did not do his duty as a soldier and a patriot. Is the page of history to be blackened by a disgraceful censure on such a man, because in an evil hour he took charge of an expedition, the ultimate failure of which no human sagacity, or wisdom, or courage could have prevented? Are the services of a life to be blotted out by the mistakes of a day, or is the fair fame of a hero of the Revolution to be sacrificed forever to screen the faults of those, whose negligence or want of foresight contributed, as much as anything, to the disasters into which he fell? We are no apologists for the indiscretion, or the errors of General Hull; he may have committed these like other men; but we protest, and every American at this day ought to protest, against having this transaction recorded as a part of our history, unaccompanied with that strong disapprobation, which the justice of the case imperiously demands.

3.—*Mercantile Penmanship reduced to a regular System of Chirographic Drawing, the Letters classed according to Similarity and Simplicity, and elementary Words ranged upon the perpendicular Column.* By ALLISON WRIFORD. New York. 1824.

IF the value of an art may be allowed to bear any proportion to the extent of its use, few can claim a higher rank than that of Chirography. It has been called the 'soul of commerce, the picture of the past, the regulator of the future, and the messenger of thought.' Since this art is so universal, and comes so perpetually before the eyes of all classes of society, why should not a beautiful hand writing be deemed among the most desirable accomplishments in a finished education? To write legibly is necessary, but taste, elegance, and beauty of execution seem to be much less sought after in this, than in many of the sister arts, where the utility is much less, and where skill deserves not higher commendation. It is somewhere said, that a beautiful specimen of penmanship is 'a speaking picture;' and like other pictures it will gratify the eye, and add to the sum of refined enjoyment, in exact proportion to the degree of perfection with which it is executed. To copy the objects of nature on canvass is no doubt a useful and elegant exercise of the imagination and judgment, but the taste is hardly more improved by it, or the faculties better disciplined, than in forming with grace and ease, as the fancy may dictate, those lines of speaking beauty and meaning, which tell of thoughts never to be uttered by the mute voice of nature, or shadowed forth by its most varied images.

To those, who have marked the progress of improvement for the last twenty years in the art of teaching, the labors of Mr Wrifford are not unknown ; and such persons will duly estimate the value and importance of the work, whose title is placed at the head of these remarks. By the most unremitting exertions, the author has successfully combated the obstinate prejudices in favor of the old methods of teaching Chirography, and introduced one founded on scientific principles, the only means by which certain success can be reasonably expected.

He introduces his subject by a preface, in which are imbodyed many valuable observations, the result of his own experience. We fully concur with him, that 'the nature and true character of Chirography, or writing, has been overlooked, and the application of systematic principle and mode of instruction in its practical attainment, has been disregarded by the ingenious and scientific for ages. Our predecessors have, from time out of memory, and down to the present day, viewed and taught writing as an act to be acquired by the "mere dint of practice;" and governed by these delusive impressions, they have caused *large and small text* hand to be taught in schools, and to be written year after year by the same scholar, in the vain hope, that this course of practice, which was, and is pursued without motive or definite direction, would eventually, some how or other, lead to a useful style for common buisness.' These views are just. The light of science should be resorted to in all cases, where it can be effectually applied. Method and system are essential to rapid attainment and permanent impression ; and from Mr Wrifford's thorough investigation of the elements and practical details of his favorite art, it cannot be denied, that he has developed principles, formed combinations, and deduced results, which greatly facilitate the means of acquiring a ready and beautiful hand writing.

This is an art, which, of course, cannot be reduced to positive rules, because these rules, although founded on science, must be modified by principles of taste, upon which no two persons will perfectly agree ; but as far as any system can be made a general standard, we should suppose that Mr Wrifford's experience, judgment, and good taste as a chirographer, better entitle his practical system to hold this rank, than any other with which we are acquainted. The work does not want 'the testimony of hundreds of the most distinguished citizens of America, who have examined the merits of the plan, and tested [?] its efficacy by experience in their own families.' To this testimony we cheerfully add that of our own observation, having witnessed instances in which quite adult pupils, under Mr Wrifford's management, have improved with a rapidity approaching the marvellous. This success, however, is probably owing as much to the skill of the teacher, as to the excel-

lence of the system. Mr Wrifford, by long habit, and perhaps a peculiar original aptitude, seems to possess that happy secret in all successful instruction, of seizing those moments, when the attention of the pupils can be caught and effectively operated upon.

Our limited space will not allow us to enter into a general detail of the interesting particulars, relating to the author's method of instruction; nor could we, if so disposed, lay before the reader anything like a just view to be derived from inspecting the method, as taught under his own direction. The style of his composition is peculiar, sometimes eccentric, and not always in good taste, yet these defects can detract nothing from the merit of his system, nor from his reputation, as an excellent, successful, and thoroughly practised teacher of Chirography. The elegance and beauty of the drawings, which accompany the work, afford complete proof, that he has spared neither pains nor expense to render it the most finished of the kind, which has come before the public.

4.—*A Summary View of America, comprising a Description of the Face of the Country, and of several of the principal Cities; and Remarks on the social, moral, and political Character of the People; being the Result of Observations and Inquiries during a Journey in the United States.* By AN ENGLISHMAN. 8vo. pp. 503. London. 1824.

So much abuse and folly have been published in England, in books purporting to be travels in the United States, and so much ignorance and stupidity, as well as unfairness, have been palmed upon the public in the works of this description, that all interest for them seems to have died away, even with the most inquisitive and reading part of the community. It is mainly on this consideration of the subject, that we can account for the fact of the 'Summary View' not having been published in this country, although it issued from the press more than a year and a half ago in England, and is on the whole written with as much candor, as any person could be supposed to have towards a foreign country, and evidently contains the results of close observation, and no small degree of knowledge. To those, who judge only from experience of the past, this will be thought to be saying a great deal in favor of an English traveller in America, but as great an anomaly as it may seem, we nevertheless think, that this meed of approbation is at least due to the 'Englishman,' who has favored us with the volume under notice. And we will add, moreover, that, in spite of his prejudices, which it sometimes costs him a hard struggle to keep down, he writes with as good a spirit, and with as open a disposition to learn the reality, and report it fairly, as any American could reasonably desire.

The author tells some truths not the most flattering to our self prepossessions, nor grateful to an American ear, but it is our duty to listen to them with patience, and to profit by such as it gives us no pleasure to hear. His remarks are now and then tinged with a spice of *cockneyism*, and he sometimes has a gossiping way of relating incidents, which detract somewhat from the dignity of his work, but when these are accompanied with a good temper, and a philosophical resolution not to be biassed by appearances, nor to draw hasty conclusions, we can easily endure them. It may be safely believed, that the author had it not in his thoughts to make any false impressions, in regard to America, or to indulge a vein of humor or sarcasm at the expense of the people, whose manners and character he aims to describe.

The following topics, among others, constitute the heads of his chapters, namely ; face of the country ; conveniences of travelling ; men ; women ; domestic life ; spirit of conversation ; patriotism ; hospitality ; politeness ; religion ; slavery ; colonisation society ; English language ; oratory ; literature ; government ; political parties ; law and jurisprudence ; manufactures ; fine arts ; morals ; national character. Now it is quite evident, that several of these subjects are such, as no foreigner, who had resided but a few months in the country, could be qualified to discuss with any fulness or pertinency. In remarking upon them, therefore, it is not surprising, that our traveller should frequently say little to the purpose, and enter into speculations betraying at the same time his ignorance and his indiscretion. What, for instance, could he be supposed to know of our literature, government, political parties, jurisprudence, and national character ? These things are not to be learnt in a month or a year. The author shows, that he has been industrious in collecting as many facts pertaining to them, as his limited means would allow ; and that he aims to represent these in a fair and proper light, according to the best of his knowledge ; but after all, his important facts are exceedingly scanty, and his notions crude. It could not be otherwise. The chapters on slavery and the slave trade exhibit little else, than a total ignorance of the origin and history of our political and civil institutions, and the credulity, benevolence, and amiable zeal of the author. His hatred of slavery is just, but misapplied ; his visions are bright, but airy as the dreams of an enthusiast, or the mists of an autumnal morning. He talks of our literature without reason or discrimination, selecting books for his criticism, of which no American ever heard, and sometimes passing judgment with a pertness, which no wise man of any nation would approve. He was much scandalised at the violation of syntax, and otherwise faulty style of the Annual Report of one of the New York Charity Schools, and a publication of the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture. Some writer in

the Reports of the Colonisation Society amused him with the loftiness of his flights. From these sources he draws the first elements of his opinion of our national literature. He then goes on to examine books, and of Mr Jefferson's Notes on Virginia he confesses, that, 'exclusive of the bigotry and prejudice conspicuous in it, the performance is creditable to him.' How indulgent a critic ! The Life of Franklin 'exceedingly interests us,' but we hear nothing of his powerful works on politics, civic economy, and philosophy ; these it may be presumed our worthy Englishman had not found time to read. But what surprises us most is, that our country is famous for its travellers in Africa and Asia. 'Now and then,' says the critic, 'some one makes an exploratory journey into Africa and Asia ; yet how little have they contributed to cosmography.' How little indeed ! Not a single cosmographer, we believe, adorns with his presence any part of the United States, whose renown can justly be claimed as a nation's boast, unless it be he of the west, whose struggles have been to get at the centre, rather than to roam on the surface of the earth. We must lament our ignorance, at never having heard of any of these 'exploratory journeys' into Asia and Africa by our countrymen. Since the days of the ill fated Ledyard, we know not the American, who has turned his face to the perilous enterprise of exploring Africa, unless it be the shipwrecked, renegade sailor, known by the name of Robert Adams, who called himself an American, and who had the address to deceive a whole bench of lords and gentlemen in London, and induce them to publish in a spacious quarto, under the sanction of their names, a fabricated narrative of a journey to Timbuctoo. This fabrication is not a sin for which our literature is accountable. But we have not time to follow the author through his chapter on American literature. He tells us, that, while he was in this country, he wrote for some journal a review of 'an octavo volume published at Boston,' but he had 'forgotten both the author's name and the title of the book.' We may have been precipitate in speaking with so little respect of the opinions of a professed reviewer, but still our judgment must be, that he has meddled with a subject, with which he was very little acquainted, and that it requires all his good nature to redeem the blunders, into which by his critical propensity he has been unwittingly drawn.

The author encountered some marvellous incidents in America, but not more, perhaps, than usually occur to travellers as enterprising as himself. He was quite shocked to hear certain New Yorkers pretend in conversation, that their city would in a century become the rival of London, and affirms that such a thing is 'only to be mentioned to show its absurdity.' It has been rumored at home, to be sure, that the New Yorkers are beginning to assume consequence to themselves in anticipation of their future greatness,

which is to grow out of the length of the grand Canal, and other advantages pertaining to the great commercial emporium of the western world, but we have not till now been informed of their habit of besieging foreigners on this account, till they deserved the charge of absurdity. The writer also makes the discovery, that 'no city in America is under more mob influence than New York;' and he puts in a feeling protest against the savage custom of 'using pigs for scavengers,' a practice, he adds, 'of which many of the inhabitants are ashamed.' It is a pity, that the New Yorkers should be ashamed of their own customs, and we leave the matter for them to consider and digest, subjoining only the further declaration of our traveller, who speaks authoritatively on the subject, that 'pigs ought not to be allowed to be kept even in a yard within the boundary of a city.' Such New Yorkers, as would be further informed, must consult the volume itself.

In our good city of Boston the author resided but a short time, and pays us only a passing tribute. He ascended the dome of the State House, and says the view from it is the finest in America. Next to this in extent and beauty, he considers the view from the Washington monument in Baltimore. For the edification of those, whom it may concern, we give, in his own words, an account of the chief event, which happened to him in our city.

'I was present,' says he, 'at a meeting of the Debating Society of Boston, when a question was proposed for discussion on the policy of prohibiting usury. The first speaker was a short, jolly man, who seemed much more likely to please a dinner party by acting as their chairman, than to throw light on an abstract question. He began with diffidence; a good symptom; but after blundering through his speech, bewildering himself and his auditory, he concluded with no more confidence than he manifested at the commencement. The second speaker was quite as obscure, though with rather more assurance. The third, with some appearance of method in the handling of his subject, and with the air of a man, who is to bear down all opposition, floundered in the mud of his own spreading, till he had tired himself, and blinded those about him. The chairman was about to put the question, when a gentleman suggested that if the debate were adjourned, some further light would be thrown on it at another meeting. Some one might have told him, that there had been "no light, but rather darkness visible." The motion for adjournment was carried, and the meeting dispersed, having, as I thought, shown a most exemplary patience.'

The author met with occasional troubles and inconveniences of a personal nature, in the course of his travels, as well as moving testimonies of the negligent habits of Americans, which ought not to pass unnoticed. 'Let me mention,' he says, 'that I went into a draper's shop at Fredericksburgh, in Virginia, to purchase a night-

cap, but no such thing was to be had. I tried a second, and was told that no dealer in the town kept nightcaps, as the people did not use them. At Richmond I obtained one.' To the credit of Virginia let it be spoken, that it has one town in which nightcaps are both used and sold. This affair of the nightcap brings to mind, by the laws of association we presume, another passage in that part of the author's work, in which he is treating of national character. He is complaining of the 'want of exactness in the domestic and other common transactions of life;' and here, we are sorry to say, he is alluding particularly to the ladies of these United States. 'This want of exactness,' he observes, 'is obvious in the deportment of female servants, whom I have seen, when not actually engaged in waiting on the company, leaning on their elbows near the door or window. Now it is evident, that their mistresses would teach them to adopt a more becoming attitude, if they themselves did not share in the prevalent carelessness. I am inclined to ascribe the custom of female servants not wearing caps to the same disposition. What can be said in excuse for their mistresses, who might surely persuade them to adopt a dress less disgusting, than that of heads of hair loose and dirty like mops? After they have finished their work, they are it is true sufficiently neat; but how is it possible to keep their hair in order without caps when engaged in it?' Ah, indeed, how is it possible? This question we must leave to the American ladies to answer; desiring them, however, not to indulge any unkindly feelings towards the traveller for these gentle hints, as in numerous instances he has bestowed upon them a full measure of compliments for their remarkable qualities, and a profusion of thanks and expressions of gratitude for their civil and hospitable attentions to him.

In short, we are in sober earnest prepared to say, that the American must be hard to please, who can find it in his heart to censure the prevailing tone and spirit of this work. The author undertakes too much, and falls greatly short of his aims; had he confined himself to a narrower compass, and talked only of what he knew, he would have been more wise, and doubtless committed fewer mistakes. As it is, his volume is in all respects superior to three quarters of the books of travels written by Englishmen, which have been republished in this country. Why this has been suffered to pass by we know not, except from the cause suggested at the beginning of these remarks. It will do Americans no harm to hear their foibles, their national prejudices and follies exposed, by intelligent and candid foreigners; this will be one way of convincing us, that we are not the most enlightened people on earth, as it is said we boast of being; especially can we endure these things, when we have the privilege of laughing as much as we please at the ignorance, presumption, and self importance too often displayed

by the writers, who undertake to reveal our faults, and become the censors of our manners. Indignation must sometimes be excited by downright stupidity and impudence, but for the most part the effusions, which have gone out from the English press respecting America, have been worthy of little else than neglect for their worthlessness, or contempt for their vulgarity and falsehood.

We trust a better era is approaching; and, indeed, it may be reckoned as an encouraging symptom of the commencement of such an era, that American literature, such as it is, begins to be better understood than formerly in England. Many of our popular works are now reprinted and circulated in that country. Mr John Miller, publisher and bookseller in New Bridge Street, London, has recently brought out English editions of the 'Pilot,' 'Redwood,' 'Lionel Lincoln,' 'Poinsett's Mexico,' 'John Bull in America,' 'Percival's Poems,' and that interesting little tale, the 'Travellers,' by the author of Redwood. These we understand have all met with such success, as to be satisfactory to the publisher. Mr Miller deserves the commendation of our countrymen, for the strong interest he has taken in making our literature known to the British public. He has established a library, which he calls the 'American Library,' and in which he endeavors to collect all the valuable American publications of the day, and such books of anterior date as he can obtain. It will be doing a service to the literature of the country, if authors and publishers will keep this institution in mind, and send new works to Mr Miller, to be deposited in his library and open to the inspection of reading persons in London. The merits of many performances will thus become known there, which may be thought adapted to publication in that country, but which might otherwise never come to the knowledge of a London publisher. We may here add, that the circulation of our own Journal in England has increased much more of late, than at any former period. This is a slight proof, we flatter ourselves, that the edge of prejudice is wearing off. In France our book has the honor of being inserted on the proscribed list; and it is seized at the customhouse, whenever a straggling copy seeks hospitality in the dominions of his newly crowned majesty, Charles the Tenth. But we have the consolation of seeing its name in good company there, and as we do not write for the edification of kings, nor the slaves of kings, we shall not repine at this mark of disapprobation, with which our labors are branded by those, who fear the contagion of liberty and truth.



- 5.—*An Address delivered at the Opening of the Tenth Exhibition of the American Academy of the Fine Arts.* By GULIAN C. VERPLANCK. New York. 1825. Second Edition.
- 6.—*An Address delivered at the Opening of the Eleventh Exhibition of the American Academy of the Fine Arts, May 10th, 1825.* By WILLIAM BEACH LAWRENCE. New York. 1825.

WE cannot take notice of these performances without a deep feeling of mortification for our own city. We have been too much accustomed to believe, that our fellow citizens were prompt to perceive, and quick to promote any object of general utility, patiently to see them so outstripped as they have been in the cultivation of the arts, which embellish human life and elevate the human character. In Philadelphia and New York academies have been for several years established, which have contributed in no mean degree to the improvement of the public taste, and which afford ground for the best hopes for the advancement of the arts of design; while we have as yet taken no steps for the general diffusion of knowledge and correct taste, upon so important a branch of intellectual cultivation and national refinement. This appears to us the more remarkable, as it can hardly be doubted, we conceive, that there exist in this city abundant materials, as well of specimens to form a valuable collection, as of talent to increase and taste to enjoy them. The use of the means we already possess, would do much towards multiplying them, and we wish that those, whose taste is sufficiently cultivated to perceive and ridicule our deficiencies and faults, could be persuaded to use some effort to diffuse that skill, of the want of which they complain. A very slight effort only would be necessary, and it would be well rewarded.

It should be remembered too, that no moment can be so favorable as the present. We have among us artists, whose fine talents are acknowledged wherever they are known, whose genius ought to be encouraged by every appropriate reward, and whose future enduring fame will be rather a disgrace than an honor to us, if they are left to struggle with neglect. We are beginning to think it necessary to erect monuments to commemorate the great events of our history; and our public buildings are now constructed with more regard to durability than formerly. It will be a subject of regret, therefore, to many generations, if every effort be not now made to improve in purity of style, as much as in strength of structure. If a young man of talent determines to devote himself to the study of almost any department of the fine arts, the first thing he has to do

is to exile himself from his home, that he may have some means of education at his command. These means might to a considerable extent be easily furnished here ; artists might at least be enabled to begin their course aright, and it would be no difficult matter to induce them to return from the studies, which it would still be necessary to pursue abroad, and thus render themselves as truly American in their works as in their birth.

These are some of the reasons for beginning an establishment for the promotion of the fine arts among us, and if there be any reason against it, we profess ourselves ignorant of it. There is enough of wealth, leisure, talent, and cultivation ; it will be honorable to do it, and disgraceful longer to neglect it ; we hope, therefore, soon to have occasion to exercise our critical talents upon addresses delivered before a Boston Academy. We should esteem it no slight advantage of such an establishment, if every year were to produce among us an address as agreeably written, and as full of correct principles of taste as that of Mr Verplanck. We wish we had room for much comment and quotation, but we must content ourselves with extracting the following eloquent passages.

‘Pleasing and elevating as is the study of the elegant arts, considered simply as an exercise of skill and taste, it is besides capable of producing other and more admirable results. Its immediate effect is to direct the attention more closely to the truth of nature. It next leads on its real votaries, from the pleasure derived from the mechanical imitation of nature’s ordinary appearances, to the deeper delight afforded by the selection of whatever is grand or graceful in her forms, powerful or lovely in her expression. Then it is that new susceptibilities to some of the purest and most exquisite of mental pleasures awaken gradually in the breast, and we become conscious of sentiments and powers before dormant and unknown. We no longer gaze around with that gross, material sense, to which nought but material objects can be present and visible. A keener mental sight opens within. To the eye of sense, the whole earth may be cold and blank ; while to the eye of cultivated imagination, every part of creation beams with rays of light, and glory, and beauty.

‘In such moments—for alas ! they are only moments—the world loses its hold, base cares and bad passions flit away, and the mind, though not redeemed from the thralldom of vice or the burden of sorrow, is for a time calmed and purified.’

‘It is true that the Arts have been at times the inmates of corrupt and despotic courts, the flatterers of tyranny, the panders of vice. But the alliance is not necessary,—it is not natural. If the fertile and spirited pencil of some of the ablest masters of the elder French school, wasted its powers in allegorical adulations of a

despot and a bigot,—if the higher genius of Italy could sometimes stoop to yet baser prostitution, let us remember that such is the condition of man. Every acquirement may be abused, all talent may be profaned. Poetry, science, history, have each in their turn been bent to serve some bad use. Boileau is the most abject of flatterers, Dryden panders to the profligacy of a licentious court, Laplace is the advocate of a blind and mechanical atheism, Hume lends his matchless acuteness and the never tiring fascination of his style, to cheerless skepticism, and to cold blooded defamation of the champions and the cause of liberty and conscience! What then? Is ignorance therefore necessary to virtue or to freedom? Is the cultivation of the imagination, the taste, and the reason,—of all those faculties, which distinguish man from his fellow animals, unfriendly to the improvement of the moral powers? Believe it not. Patriot, moralist, christian, think not so meanly of your sacred cause,—wrong it not by unworthy suspicions.'

The address of Mr Lawrence bears marks of being the work of a man less used to the toilsome effort of literary composition, less accustomed to the still severer task of thinking for himself. He bows with a little too much submission to the authority of great names, and Michael Angelo, Canova, and Jefferson seem to be to him a sort of synonymes for greatness. The propriety of introducing a discussion on commerce and manufactures into an address on the fine arts may also be questioned. But the author fairly tells us at the beginning, that being 'uninstructed as he is in the different branches of *design*, it is not his intention to incur the charge of presumption, by assuming the office of the professional critic.' As a safer course, he confines himself to a cursory historical notice of 'some of the most interesting epochs of the arts.' In this undertaking he shows a wide knowledge of antiquity, and great industry in collecting facts suited to his purpose. The following biographical sketch of Canova may be taken, as showing the tone and character of his composition.

'In Venice, the artists had always been remarkable for gaudy splendor rather than for elegant simplicity, and the decline of commerce had withdrawn, in a great degree, the patronage by which they had been sustained. In a small town of the states of this republic was born, in 1757, Antonio Canova. Though his first years were passed in an obscure situation, the pursuits of his early life were, in some measure, connected with his future profession. His ancestors had been for generations marble cutters in the village of Passagno. Under the direction of his grandfather, Canova made considerable progress in the mechanical department of his art. Two years' instruction from those, who then sustained the best

reputation among the sculptors of Venice, completed the amount of assistance for which he was indebted to the advice of others. Resolved to free himself from the shackles, which bound his contemporaries to vile mediocrity, Canova determined no longer to imitate the miserable productions of the decline of the art; but, while he was indefatigable in his studies from the antique which the Venetian academy furnished, he made simple nature his principal guide. Anatomy he pursued as essentially connected with the profession of his choice, and in this science he was far from confining himself to a theoretical knowledge. Aware that mechanical superiority could do little for an artist in a pursuit, in which lofty feelings and poetic imagination are requisite to inspire the sentiments to be delineated by the chisel, he cultivated the collateral branches of science and literature. Canova opened his *studio* at the age of sixteen, and his earliest productions obtained for him the first place among the sculptors of his native state. In his twentythird year he became permanently settled at Rome, and, as nature had always been his instructress, he had no false principles to unlearn. But such was the assiduity with which he applied to the study of "the calm heroic" of the ancient models, that his first work, while he was yet a guest in the Palace of the Venetian Ambassador, was universally pronounced "the most perfect that Rome had seen for ages." The life of Canova was devoted to the art, with which his name will be associated in history. "His statues," as he himself observed, "were the sole proof of his civil existence." When Italy was aroused from the slumber of ages, to Canova was assigned the high distinction of supplying, with his own sculpture, the vacancies in the Vatican occasioned by the removal of the prodigies of Grecian art.

We must protest against new and strange words, especially in a discourse on the fine arts, where good taste ought to predominate. Mr Lawrence tells of wealth *reproductively used*.

7.—*A Plea for Africa, delivered in New Haven, July 4, 1825.*

By LEONARD BACON, Pastor of the First Church in New Haven. 8vo. pp. 22.

It is the purpose of Mr Bacon, in this eloquent and animated discourse, to show the advantages contemplated by the American Colonisation Society, the immense field for useful exertion spread out before it, the benevolence of its designs, and its claims on the public for approbation and efficient support. He draws in glowing colors the picture of Africa in its present state of degradation. For

ages the nations of the civilised world have combined to tread the inhabitants in the dust, to rivet the chains of servitude, and overwhelm with misery and desolation a continent, suited by nature in many of its parts to be among the fairest and happiest portions of the earth. The wrongs heaped on Africa, and the outrage practised upon human nature, by the foul disgrace of the slave trade, can never be atoned for ; the deed is of too aggravating a nature, to admit of the least palliation in the circumstances of the case, and its crime of too black and deep a die, to be in any degree weakened by long years of penitence and regrets. To stop the progress of the evil is all that can now be done. And this can be done.

Let the light of civilisation be kindled up in Africa, and you will find there hearts of as much warmth, and minds of as much power, as in any other part of the globe. If this object is ever to be attained, it must be through the instructions and example of persons, who settle in the country, and diffuse the means, and prove the benefits of civilisation. In the United States we have stronger motives, than even that of benevolence, for aiding such a plan ; we have a population fast increasing upon us, whose removal, by every method, which can be made practicable to this end, the best interests of the nation loudly demand. Not that we look for the time, when the whole black population of the country will go over to Africa ; how many or how few will at any future day make this voyage, is not a subject with which we concern ourselves ; we anticipate nothing, predict nothing ; but of one thing we are certain, which is, that the Colonisation Society, with the noble and generous objects for which it was instituted, and by which it has been conducted, cannot possibly produce any other than good results. If one person only is sent away, and prosperously settled in Africa, it is a benefit to this country, and a benefit to that, without doing any harm to either. If ten are sent, so much greater is the benefit ; and if a colony is established, affording a home to hundreds and thousands, the gain is still increased in the same proportion. In short, much good is *certainly* done, and no harm can *possibly* follow. Such in reality are the facts of the case, in regard to the labors of the Colonisation Society, and the colony it has built up at Liberia. With this view of the subject we heartily wish success to the Society, and are gratified to find so able a pen as Mr Bacon's engaged in defending a cause, which we deem of great and lasting importance.

- 8.—*A Polyglot Grammar of the Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Greek, Latin, English, French, Italian, Spanish, and German Languages, reduced to one common Rule of Syntax, and a Uniform Mode of Declension and Conjugation, as far as practicable; with Notes explanatory of the Idioms of each Language, a succinct Plan of their Prosody, and an extensive Index; the whole intended to simplify the Study of the Languages.* By SAMUEL BARNARD. 8vo. pp. 312. Philadelphia.

So completely has Mr Barnard described the plan and purpose of his work in this copious title, that we can add nothing to make these better understood by the reader. In looking over the volume, we have been struck with wonder at the author's industry and perseverance in collecting, and laboring to methodise, such a mass of particulars; but we fear the success of his undertaking will be in no degree proportionate to the toil it has cost him to carry it through. Learners will find his book too abstruse and complex, while it contains little, that is not familiar to the skilful linguist. As a work of convenience and curiosity for those, who would obtain a superficial view of several languages, and see their various forms and inflections compared, it has some value; but as an aid to a philosophical investigation of the principles of speech, or to the acquisition of grammar, words, and idioms, it is unquestionably ill contrived. In a long and elaborate preface are several judicious remarks on the characteristics of the English language, as compared with those of the ancients. But it is observable, that in grappling with so many languages, the author has in a good degree lost the power of writing his own. He is constantly obscure and indefinite, using words loosely, and bringing together combinations so incongruous, as to produce but feeble impressions on the mind.

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- 9.—*Address delivered before the Palmetto Society, of South Carolina, in Commemoration of the Defence of the Palmetto Fort, on Sullivan's Island, (June 28th, 1776).* By WILLIAM CRAFTS. 8vo. pp. 21. Charleston. 1825.

THIS very handsome Address deserves conspicuous notice among those, which the return of the half century anniversary of the Revolution is constantly bringing forth. The memorable defence of fort Sullivan, since called, and most deservedly, by the name of the hero, who conducted that defence, yields in gallantry to no action of the revolutionary, or any other war. Mr Crafts

has celebrated it in a happy strain. A leading portion of his discourse consists of a narration of the events of the day, in language, which though scarcely elevated above the historical tone, certainly forms the most appropriate style for such a commemoration. In rare instances, indeed, like that of the 17th of June, when an occasion, an audience, and an orator are met, such as no subsequent coincidence can hope to parallel, we wish the address to take a higher, and, if we may so express it, a more lyrical strain; and to leave beneath it all mere narration of incidents. But it is certainly the judicious course, on most occasions of revolutionary commemoration, as far as the nature of a public address will permit, to let the gallant exploits celebrated tell their own tale, in their own simple recital.

That the defence of Fort Moultrie, at least, did not suffer by this style of commemorative address will, we think, appear from the following passage. After very beautifully describing the approach of the English fleet to Charleston, and the defenceless state of the fort, Mr Crafts proceeds.

'Had the advice of General Lee, to abandon the post on Sullivan's Island, met the accordance, instead of the pointed reprobation of Mr Rutledge, the enemy would have found easy access to our city. But that gentleman, with a boldness of spirit and sanguine confidence, which defied danger, wrote General Moultrie that he would cut off his hand rather than sign an order to abandon the fort. General Lee, however, had, in the hopelessness of defending it, withdrawn nearly all the garrison, the larger portion of which he detached to another quarter, as if to concentrate the rays of glory on the remainder. So little effect did he anticipate from Moultrie's defence, that during the engagement he sent messages to him, allowing him to spike his guns and return whenever he pleased, suggesting modes of retreat,—having previously left him to fight the battle with scarcely any ammunition. So confident, on the other hand, was President Rutledge of success, that when, during the battle, he received a demand for more powder, he sent five hundred weight, telling Colonel Moultrie that his collection was very small, and he must make out to conquer with that. Under these disadvantages, in a fort, exposed in its rear and on one of its sides, with a small garrison, protected by palmetto logs, and barriers of sand, with scarcely more than twenty pieces of cannon, did this brave commander, at the head of his gallant associates, defeat, after a fierce cannonade of twelve hours, a British squadron, mounting two hundred and fifty guns, and fought by near two thousand men. The loss of the enemy nearly equalled the strength of the garrison, which suffered, comparatively, a most trifling loss, and would have inflicted much greater injury on their assailants, had not the scarcity of ammunition compelled them to suspend their fire

occasionally, which gave rise to the ill-timed exclamation—"the Yankees have done fighting!" That which had been called a slaughter-pen, proved an asylum; those floating castles, which came, in the proud assurance of victory, were turned into slaughter-pens; the commander of the squadron severely wounded, was, at times, left alone upon his deck; the last royal governor, that South Carolina ever is to see, was mortally wounded in the conflict; one of the ships of war was taken and destroyed; all of them were dreadfully shattered and put to flight, and the proud ensign of Great Britain retired in dismay from the virgin flag of South Carolina. Having reembarked their four thousand troops from Long Island, the invader's squadron abandoned their unhappy design on Charleston, and left its inhabitants secure from danger, and full of gratitude to their brave defenders. Here was a proud achievement for South Carolina, one on which sectional feelings, if they existed, would well sanction our rejoicing. There was nothing sectional, however, in the revolutionary times or spirit, and this brilliant event was hailed throughout the United States as a most fortunate omen in the common cause of liberty. It imparted hope and confidence to the rising energies of freemen, and taught the invincibility [?] of men, who determined to be free. The skepticism of General Lee was changed into praise and congratulations, and the brave garrison of the Palmetto fort, received the thanks of the American Congress.

'Many of these gallant men performed singular deeds of valor, and the name of Jasper, who proved on this occasion, that patriotic devotion which he afterwards sealed with his life at Savannah, will long be dear to Carolinians. Can you forget, people of Carolina! the noble enthusiasm of the dying soldier, M'Daniel, who, when the streams of life were flowing from his patriot heart, cried out to his comrades, "*don't let Liberty expire with me to-day!*"—And it did not expire—the prayer ascended to heaven, and the Almighty, in his mercy granted, and in his goodness will perpetuate it. What think you, luxurious citizens of peaceful prosperity, of that patriotic devotion which gave, not only the Roman tribute to patriotism of gold and jewellery, but stripped the garment from the back of the soldier to wad the cannon that defended his country; and this too, when opposition was hopeless and submission was profitable; when he fought with a halter round his neck, and defeat was ruin. Such were your countrymen, who defended Fort Sullivan, thence forward known deservedly as *Fort Moultrie*. Two of them alone survive. May they feel happy in the renewed honors of the day. May heaven long preserve them to share in its festive celebration, and to rejoice in the prosperity of the nation, which they aided to emancipate.' pp.13—16.

But it must not be inferred from our former remarks, and this

citation, that Mr Crafts' address is purely narrative. It is introduced by a very appropriate and lofty train of reflection and sentiment, on the character of our fathers; and the peroration is not less marked by generous and patriotic feeling. Their tendency to promote the feelings of this class,—common feelings to citizens of a common, but immensely extensive country, various in climate, productions, interest, manners, and character,—is the best effect of our revolutionary celebrations. They take but a most superficial view of the subject, who think the effect is confined to the particular days of festivity, or to the erection of the more permanent memorial, which is connected with them. The existence or the want of a cordial sympathy between the north and south and west, in this country, is of more importance to it, than the acquisition of all the West Indies. There have been moments in our political history, within fifteen years, when a thrill of common national sympathy would have saved inestimable worth of treasure and blood to the country. Everything, that tends to promote and nourish such a sympathy, everything that carries us back to objects of common pride, every inch of 'true American' ground, (for we like that derided phrase,) which we can gain, is worth another Louisiana purchase to the country.

10.—*Variedades; ó Mensajero de Londres; Periódico Trimestre.*

POR EL REV. JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE. Nos I—VII. 1823

—1825. Ackermann. Londres.

THE editor of this publication, the Reverend Blanco White, has for several years been known by his various writings, as a scholar of great attainments, and rare talents. He is a native of Spain, although of Irish descent. Early in the revolutionary scenes of the Peninsula, he became involved in the political excitements of the times, and went over to London about the year 1810. In April of that year he commenced there a periodical Journal, in the Spanish language, entitled *El Español*, which was devoted chiefly to the political events in Spain and South America. It circulated in those countries, was conducted with ability, and continued four years, or till the middle of the year 1814. The whole series amounts to eight octavo volumes, and is now become scarce. No other work contains so complete a history of Spain, during that eventful period, or of the first movements of the revolution in South America. Several interesting articles are inserted in various parts, on Spanish customs, institutions, laws, and literature, written by the editor and other persons. Blanco White is understood to be the author of a popular work in English, to which his name is not affixed; and also to have contributed some of the ablest articles in the Quarterly Review.

The publication, in which he is now engaged, is worthy of particular notice in this country, inasmuch as it is devoted to the affairs of South America, and intended exclusively for that market. The first Number was issued in January, 1823, as an experiment. It succeeded so well, that at the beginning of the next year a second Number was sent out, and the work has since been published quarterly. The contents of this Journal are various, as its title imports, touching on politics, history, the moral and physical sciences, geography, and polite literature. The editor's judgment is, in our opinion, exceedingly good, both in the arrangement of his plan, and the choice of materials. The whole performance is well adapted to increase a taste for reading in South America, to satisfy the inquisitive, communicate knowledge to a large class, and promote literary and intellectual refinement. When we reflect, that all the republics at the South speak the same language, and that this work is suited to them all, it cannot be doubted that it will exercise a wide influence. It could not be in better hands, than those of its gifted and experienced editor. Among the articles of high merit, which we have read, are those on the Uncertainty of Political Science, on the Sovereignty of the People, an Analysis of the new Constitution of Chile, and an essay of uncommon strength and excellence, entitled Important Counsels on Intolerance, addressed to Spanish Americans. (*Consejos Importantes sobre la Intolerancia dirigidos a los Hispano-Americanos.*) A tone of liberal and energetic thought pervades all these articles; and the same, indeed, may be said of everything the author writes. One part of the work is devoted to Reviews, and the editor selects such books as will be of value to his readers in America. Biography occupies another part; and we are presented with short accounts of some of the heroes of South America, particularly of Bolivar, Bravo, Guadalupe Victoria, and Mina. The publisher prefixes to each Number a handsomely engraved portrait of some distinguished person; and well executed designs and drawings, illustrative of useful or curious subjects, are occasionally inserted; thus creating a taste for the arts, as well as a desire for knowledge. To those persons in the United States, who learn the Spanish language, with a view of becoming acquainted with the progress of things in South America, or of forming any relations with that country, this publication may be confidently recommended, as the best they can obtain.

We are glad to learn, that elementary books in Spanish, designed for schools in South America, are publishing in London. Several works of this sort are reviewed by the editor of the *Varietades*, and others have been published, embracing together nearly all the branches of primary education.

QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AGRICULTURE.

Memoirs of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society ; with Selections from the most approved Authors, adapted to the Use of the Practical Farmers in the United States. Philadelphia. 8vo. pp. 322.

Introductory Discourse to a few Lectures on the Application of Chemistry to Agriculture, delivered before the New York Athenæum. By William James MacNevin. 8vo. pp. 40. New York. G. & C. Carvill.

The author has committed a slight mistake in affixing a name to his discourse ; it should have been a *Eulogy on Agriculture*. Not that we are disposed to be out of humor with him for this oversight, or to express any other disapprobation than that, which naturally arises at hearing things called by wrong names. He touches on Chemistry, it is true, and contrives to bring together many facts in relation to this subject, as well as to agriculture, which show the separate importance, and mutual relations of both of these sciences —if, indeed, we speak according to the book in calling agriculture a science.

He suggests a benevolent, if not a novel plan, for disposing of a class of 'ill starred mortals,' as he calls them, 'who are occasionally seen hovering over the horizon of Broadway ;' or, in less poetical language, those young spend-thrifts, who early come into possession of large fortunes, and ruin themselves by extravagance and dissipation. 'He would save those falling stars from the sad reverse, and at least make competence secure.' In short, he recommends agriculture as a sovereign remedy for the moral maladies of dandyism, idleness, and a wicked waste of fortune. We have full faith in the wisdom and efficacy of his prescription. The next thing is to have it properly applied, and to set up an agricultural school on Long Island, or the Jersey shore, the pupils of which shall be exclusively supplied from the opulent idlers in Broadway, and employed in the healthful exercise of the plough, the hoe, and other 'georgical implements.' This is an excellent project, and it will be a bright day in the annals of social improvement, when it shall be put in execution. The author paints in animating colors the advantages, delights, and profits of agricultural pursuits, both as a means of supplying all the reasonable wants of life, and as promoting intellectual vigor, health, good spirits, and happiness.

Original Communications, made to the Agricultural Society of South Carolina ; and Extracts from Select Authors on Agriculture. Published by Order of the Society. Price \$1.25. Charleston, S. C.

ARTS, SCIENCES, AND PHILOSOPHY.

The American Journal of Science and Arts. Conducted by Benjamin Silliman. Vol. IX. No. 2. June 1825. New Haven.

Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for Promoting Useful Knowledge. Vol. II. New Series. Philadelphia.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Character of the Chevalier John Paul Jones, a Captain in the Navy of the United States during the Revolutionary War. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 364. With a Portrait. By John Henry Sherburne. New York.

Memoirs of Keopuolani, late Queen of the Sandwich Islands. 12mo. pp. 48. Boston. Crocker & Brewster.

Memoir of Catherine Brown, a Christian Indian, of the Cherokee Nation. By Rufus Anderson. Second Edition. 18mo. pp. 144. Boston. Crocker & Brewster.

Life of the Marquis de Lafayette; Major General in the Service of the United States of America in the War of the Revolution. By Robert Waln, jr. 8vo. pp. 505. Philadelphia. J. P. Ayres.

DRAMA.

Phelles, King of Tyre; a Tragedy. New York.

EDUCATION.

Walsh's Mercantile Arithmetic. Fifth Edition. Salem. J. R. Buffum.

Adam's Latin Grammar, with some Improvements, and the following Additions; Rules for the right Pronunciation of the Latin Language; a Metrical Key to the Odes of Horace; a List of Latin Authors arranged according to the different Ages of Roman Literature; Tables, showing the Value of the different Coins, Weights, and Measures, used among the Romans. By Benjamin A. Gould. 12mo. pp. 284. Boston. Cummings, Hilliard & Co.

Familiar Spelling Book; being a New Practical System for teaching English Pronunciation and Spelling with greater Despatch, &c. By Jesse Torrey, Jr. Philadelphia. John Grigg.

The Institutes of English Grammar, methodically arranged; with Examples for Parsing, &c. By Gould Brown. Baltimore. S. S. Wood & Co.

Comly's Grammar considerably enlarged and improved. Fourteenth Edition. Philadelphia. Kimber & Sharpless.

Plan of a Seminary for the Education of Instructors of Youth. By Thomas H. Gallaudet. 8vo. pp. 39. Boston. Cummings, Hilliard, & Co.

This is not so much an account of any practicable plan of such a Seminary, as an enumeration of the advantages of such a plan. These are stated fully, and with much earnestness. A few sensible and pertinent remarks on this sub-

ject may be seen in President Lindsley's Address at his Inauguration in Cumberland College, Nashville, which was noticed in our last number.

Lectures on Female Education. By James M. Garnett. Third Edition. 18mo. pp. 389. Richmond. Thomas W. White.

A Grammar of the Greek Language, translated from the French of J. L. Bournouf; by Edward Damphoux. Baltimore. F. Lucas, Jr.

GEOGRAPHY.

Geographical Questions for the Use of Schools; adapted to the Maps and Charts in most common Use. 18mo. pp. 54. Middletown, Connecticut. E. & H. Clark.

HISTORY.

Annals of Portsmouth; comprising a Period of Two Hundred Years, from the first Settlement of the Town; with Biographical Sketches of a few of the most respectable Inhabitants. By Nathaniel Adams. Portsmouth. Published by the Author.

Annals of the American Revolution; or a Record of the Causes and Events, which produced and terminated in the Establishment and Independence of the American Republic, &c. By Jedidiah Morse. 8vo. pp. 450. Hartford.

A History of Political and Military Events of the late War between the United States and Great Britain. By Samuel Perkins. 8vo. pp. 512. New Haven. S. Converse.

View and Description of the City of New Orange, (now New York,) as it was in the Year 1673; with explanatory Notes. By Joseph W. Moulton. With an engraved View of the City at that Period. New York.

LAW.

Reports of Cases Argued and Adjudged in the Supreme Court of the United States, February Term, 1825. By Henry Wheaton. Vol. X. 8vo. pp. 504. New York.

Laws of the State of New York, in Relation to the Erie and Champlain Canals, together with the Annual Reports of the Canal Commissioners, and other Documents requisite for a complete official History of these Works. With Surveys, and other Engravings. Containing a detailed Account of the Dimensions and Cost of the Canal and the several Locks. 2 vols. royal 8vo. Albany.

Reports of Cases Adjudged in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. By Thomas Sergeant and William Rawle, Jr. Vol. IX. 8vo. Philadelphia. P. H. Nicklin.

The Office of Surrogate, and Executor's and Administrator's Guide; with Precedents and Forms suited to all Cases in Relation to the Duties of Executors, and Administrators. By T. Attwood Bridgen, Surrogate of Albany. 8vo. Price \$1.50. Albany. William Gould & Co.

Wheeler's Criminal Cases. Vol. III. 8vo. Albany. William Gould & Co.

The Maryland Justice ; containing Approved Forms for the Use of Justices of the Peace of the State of Maryland, &c. Compiled by Ebenezer H. Cummings. Baltimore. Cushing and Jewett.

Trial of Moses Parker, James Buckland, Joseph Wade, William Walker, Cornelius Holley, Abraham Potts, and Noah Daremus, on an Indictment for the Murder of David R. Lambert, on the 3d of June, 1825, at a Court of Oyer and Terminer, held in and for the City and County of New York, on the third Monday of June, 1825, before Ogden Edwards, Judge of the First Circuit. 8vo. New York. H. Spear.

Strictures upon the Constitutional Powers of the Congress and Courts of the United States over the Executive Laws of the several States, in their Application to the Federal Courts. By a Citizen of Ohio. 8vo. pp. 17. Cincinnati. Morgan, Lodge, & Fisher.

The Doctrine of constructive Larceny considered, as developed in the recent Case of George Tyson, the Stock and Exchange Broker, who was tried at the Mayor's Court, for the City of Philadelphia, at the March Session, in 1825. By Charles B. Mumford. of the Philadelphia Bar. 8vo. pp. 36. Philadelphia. R.H. Small.

MATHEMATICS.

Elements of Geometry. By A. M. Legendre. Translated from the French for the Use of the Students of the University at Cambridge, New England, by John Farrar, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. Second Edition, corrected and enlarged. 8vo. pp. 224. Boston. Cummings, Hilliard, & Co.

An Introduction to Algebra, upon the Inductive Method of Instruction. By Warren Colburn. 12mo. pp. 372. Boston. Cummings, Hilliard, & Co.

A Treatise on Surveying, &c. By the Rev. Abel Flint. Fifth Edition. With Additions and Illustrations. By George Gillet. 8vo. Hartford.

METAPHYSICS.

The Alphabet of Thought, or Elements of Metaphysical Science. By a Lady. Price 63 cents. Harrisburgh, Penn. Hugh Hamilton.

MEDICINE.

Contributions to Physiological and Pathological Anatomy. By John D. Godman. Philadelphia.

Medical Recorder. No. 31. Philadelphia.

An Analysis of the Mineral Waters of Saratoga and Ballston ; with practical Remarks on their Use in various Diseases ; containing Observations on the Geology and Mineralogy of the surrounding Country. By John H. Steel. Second Edition. 18mo. pp. 118. G. M. Davison. Saratoga Springs.

The Carolina Journal of Medicine, Science, and Agriculture, conducted by Thomas Y. Simons, and William Michel. Nos 1 and 2, for January and April, 1825. Charleston, S. C. Gray & Ellis.

The editors begin their prospectus by saying, that this is 'the first *Journal of Science*, which has ever been published in the State' of South Carolina. As such, it is an enterprise, that deserves encouragement, particularly at the South, where it is intended chiefly to circulate, and where it will call into action for the good of the community, a portion of talent, which would not be likely otherwise to be employed. Considering the miscellaneous readers, to whom a periodical journal must appeal for support in South Carolina, it was doubtless a wise resolution on the part of the editors to combine in one work the three branches of medicine, science, and agriculture. They propose occasionally to select articles from foreign journals, but the two first numbers are chiefly original.

The writer of the prospectus makes sad work with grammar and the English idiom, and if we are to judge from this specimen, it must be presumed, that the character of the Carolina Journal is to be established rather on its scientific and intellectual merits, than its precision of language, or graces of diction.

Remarks on the Disorders of Literary Men, or an Inquiry into the Means of Preventing the Evils usually incident to Sedentary and Studious Habits. 12mo. pp. 92. Boston. Cummings, Hilliard, & Co.

Typhus Syncopalis, Sinking Typhus, or the Spotted Fever of New England, as it appeared in the Epidemic of 1823, in Middletown, Connecticut.

On the Surgical Anatomy of the Groin, as connected with Hernia of the Abdomen. By Alexander F. Vaché. New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Order of Exercises in the Chapel of Transylvania University ; a Collection of Original Pieces in Honor of the Arrival of General Lafayette. 12mo. pp. 16. Lexington, Kentucky.

Memoir read before the Historical Society of the State of New York, December 31, 1816. By E. Benton. Second Edition, with Notes. New York. Wilder & Campbell.

Remarks on the Proceedings at Concord, N. H. on the Subject of Internal Improvement. 8vo. Price 20 cents. Boston.

An Essay on the Study and Promotion of the Greek and Latin Languages. By William White.

Notes on Virginia. By Thomas Jefferson. A new Edition. 1 vol. 12mo. Philadelphia. Carey & Lea.

Boston Monthly Magazine. No. 1. June, 1825. Boston.

Views on the Subject of Internal Improvement, Steam Boats on the Susquehanna, &c. By William Hollins. Nos 1 and 2. Baltimore. Etting Mickle.

A Lecture, being the Second of a Series of Lectures, introductory to a Course of Lectures, now delivering in the University of Maryland. By David Hoffman. 8vo. pp. 50. Baltimore. John D. Toy.

The Inquisition, examined by an Impartial Reviewer. No. 1. New York. Thomas O. Conner.

The New Jersey Monthly Magazine, for April, 1825. Edited by Thomas S. Wiggins. Vol. I. No. 1. 8vo. pp. 32. Belvidere.

The Long Island Journal of Philosophy and Cabinet of Variety. Conducted by Samuel Fleet, assisted by a number of Literary Gentlemen. Vol. I. No. 2. June, 1825. 8vo. pp. 50. Huntington, Long Island.

An Examination of 'Commodore Porter's Exposition,' in which some of the Errors and Inaccuracies of that Publication are rectified, and some of its Deficiencies supplied. By Richard S. Coxe. 8vo. Washington. Davis & Force.

Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Brig Betsey, of Wiscasset, Maine, and Murder of five of her Crew by Pirates, on the Coast of Cuba, Dec. 1824. By Daniel Collins, one of the only two Survivors. 8vo. pp. 52. Wiscasset. J. Dorr.

An Account of the Asylum for the Insane, established for the Society of Friends, near Frankford in the Vicinity of Philadelphia. By Robert Waln, Jr. Philadelphia. B. & T. Kites.

Rules and Regulations for the Government of the House of Refuge, as adopted by the Managers of the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents in the City of New York, June 3, 1825. 8vo. pp. 20.

Soliloquy of Napoleon Bonaparte, in his Exile at St Helena; written and translated by P. Menard. Price 25 cents.

First Report of the American Sunday School Union; read at their Annual Meeting, held in the City of Philadelphia, May 24, 1825. 8vo. pp. 120.

Visit of General Lafayette to the Lafayette Female Academy, in Lexington, Kentucky, May 16, 1825; and the Exercises in Honor of the Nation's Guest, Lexington, Ken. 8vo. pp. 32.

Post Office Calender; containing a List of all the Post Offices in the State of Virginia, with the Distances from Richmond, and Rate of Postage, &c. &c. By John B. Taylor. Richmond, Virginia. Price 50 cents.

On the Aim of the Order of the Freemasons. Translated from the German, by ——. 12mo. Albany. E. & E. Hosford.

The Worcester Magazine and Historical Journal. No. 1. Vol. I. June, 1825. pp. 32.

Ninth Report of the Directors of the American Asylum, at Hartford, for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, exhibited to the Asylum, May 14, 1825. 8vo. pp. 36. Hartford.

First Annual Report of the Albany Institute. Presented July 1, 1825. 8vo. pp. 8.

The Manufacturer's Book of Wages, and Work People's Companion. By J. Morgan. In two Parts. 8vo. Baltimore. R. J. Matchett.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Fauna Americana, being a Description of the Mammiferous Animals inhabiting North America. By Richard Harlan. 1 vol. 8vo. Price \$2.

American Ornithology ; or the Natural History of Birds inhabiting the United States, not given by Wilson ; with Figures drawn, engraved and colored. By Charles Lucien Bonaparte. Vol. 1st. Imperial 4to. Philadelphia. Mitchell.

We shall take some future occasion to speak of the high merits of this very elegant work.

NOVELS.

The Christian Indian ; or, Times of the First Settlers. First of a Series of American Tales. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 251. New York. Collins & Hannay.

Frederick De Algeroy, the Hero of Camden Plains. A Revolutionary Tale. By Giles Gazer, Esq. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 235. New York. Collins & Co. and others.

Tadeuskund, the Last King of the Lenape. A Historical Tale. 12mo. pp. 276. Boston. Cummings, Hilliard, & Co.

ORATIONS AND ADDRESSES.

An Address delivered to the American Friendly Association, on their Third Anniversary, being the 22d of February, 1825. By Faneuil Hunt. 12mo. pp. 14. Charleston, S. C.

An Address delivered at the Opening of the Eleventh Exhibition of the Academy of the Fine Arts, May 10th, 1825. By William Beach Lawrence. 8vo. pp. 44. New York.

An Address delivered at the Laying of the Corner Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument. By Daniel Webster. 8vo. Boston. Cummings, Hilliard, & Co. pp. 40.

The same translated into the Spanish Language. New York Wilder & Campbell.

An Oration, delivered on Monday, Fourth of July, 1825, in Commemoration of American Independence, before the Supreme Executive of the Commonwealth, and the City Council and Inhabitants of the City of Boston. By Charles Sprague. 8vo. pp. 31. Boston.

An Oration, delivered in the Capitol in the City of Washington, on the Fourth of July, 1825. By Ashbury Dickens. Washington. D. C.

An Oration, delivered at Lexington, on the Fourth of July, 1825. By Caleb Stetson. Cambridge. 1825. 8vo. pp. 20.

An Oration, delivered at Lancaster, Mass. in celebration of American Independence, July 4, 1825. By Joseph Willard. Boston. 8vo. pp. 24.

A Discourse, addressed to the New Hampshire Auxiliary Colonisation Society, at their first annual Meeting, Concord, June 2, 1825. By Daniel Dana. 8vo. pp. 24. Concord. 1825.

Christian Patriotism ; An Address delivered at Concord, July the Fourth, 1825. By the Rev. Nathaniel Bouton. 8vo. pp. 24. Concord.

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WORK IN PRESS.

Cummings, Hilliard, & Co. have in press the work recently discovered and published in London, entitled

A TREATISE ON CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE, compiled from the HOLY SCRIPTURES alone; by JOHN MILTON. Translated from the original by CHARLES G. SUMNER, M. A. Librarian and Historiographer to his Majesty, and Prebendary of Canterbury.

It has long been known, that Milton wrote a theological work of this description, but as no traces of it could be discovered, it was supposed to be lost. The manuscript was accidentally found a few months ago by Mr Lemon, Deputy Keeper of His Majesty's State Papers, who was employed in arranging the papers deposited in the office, which contained the records of the Council of State during the time of Cromwell. Milton was at that period employed as Secretary of Foreign Languages, and together with the manuscript of this

work were found copies of his Latin letters. In the translator's 'Preliminary Observations,' the treatise is proved conclusively to be Milton's, although, as it was composed after his blindness, it is not in his own handwriting. It is written in two distinct hands, one of which is supposed to be that of his daughter, and the other that of his nephew.

The work is in two parts, the former treating upon articles of faith, or Christian doctrines; and the latter, upon rules of conduct, or scriptural ethics. A peculiar trait of the whole performance is, the author's exclusive reliance on Scripture, not only as the basis of his opinions, but as the foundation, the substance, and the entire scope of his arguments. An exact method is observed in the arrangement and division of the chapters; his positions are stated in a brief and lucid manner; texts of scripture then follow in the greatest profusion, collected from all parts of the sacred writings, and illustrating the point in question; and last of all, the results are deduced in few words, and the author's views explicitly unfolded. A charitable temper and truly christian spirit pervade every paragraph, and the asperity, so striking in some of Milton's earlier prose writings, never appears in this treatise. The translator has added numerous notes, containing quotations from the author's other compositions, as well in poetry as prose, and calculated to throw light on the text.

Considering the name of the author, the subject he discusses, and the period in which he wrote, this work must be accounted one of the most curious, which has ever been given to the public. It has been printed in England, by the command of the king, in two quarto volumes, one containing the original Latin, the other the translation, with a preliminary dissertation. We trust it will appear from the American press in the style, which such an acquisition to the literary and religious public deserves. We are wearied and disgusted with the miserable reprints, which some of our publishers have lately made of the best English authors. The present work is in the hands of Mr Metcalf, at the University Press, Cambridge, and if former experience and success on his part may be taken as affording any pledge in this instance, no reasonable anticipations will be disappointed. It is proposed to print the English only, which will consist of two octavo volumes.

READY FOR THE PRESS.

SKETCHES of the KINGDOM of ALGIERS, comprising a GEOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL, and POLITICAL ACCOUNT of that COUNTRY. By WILLIAM SHALER. Consul General of the United States at Algiers.

The manuscript of this work has arrived in this country, and will, as we learn, be immediately put to press. From the interesting nature of the subject, from the well known talents and qualifications of the author, and from the circumstance of his having resided ten years in the country he describes, high anticipations might justly be entertained of the value of his performance. After having perused the manuscript with care, we do not hesitate to say, that such anticipations will be fully realised. A brief sketch of the contents of the work will be enough to show the extent and variety of the topics it embraces, and the habits of critical observation with which they have been examined.

The first chapter is devoted to the geographical features of the Kingdom of Algiers, climate, soil, animals, natural productions, rivers, bays, and harbors, political divisions, towns, and population. The author next treats of the religion and languages of the country, the form of government, dependence on the Ottoman Porte, political and civil institutions, jurisprudence, finances, army, navy, piracy, treaties, political relations with foreign powers, salutes,

public forms and ceremonies. These particulars relate to the whole kingdom of Algiers, to the history, character, and present condition of the country at large.

We are next introduced to an intimate acquaintance with the city of Algiers, its topography and fortifications, garrison and police, wealth and character of the inhabitants. Particular statements are also made, relating to education and the sciences; condition, customs, and dress of the women; the Jews, and the oppressions they suffer; the mechanic arts and manufactures; houses and streets, public edifices and pious foundations; superstitions of the Algerines; former condition of the christian slaves; commerce and opulence; society of the foreign agents. It will readily be seen, that these topics embrace every thing of importance concerning the city of Algiers, both in regard to its topographical features, and the character and manners of the inhabitants.

At this stage of his work, the author has a chapter describing the different nations, or tribes, inhabiting the kingdom of Algiers, their probable origin, their manners, religion, and languages. Then follows a sketch of the political history of the Regency of Algiers since the year 1810. This sketch is curious and entertaining, as it unfolds the singular policy of the Algerine government, and narrates many events of a political nature, in which the author was personally concerned.

Another chapter contains the author's views, respecting the probable destiny of the fine country on the northern borders of Africa, which has so long lain waste under the oppression of a government, whose lawless despotism cannot in the nature of things last much longer. He considers the influence of a European establishment in northern Africa, or rather the effects, which would result from a liberal government, and infers that immense benefits could not fail to be the consequence of such an event. The last chapter of the work consists of extracts from the Journal kept in the Consulate of the United States at Algiers, and relates some curious occurrences, that have taken place within the last two or three years.

The work will be comprised in one octavo volume of a moderate size. It will be handsomely executed, and published without delay.

Reviews of Mr Hillhouse's 'Hadad,' and the 'Life of Josiah Quincy, Jr,' are necessarily deferred to a future number.
